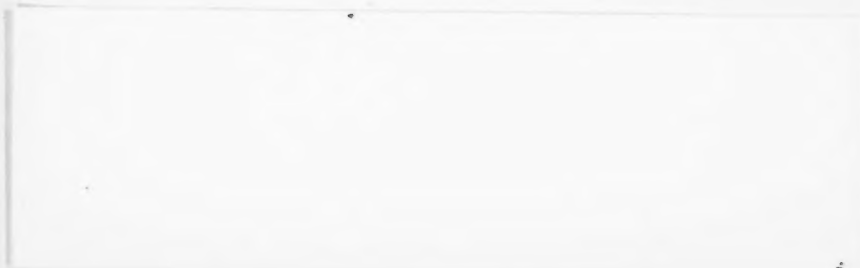


CAROLINA QUARTERLY

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Cover by BILL HARRISON

Editorial

THE first copy of the CAROLINA QUARTERLY is now before you. Many months of hard work on the part of many personalities have resulted in this first issue. It is, of necessity, an incomplete issue: it is a beginning. Several of the ideals that we set ourselves in the early stages of the magazine have been discarded in the later view of plans more beneficial and profitable. But, through all these months of confusion in starting the magazine, we have succeeded in our primary aims of establishing at the University of North Carolina a quarterly which would ultimately represent the intellectual and artistic endeavours of students here, of people of thought and feeling throughout the state and region.

The roots of the CAROLINA QUARTERLY are deep in the literary tradition of the University and the section. The first issue of such a magazine appeared at Chapel Hill in March, 1844, over 104 years ago. In that issue, the editorial stated: "We have thought that the citizens of a state, which has contributed from public and private funds, more than half a million of dollars, in order that her sons might enjoy the advantages of a Classical and Scientific education, would scarcely withhold from us, the means of affording us an opportunity of perfecting ourselves in an equally important Department of Letters."

The QUARTERLY offers an opportunity for each student and outside reader, no matter what his special interest is, to enjoy and participate in its material. The stories represent what students are thinking and feeling about the world around them, in which we are all involved.

In conclusion, the CAROLINA QUARTERLY offers a place for growth. In a chaotic time such as ours, in which standards rise and fall at a moment's persuasion, the QUARTERLY gives the young writer a place where he may express himself and where he may reach an audience whom he may, in some small way, benefit.

CREDITS: Jonathan Marshall, chairman of the original executive committee; Julia Ross and the prospectus committee; Angus McKellar for his work on finances in the initial stages; members of Student Legislature for their continual support of the magazine; the faculty advisory board; the professional writers of Chapel Hill and the vicinity whose diligent interest promoted much of the material in this issue; the Publications Board; Miss Betty Smith, Mrs. Joseph F. Borg, and the other financial contributors; and finally, to all who have worked in any capacity to make the first issue of the CAROLINA QUARTERLY a reality.

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HARDIN CRAIG, *widely known Shakesperian authority, is also one of the nation's leading scholars in the English Renaissance. His book entitled The Enchanted Glass, a study of the Elizabethan mind, has attracted great attention since its publication nine years ago. Here the respected author and educator speaks further of his interest in a literary revival on this campus and in this country.*

A Literary Revival

at the
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

by HARDIN CRAIG

I

PERHAPS no informed and experienced observer of cultivated society could adduce any very convincing reasons for believing that, except in groups and small areas, there are any signs of a renaissance in our country, or that, except in many individual minds and hearts, there is any probability of an American renaissance in the future on any nationwide scale. Toynbee seems to imply that we in the United States of America have passed our peak and are in a period of troubles on our way downward as a decadent nation. But, after all, Toynbee neither is nor pretends to be God, however shrewd he may be in delineating the present and predicting the future. Nobody knows what the future will bring forth, and it is certain that a revival of greatness is a human possibility.

While the light holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

In any case, there is no reason why we should not speculate as to possibilities and even consider ways and means. There is no derogation of this idea in the fact that it is purely academic, since the presentation of ideals is a primary academic function. Talent is still most plentiful and is still, when it dares to have faith in itself, most plentifully rewarded with success.

The chief obstacle, one would say, to intellectual, artistic, and moral progress throughout this country is an almost universal self-satisfaction. We have been so fortunate that complacency is natural enough. It is moreover an ungracious task to tell people that their

high opinions of themselves are not justified by the facts and, on top of that, the rank and file of educated people will not believe that they are not just about all right. This smugness has especially invaded and occupied universities and colleges, so that, as Bacon puts it, the opinion of plenty is the occasion of want. To hear the academicians tell it all over the country, one would have to conclude that the United States, in spite of its generally half-baked, commercialized, mediocre, unproductive culture, has a full fledged, national renaissance now on the wing.

II

So far as we are concerned, situated as we are in a single limited region, we can do little, no matter how hard we try, to influence our country or our neighbors. We can, however, influence ourselves and, with even a moderate persistence in the realization of our own talents extending over a period of even five years, look forward with confidence to making our University a cultural center of far-reaching influence on our neighbors and our nation. Such a thing is not difficult and has many precedents. We need only to work harder and more intelligently than we do now. If we make the effort with sufficient persistence, we cannot fail.

The history of revivals of culture in American universities is full of cases—Johns Hopkins under Gilman, Wisconsin under Chamberlain, Stanford under Jordan, and, I think, North Carolina under Ed. Graham—of intellectual and spiritual revival. Again and again one finds small groups of poets and writers, scientists and scholars, in various universities and colleges, who under impulse and intention of renaissance have done great things in relatively small ways. The literary minded students of this university can, if they will, make of this practical venture in literary production a great success both in what it accomplishes and in what it does for those who use it as a means of discovering and developing their talents. But, let there be no mistake, somebody has got to work. The editors and proponents of this journal will have to combine appreciation with adherence to standards. They will have to look at contributions both for what they are and for what they may, under proper suggestion, become. They must have public spirit, literary standards, and the keenest friendship.

If we consider our situation realistically we discover certain considerations which are important. In the first place, college magazines vary greatly in point of literary excellence. They seem to be characterized by a series of revivals and declines, sometimes reaching heights of very real importance. This would seem to indicate, if we

grant that talent is always with us, that a revival of student literature is always a possibility. Perhaps at this very time such a revival is not only most desirable but would be relatively easy. We have in colleges and universities now an unusually large body of mature and industrious students. A great many of them have seen service in war and peace, have visited foreign lands, and have had time to read and think. It would seem to be too great an opportunity to be missed.

III

Now, what do we need at North Carolina and at many other American institutions to take advantage of this opportunity? The answer is very simple, and anybody who has a sufficiently long and wide acquaintance with productive literary activity in colleges and universities can not possibly be in doubt about it. What we need is a group of young men and women who have literary interest and skill, public spirit, industry, and a certain measure of geniality. They should not operate as a *clique* or *coterie* and should not write the magazine themselves, although they may be quite able to do so. They should find out and encourage all possible persons in the institutions who are capable of literary production on a high level or can with intelligent effort become so. Discovering who they are is easy. Those who teach English composition in the University know who these people are and will gladly furnish names of gifted and ambitious students in any number desired. This acquisition of names should be followed by personal acquaintance and the building up of mutual interest in literature. No such movement has ever succeeded without this personal intimacy.

Usually when a group of good writers appears in an academic institution one finds, when one looks into it, that they are always acquainted with one another and are often friends. The supply is abundant, and the only other thing needed is an opportunity and a standard to be enforced with kindness and intelligence. Many of the most capable writers are, relatively speaking, beginners; and, when a manuscript comes into the hands of editors, it should not be published out of good nature or until it is worthy of publication. The contributor should be encouraged to do it over even more than once. If the contribution is not worth the trouble, it should be discarded and a new start from a new angle or with a new subject or form should be made. There is nothing censorious or difficult about this policy. Young writers are always anxious to learn, and no group appreciates intelligent kindness more than they do. Such behavior by boards of publication is not a laborious and disagreeable chore. It is useful, gratifying, exciting, and delightful, and it cannot fail.

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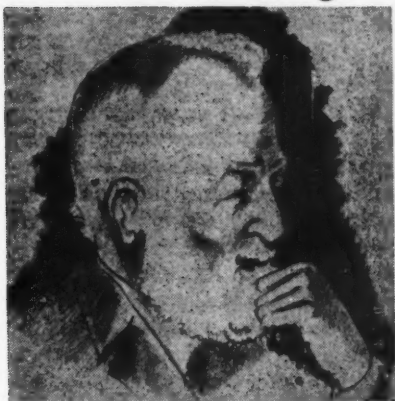


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George Bernard Shaw and Communism

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON



ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, distinguished biographer and personal friend of Shaw, has been a prolific contributor to scientific, historical, and literary periodicals both here and abroad for over four decades. Head of the Department of

Mathematics at the University of North Carolina for over 25 years, he has had a wide range of interests and enthusiasms to shape a steadily rewarding body of literary work.

I

Bernard Shaw is the most celebrated man of the day, using the term celebrated in the sense of publicised. Everyone with any pretensions to critical competence, and even many who have no right to qualify on the score of perceptiveness, have tacked a label upon him. A dictionary or lexicon of such estimates, compiled without prejudice or prepossession, would furnish the most amazing congeries of self-contradictory commentaries the world has ever known. Clarity of expression is commonly accepted as the diagnostic of Shavian style. Yet one of the most recent estimates of Shaw's writings, after a survey of Collected Works, is: "a chaos of clear opinions," which appears itself to be a specimen of highly chaotic clarity, if not an actual contradiction in terms. To some, Shaw is a clear thinker, but an artist *manqué*. To others he is a first-class literary artist, but muddled thinker.

Shaw himself is largely responsible for this confusion. For it is patent to students of the entire range of his works, of which there are very, very few, that Shaw is first, last, and all the time an artist. At any moment, he seeks to exploit esthetically the particular issue or immediate theme, with little or no regard for what he may have said or written at other times or in other circumstances. Nothing irritates him so much as the charge of inconsistency; and a fundamental tenet of his intellectual code was earlier voiced by Emerson in the aphorism: "Consistency is the bane of little minds." Many people who

have made a casual examination of his writings and public addresses are unable to integrate them into a plausible and convincing entity. When a French critic, Charles Chassé, more frank and conscientious than the average commentator on Shaw, confessed, *sans blague*, that he found Shaw's ideas to be so self-contradictory as to render impossible the construction of any satisfactory synthesis of his philosophy, Shaw breezily replied: "How French to wish to stick everything into pigeonholes! You find contradictions in my philosophy? Very well—are there not contradictions in life? I have expressed my ideas in groups on certain subjects in my different works. Ask no more of me." This inconsistency has dogged Shaw all his life; and in his latter years he is proceeding more cautiously. Only the other day he was asked permission to reproduce, in a forthcoming work, some 6,000 words published a quarter of a century ago. Shaw declined on the ground that the views then expressed do not represent his position today on a number of issues involved. He is finding, late in life, that it does not pay to pyramid inconsistencies. For example, his praise of Hitler and Mussolini as highly efficient executives of Nazi or Fascist dictatorships, who had put to shame the rulers of England and the United States with their blundering and criminally dilatory parliamentary machinery, has boomeranged with highly disagreeable results. Many of his old Socialist comrades and fellow travelers reacted violently to this apparent treachery to "the Cause." And, as I write, the news comes that the works of Bernard Shaw and Upton Sinclair have been banned in public libraries in Brandenburg, Province of the Soviet Zone of Germany, on the Education Minister's order "to eliminate all English and American literature that tends towards Fascist propaganda." And this assault, the blow of the assassin, upon Shaw, who once declared that Karl Marx had "made a man" of him, and that Joseph Stalin was one of the three greatest of living men (the other two, incidentally, being Albert Einstein and a certain rather well-known Irish communist)!

II

Everyone knows that Bernard Shaw is a Socialist; but surprisingly enough few people know what sort of Socialist he is. It is well known that he was first directed toward Socialism by the author of *Progress and Progress*, Henry George; and that he joined the Fabian Society, which had been in existence less than a year, in 1884. The Fabian Society was a sort of people's university on a small scale; and in no sense a political party.

"The Fabian declares quite simply that there is no revolution, that there exists no war of classes, that the salary workers are far more imbued with conventions and prejudices and more *bourgeois*

than the middle class itself; that there is not a single legal power democratically constituted, excepting the House of Commons, which would not be much more progressive were it not restrained by the fear of the popular vote; that Karl Marx is no more infallible than Aristotle or Bacon, Ricardo or Buckle, and that, like them, he has committed errors now obvious to the casual student of economics; that a declared Socialist is, morally, neither better nor worse than a liberal or a conservative, nor a workman than a capitalist; that the workman can change the actual governmental system if he so desires, while the capitalist cannot do so because the workman would not permit him; that it is an absurd contradiction in terms to declare that the working classes are starved, impoverished and kept in ignorance by a system which loads the capitalist with food, education, and refinements of all sorts, and at the same time to pretend that the capitalist is a scoundrel, harsh and sordid in spirit, while the workman is a high-minded, enlightened and magnanimous philanthropist; that Socialism will eventuate in the gradual establishment of public rule and a public administration set into effective action by parliaments, assemblies and common councils; and that none of these rules will lead to revolution nor occupy more place in the political programme of the time than a law for the regulation of manufactures or the ballot would do now; in a word, that the part of the Socialist will be a definitely fixed political labor, to struggle not against the malevolent machinations of the capitalist, but against the stupidity, narrowness, in a word, the idiocy (in giving to the word its precise and original sense) of the class which actually suffers most from the existing system."

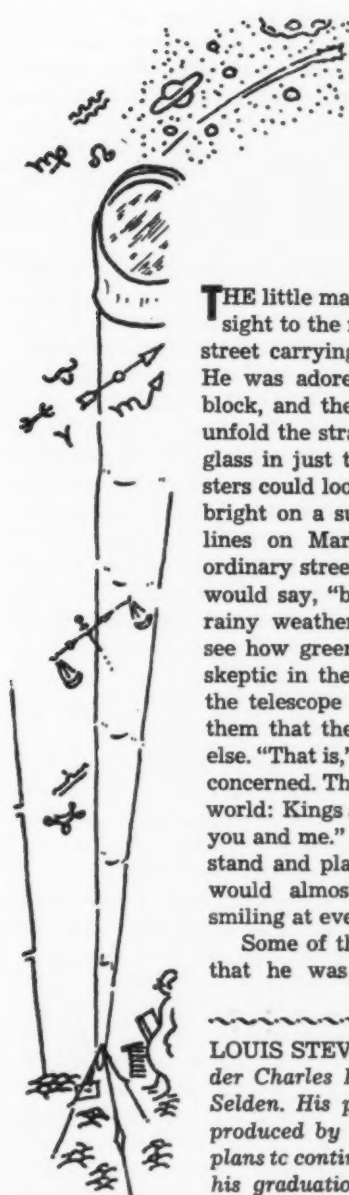
After 1911 when Shaw, then fifty-five, resigned from the Executive Committee, his Fabianizing period really ended. The popular confusion as to Shaw's Socialism arises from the fact that, for the past 37 years, Shaw, while still Fabian, has developed and publicised an individual form of Socialism peculiarly his own. The number of converts to his system, known as Distributism, is excessively small, in all probability. Certain it is that Shaw's theory of Socialism is not entertained by the Fabian Society, nor has it ever been endorsed by it. The only satisfactory plan for the attainment of Socialism, maintains Shaw, is to give everybody, *from birth*, an equal share in the national income.

III

The next decisive change in Shaw's Socialism appears to have followed his visit to Russia, in company with Lord and Lady Astor and the Marquess of Lothian in 1931. Shaw's eyes were opened to the remarkable progress achieved by the Bolshevik regime since the Rus-

sian Revolution of 1917. Shaw was by no means unaware of the disastrous failure at the outset of the revolutionary new experiment, in ruthlessly destroying the capitalist institutions before Lenin, after three years of horror, starvation, revolution, and almost chaos, inaugurated the New Economic Policy, whereby the old economic policy of private trade was tolerated until it could be supplanted by Soviet organization of industry. Shaw really "went dotty" for Russia; and on October 11, 1931, broadcast from Savoy Hill under the auspices of the English Society, Friends of the Soviet Union, a "little talk on America", published under the caption "Look, You Boob!" It is a defiant challenge issued to the Americans; a glowing tribute to the new regime in Russia; and a suggestion to the people of the United States: "Go thou and do likewise!" Says Shaw of Russia: "Russia has the laugh on us. She has us fooled, beaten, shamed, shown-up, outpointed, and all but knocked out. We have lectured her from the heights of our moral superiority, and now we are calling on the mountains to hide our blushes in her presence. We have rebuked her ungodliness; and now the sun shines on Russia as on a country with which God is well pleased, whilst his wrath is heavy on us and we don't know where to turn for comfort or approval."

Shaw, the Fabian Socialist, who claims that Russia owes much to the principles advocated by the Fabian Society, has been an avowed Communist for the past seventeen years. The Russian Marxists, of the type of Lenin, Trotsky, and Lunacharsky, speak scornfully of Shaw's *petit bourgeois* mind; and slightly describe him as "a good man fallen among Fabians". But he has stood staunchly by the Soviets, reiterating his belief: "We (Fabians) are Socialists. The Russian side is our side." During the American presidential campaign just ended, Shaw actively urged the election of Henry Wallace; and affirmed that the Fabian Society, having made Russia a great Fabian state, has now to make Wallace President of the United States. "Wallace," he declared in an interview by Johannes Steel, "is the only one among the candidates who is a social philosopher." Contrary to common belief, Shaw is not opposed to private enterprise operating under Socialism. In a recent letter to the *London Times*, he said: "As a citizen and one of the founders of the British Fabian policy, I am basically a Marxian Communist; but I cannot say so without being set down as an infantile advocate of catastrophic insurrection, with capitalism in full swing on Monday, revolution on Tuesday, and Socialism in full swing on Wednesday. I do not wish to see private enterprise made a felony; on the contrary, I look to private enterprise for experiment and invention in industry, art, and science as the sphere of individual talent and genius in the leisure which Socialism alone can gain for everybody."



The Cobblestone Streets on Mars

By LOUIS STEVENS

THE little man with bright red hair was a familiar sight to the neighborhood as he ambled along the street carrying the huge telescope under his arm. He was adored by all the small children in the block, and they had never found him too busy to unfold the strange metal stand and point the thick glass in just the right position so that the youngsters could look at the moon when it was clear and bright on a summer's night or at the funny little lines on Mars which the little man said were ordinary streets. "Probably cobblestone streets," he would say, "because moss grows on the stones in rainy weather and turns them green. Can't you see how green they are?" And there was never a skeptic in the group of children crowding around the telescope listening to the little man who told them that they were just as important as anyone else. "That is," he would add, "as far as the stars are concerned. They decide the fate of everybody in the world: Kings and paupers, queens and scrubwomen, you and me." Then he would laugh and fold up the stand and placing the telescope under his arm, he would almost dance down the crowded street, smiling at everyone he passed.

Some of the older folks knew, without a doubt, that he was completely crazy, and others, the

LOUIS STEVENS has studied creative writing under Charles Eaton and playwriting under Samuel Selden. His play *The People the Cards Like* was produced by the Playmakers in 1947, and Stevens plans to continue playwriting in New York following his graduation from the University in December.

younger set of intellectuals in this part of the Village, were just as certain that he was a brilliant man, an undiscovered genius and all because of his horoscopes, which always turned out right and told you anything you wanted to know. But they all agreed that he was perfectly harmless. The mothers were thankful that he took the screaming children off their hands and when their husbands weren't looking, they often slipped a quarter from their apron pocket and bought Mr. Suskett's latest horoscope, which they hid and read in precious stolen moments.

It was even rumored, in the block, that famous people used to call on Mr. Suskett. Arriving in long black limousines, they would scurry up the long flight of steps to the old man's flat like unwelcome strangers out of a dream. Some folks said that beautiful women often came in the middle of the night: mysterious women in elegant ermine capes with diamond rings and the saddest eyes they had ever seen. And others said that Alfred E. Smith had been a frequent caller, and then there were some who had seen Jimmy Walker and John Barrymore, and one little woman, who was Catholic, swore on the Bible that she had seen the President leave Mr. Suskett's room followed by thirteen bodyguards. But that was a long time ago, and the younger folks didn't believe these stories and even if they did, they never thought to ask Mr. Suskett if he had really foretold John Barrymore's astounding success in *Hamlet* from the movements of the planets, and from the cobblestone streets on Mars. They laughed at the little man with red hair and they made up jokes about him, but they loved him, perhaps because he had grown to be a "character" and characters were nice to have around when their aesthetic friends came to call.

Jules Mansfield was the old man's oldest friend. Mr. Mansfield was short and bald-headed and he wore a black patch over his right eye, or rather over the place where his right eye used to be. Sometimes he lifted the patch and frightened the more courageous children by displaying the empty socket, but Mr. Mansfield was a favorite with all of the struggling young actors, artists, and musicians in the neighborhood. The young Thespians would spend hours in his one room apartment pouring over yellowing theatre programs and press clippings, and Mr. Mansfield wondered why they always seemed so wistful and fragile-like. They would listen to his fabulous stories of the time he understudied Richard Mansfield ("No relation," he would say) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, or the time he was invited to tea by Maude Adams, or the time, and this was the story the kids liked best, when he returned from his triumphant tour in Europe and met Mr. Suskett, who happened to look into the heavens and consult the stars and found that Mr. Mansfield's theatrical career was at an end. Mr. Suskett would often sit in the corner on the floor and finger his massive red

eyebrows and listen to the stories and laugh with his friends when they made fun of his horoscopes, but on other occasions, he became very serious and his voice, when he spoke to them, was grave and steady and almost a whisper.

"Just you wait," he would say. "Someday you young folks will come to me with more troubles than your young shoulders can bear, and you'll want me to read the stars for you. Just you wait. You laugh now, but maybe you wouldn't laugh so much if you knew what they know." And with that, he would slowly turn his head and look out of the window into the dark sky where a million stars would seem to wink and nod their shining bodies in complete agreement.

"They know," he added, "and they don't appreciate the way you youngsters scorn them. Why, I could figure out the very day, the very minute each of you will cash in your chips and decide you're growing weary of this old world. I have more power in my telescope than Houdini ever had. Yes, call it magic if you like. Those little stars up there are my friends and they never lie—not to me. To astronomers and scientists and fortune-tellers, yes, but not to me." And then, Mr. Mansfield would smile and nod his bald head and light his pipe because he believed Mr. Suskett. He believed because he was older than the youngsters whose heads were filled with nothing but a million inches of neon light bulbs.

A young man with blond hair and thick, horn-rimmed glasses lit a cigarette and said "What's your horoscope, Mr. Suskett? What do the stars have in store for you?"

Mr. Suskett fingered his red eyebrows and thought a long time before he answered.

"I don't know." His own statement seemed to surprise him. "It's funny but it seems like I've never had time to bother them with my troubles. But I will someday." He thought a moment. "Yes I will. Who knows? Maybe someday I'll have plenty of money, and I should start right now learning how to live in style." He joined in the laughter.

"But," said Mr. Mansfield, who was lighting his pipe again, "isn't there—," he paused and the smile left his face. "Isn't there sometimes tragedy in the stars?"

Mr. Suskett nodded his head slowly.

"Yes, there's tragedy, of course. Life itself is one big tragedy. That's to be expected."

The next afternoon it was raining, and the small children, their noses pressed against the weeping window panes, wondered why Mr.

Mansfield kept running in and out of the building where Mr. Suskett lived. A young girl who played the cello bumped into Mr. Mansfield on the street, and he grabbed her by the arm so violently that she almost dropped her music notebook.

"The most dreadful thing has happened," he said. "The most dreadful thing. Last night, after you kids had all gone home, Mr. Suskett decided to figure out his own horoscope. Right there in front of my one good eye, he figured out his very own horoscope."

The pretty little cellist was becoming irritated because the rain was sneaking down the back of her neck.

"What's wrong with that? Doesn't he have as much right as anybody else to know when his time is up?"

Mr. Mansfield was on the verge of tears and his hands were trembling.

"That's just the trouble, my dear. His time is up, or rather it will be—tonight!"

The pretty little cellist forgot about the rain.

"Do you mean—"

Mr. Mansfield was sobbing now, and the tears on his cheek were lost among the raindrops.

"Exactly! The stars say Mr. Suskett is going to die—tonight!"

The young girl smiled, and then she laughed and started walking again.

"Maybe he made a mistake. Maybe he got Mars mixed up with Saturn. Anything could have happened. He just made a mistake."

"No, no! He checked it and rechecked it, three times last night." Mr. Mansfield was yelling now, and the people standing under dripping awnings frowned at the old man who was disturbing their thoughts. "He checked it three times, and he says it's right. He dies today. Today or never!"

"So he lives forever! He's lucky." And with that, the pretty little cellist ducked into a door and disappeared on the dark stairs.

Mr. Mansfield shook his head slowly and then hurried on to Mr. Suskett's flat.

It was five minutes before midnight. Mr. Mansfield locked the window and looked around the room to see if any pieces of burning tobacco had fallen from his pipe. Then he looked at his watch and

turned to Mr. Suskett, who was sitting in a chair in the corner, crouched over as if he thought the roof was going to come crashing down at any moment.

"There! You see it's twelve o'clock—right on the dot. Now go to sleep and stop worrying. It's better to be alive with a misbegotten horoscope than be up there, among the stars, sailing around on a cold night like this. Now, go on to sleep. I'll see you tomorrow." Mr. Mansfield went out of the room and closed the door. He was in the street before he heard the bell in the church around the corner ring twelve times. He looked at his watch. It was five minutes fast. He set his watch and started walking up the street in the direction of the little bar where all the kids gathered to drink beer and bum cigarettes and swap theatrical anecdotes.

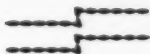
The little cellist was over in the corner talking to the blond actor with horn-rimmed glasses. She saw Mr. Mansfield and motioned for him to join them. The air was thick with cigarette smoke which accentuated the soft blue lights behind the bar.

"It's all right now," he said. "I just left Mr. Suskett. It was almost twelve o'clock and nothing had happened to him. I must confess I was terribly worried for a while. Knowing Mr. Suskett and his faith in those horoscopes, well, I just expected him to throw up his arms and kick up his feet and go prancing off with Saint Peter."

The cellist laughed and winked at her companion.

"I guess Mr. Suskett just got Mars mixed up with Saturn. I guess he won't have the nerve to peddle anymore of those silly little horoscopes—after his own failed him. Those old stars just played a dirty trick on him. Have a beer, Mr. Mansfield."

It was an hour later when the people in the bar heard the ambulance and saw two policemen running down the street. Mr. Mansfield followed them to the building where Mr. Suskett lived. He pushed through the crowd at the top of the stairs and went into the room. He was just in time to see two men cut the rope, which had suspended Mr. Suskett from the chandelier.



Hawk

Old and lens-hungry eyes probed at the sun
To glimpse grim, wheeling wings; he vaguely thought
How the judicious finger of his gun
Reared, pointed out the evil claws that sought
The trusting brood beneath the squawking hen.
He aimed too long and tried too long to peer
Into the glare, where the omniscient span
Of those malicious wings foreshadowed fear;
The hate-born hawk, on knowing, banked and fled,
Chasing chance currents and far airy tides
Down the vast sky, wherever hunger led.
He shrugged; destroy it and others grew,
Forever seeking that defenseless prey—
He cast a furtive glance behind, and knew
As ever, he would lay his gun away.

—JOHN FOSTER WEST

Vocation

Stung by earliest dayshine on the wave,
the rooster maritime unsheathes one eye,
flaps his notched wings and screams his hens
from sleep. Is answered by the neighbor bantam,
answered in turn, the eddy spreading
"Through shuttered town & vernal countryside,"
blitz-couriered, until our birds
here on the coast of land illimitable,
before, O hours! the first light pricks the pines,
pass on the shout, primitive telegraph.

"Awake, old hen, night starves us long enough;
bugs soon will be abroad; again we eat!"

—BERNARD RAYMUND

DR. WILLIAM M. COPPRIDGE, *University graduate of '17 and outstanding Durham physician, has been an active medical consultant for the state under the past three governors. Typical of fifty doctors appointed to investigate the feasibility of a four-year medical school in Chapel Hill, Dr. Coppridge has a prediction about the part the University will play in giving North Carolina a healthier future.*

The Medical School Development at the University

By WILLIAM M. COPPRIDGE, M.D.

It is probable that early in 1948 construction will begin for the erection of the university hospital and four-year medical school. In its 156th year the University will witness the culmination of efforts of its trustees and friends, dating back over one hundred years, directed towards furnishing to the youth of North Carolina complete medical education at Chapel Hill. The completion of the school will enable the University to broaden its sphere of service to the state by offering assistance to hospitals in the counties, in staffing their institutions with various types of medical workers as well as furnishing consultative service and continuing post-graduate training to this large group of personnel.

In September 1946 Mr. James H. Clark, Chairman of the Medical Care Commission established in 1945 by act of the Legislature, sent to the Governor of the state and to the Board of Trustees of the University a letter setting forth the recommendations of that Commission pertaining to expansion of the two-year school at Chapel Hill. The recommendations were those of the National Committee for the Medical School Survey called for in an act of the 1945 Legislature. In outline they were as follows:

"Appointed by the North Carolina Medical Care Commission in accordance with the provision of an Act of the General Assembly (H.B. No. 594) of North Carolina, the National Committee for the Medical School Survey has conducted a study of those factors pertaining to the need for and location of a four-year school of medicine as a unit of the University of North Carolina, and related considerations. On the basis of that study, it is the recommendation of the committee, amplified in more detail in the body of this report:

I. That the trustees of the University of North Carolina establish a four-year school of medicine situated on the campus of the University at Chapel Hill; provided:

a. That a hospital and health center program to provide greatly enlarged facilities be carried forward and that a practicable plan for financing medical and hospital care be established.

b. That such a school of medicine be an intergrated part of a State University medical center which will include:

1. Appropriate facilities for the basic medical sciences, for research, and an adequate general, teaching hospital;
 2. A school of nursing;
 3. A program for the preparation of essential personnel in fields ancillary to rendering medical and hospital care;
 4. The present school of public health for the training of personnel in that special field;
 5. The present school of pharmacy;
 6. An active program for graduate and postgraduate education for physicians and allied medical personnel both at the medical center and in the State as a whole;
 7. Arrangements to provide hospitals throughout the State with clinical consultations, roentgenologic, pathologic, and other services as may be desired by them;
 8. A competent administrator at the medical center to coordinate all the activities of the center and intergrate these on a State-wide basis as needed and desired, in order to insure the utmost effectiveness in providing a better health program for North Carolina;
- c. That such a school of medicine and associated services of the Medical center, responsive to the will of the people, be intergrated effectively and continuously with a State-wide network of hospitals and health centers in so far as these volunteer to cooperate; merely to expand the two-year medical school at Chapel Hill in order to graduate a greater number of physicians is not regarded as sufficient justification for such expansion;
 - d. That full utilization be made of the facilities of the voluntary, non-profit hospitals of the State; that these institutions remain autonomous units, expected to operate with high standards of service as required to provide proper medical care to the people of the State;
 - e. That, as far as possible, the activities of the four-year school of medicine be coordinated with those of the privately-endowed schools of the State to afford maximum service within North Carolina;
- II. That the planning of the medical school development proceed as may be convenient; that, however, the construction and operation of the expanded medical school appropriately be timed with the development of the program for the construction of hospitals and health center, in order to insure a properly coordinated advancement of the total State-wide health-service project of North Carolina; further it is thought that the exact sequence of elements involved in this project cannot be committed to blue prints at this time on the basis of information available to the Committee;
 - III. That the State of North Carolina consider education on an inter-state or regional basis in dentistry both for white and Negro students; in medicine for Negro students and in public health nursing for Negro students as discussed subsequently in this report;
 - IV. That the University of North Carolina develop a philosophy of medical education, research, and medical care which will make it a service facility for the whole State."

The Board of Trustees approved and adopted these resolutions as a matter of University policy, thereby accepting the challenge of carrying out a program of integrated medical education, that is, medical education integrated to the needs of medical care throughout the state. In so doing it projected an undertaking that no other medical school has ever attempted to do on a state-wide basis.

Two years have passed since the trustees accepted this report and the plans at Chapel Hill are now well under way. It is hoped that before the 1949 Legislature meets very definite progress on all of the recommendations will have been made. The great Good Health Movement of which the medical school development was an essential part, was one in which all classes of citizens participated. The aims and hopes of the people were that through this combined program the spread of good medical care through the state would be more readily promoted.

The Medical Care Commission has recently announced that planning and construction of county and regional hospitals are proceeding on schedule and that within the next year many new hospital beds will become available. The staffing of these institutions will be a serious problem. All types of technicians, nursing executives and other classes of professional personnel are almost unprocureable. It is in this realm of service that the University will eventually give valuable service. Through the administrator at the University, called for under the recommendations, whose duty it will be to coordinate all the activities of the medical school on a state-wide basis, these needs will be met.

As the University proceeds to meet this challenge it will require the support of the citizens who so strongly promoted the Good Health Movement. Funds must be made available in proportion to the effort expended at Chapel Hill to meet these requirements. The people have a right to expect the University to carry out its commitment but in turn the institution must have the necessary means to do the job as it should be done. It is to be hoped that the next legislature will make available the funds necessary for maintenance and projection of the plans and that the University can show that the progress already made warrants confidence that its part of the program will proceed in coordination with hospital construction throughout the state.

The expanded medical school will offer training in many types of medical service. The state, through the Medical Care Commission, has established a loan fund for those in need of financial help who wish to pursue courses in medicine, nursing, pharmacy, and other branches. The state in adopting the report of the National Committee for the Medical School Survey has gone all out in its plans to furnish complete medical education to the youth of the state. There is every reason to believe that the passing of a few years will see at Chapel Hill a most complete facility dedicated to this purpose. Its completion will initiate service by the University in a new field and one that will likely reach the lives of the people of the state to a greater degree than any that it has heretofore been called upon to perform.

Ritual for a Young Missionary

By WYATT HELSABECK

i

One dying savage makes my ritual.

Spinning in feathers, fumes, and hideous faces,
I make gourd-language, rattling hollow psalms,
Defending broken bottles. Is it mine,
This rasping, clicking language? "GO YE FORTH
AND CHATTER ME AT MONKEYS; I AM LIFE!"

Our bottles flicker only fire and frenzy;
Our psalms stir crows and jackals. "Hear these gourds—"
But closer to bad blood are crows and jackals
And multitudes of monkeys after devils.
Suck, grim old man! Suck magic from a tuber!
Split your green lakes! A pagan Israel's passing!
What feint can save us now? Shall I dig tubers
And try with ritual what I failed with reason?

(Surely he emptied bottles at Uji

And understudied juices; he would tell them:

"Hear these my gourds; take these my hollow psalms!

Dippers of Life I handle—If there come

Jackals upon us, jackals come uncalled.

They smell no hideous kinship with my bottles—

Obeys my gourds!")

ii

One dying savage makes my ritual

Cowering among hibiscus, forced to hear

Wild cockatoos and patrolling in the hollows,

Beating their wings at Death; hysteria catches

Dead tree-tops writing ritual with gaunt fingers,

And wings accuse me, rattler of dry psalms.

You birds are also rattlers of dry psalms

Intended for the tiger's understanding.

But does the tiger understand? And if

He does, is daylight kinder to the pig?

(He must have heard the rattling at Uji

And been afraid of red eyes fixed in tree-tops,

And beaked hysteria. Was it so contagious

That he, too, hoarded words among hibiscus?

WYAT HELSABECK is a graduate student in the Department of English at the University. He has studied playwriting with Samuel Selden and creative writing with Charles Eaton. Much of his work has been concerned with his war experience in the Pacific.

A poisoned language telling him, "The tiger
Knows only that the pig will come by daylight,
And the fat flesh is good.")

iii

One dying savage makes my ritual.

A humid wind rips off the brittle pages
Stuck to my fingers, and the gourds I rattle
Call up red bats—no more! The limbo stretches
A windy sein across the screeching hollows;
My sheets of paper fly aloft like feathers
Picked up by crosswinds—Light, Life, Mercy, Knowledge
All scattered, ineffectual in the brush,
Beg for the wind to pillage in the tree-tops,
Wind, the Evangelist, also shaker of gourds.

(Is this how they received him at Ujiji,
Stuffing a wind full of one night's confetti?
And did they tell him in a hoarse, dry language:
"A PAGE OF GENESIS WILL HATCH FINE BIRDS
OR BED GOOD RATS?")

iv

One day when many hunters kill fine birds;
One day when too much water drowns good rats,
A woman with a baby at one breast,
A pig at the other, tells in my strange language
What the confetti says: "IN THE BEGINNING—"

An old man carrying sticks upon his back
Shall kneel beneath the mangoes.

HEAR MY GOURDS!
KILL THE RED BATS! GOD, MAKE MY RITUAL!

Gramp and the Giverment

By Roy C. Moose



illustrated by Richard Preyer

Gramp went fishing every day of the year except Tuesdays. On that day he had to go to Statesville to sign up for his welfare check for him and Grandma lived off welfare checks. The checks would be sent through the mail and he would receive them on Saturdays. As me and my sister Peg sat on the front seat of the car looking at the autmun North Carolina countyside speeding by, I wondered if Gramp would leave for the river before we got there.

"It'll only be a few minutes more. Then you will have two whole weeks of farm life," Dad said.

But me and Peg just stared straight ahead watching the road for the deep cut that would say that Gramp's house was near. Soon it appeared ahead, deep and red. It was like a bloody gash that drained the richness from the red Catawba soil and left the county a poor one for farming. The car entered the big cut and shadows thrown by the early morning sun seemed to smother my hopes of getting to go fishing. As we burst out the other side into the warm sunlight once more, though, it was like we had gone through a looking glass. This was Gramp's land now!

The car turned into the first side road and wound its way to the top of the hill overlooking the cut. It had barely stopped in front of Gramp's old unpainted weather-boarded two-story house when I flung open the door and me and Peg tumbled to the ground.

"Well, git up and come on in."

We looked up and saw Grandma standing in the doorway, wiping her hands on the gingham apron tied around her waist. We ran to the door and hugged Grandma, me on one side and Peg on the other.

"Think you can handle them for a couple of weeks, Ma?" Dad asked.

"I think so. I'll just turn them loose with their Grandpa and won't have to worry about them," she laughed.

Dad said something about making us behave and that he would

be after us in two weeks. But I wasn't interested for two weeks seemed a long time.

"Gramp ain't gone fishing yet, has he?" I asked Grandma.

"No, this is Saturday. He never goes on Saturday 'til his government check arrives," she answered, leading the way into her kitchen. She placed us at the table in front of the big kitchen wood stove. Breaking off two big hunks of golden brown cornbread, she buttered them for us. I was eating with both hands when Gramp came into the kitchen.

"Mag, have you seen my . . . Well, well, well, so the chaps are here, huh?" he grinned.

"John, the children have names," Grandma said.

"Aw, Mag, all kids is chaps to me," Gramp answered smiling.

"Gramp, we're here for two whole weeks. School let out for cotton picking and we got to visit you," I said, hoping that he would be pleased. The Catawba school, like all schools in the farming districts, would hold a two months' session from the middle of July to the middle of September, then let out for cotton picking for a month until the middle of October.

"Fine, chappy. We'll git in lots of fishing. Want to go with me this morning?" he asked.

I had crammed my mouth full of cornbread and could only nod my head up and down. I nearly choked getting the cornbread down.

"Well, you git ready. We'll go just as soon as the mailman brings my giverment check," he said, taking out his watch, "Hummm, he should be here. Guess he had a lot of welfare checks this morning."

As if in answer to Gramp's beckoning movement, the chugging of the Ford climbing the hill outside echoed throughtout the kitchen.

"Let me get it, Gramp," I yelled. Without waiting for an answer I bounded through the house and ran out to the car where the mailman was putting an envelope into the mail box. I grabbed the envelope and raced back into the house.

"Here it is, Gramp," I said.

He tore open the envelope and drew out a piece of paper. A puzzled look came over his aging face. He squinted his eyes as if he could not believe what he saw.

"Dammit, this ain't no check!" he screamed.

"It looks like a letter, Gramp," I said.

"Here, Chappy, read it. I cain't read," he said, pushing the letter into my hands. Then he added, almost to himself, "It'd better be damn good. Them not sending me my check!"

I took up the letter and read aloud:

"Dear Mr. Jackson; The Welfare Office regrets to inform you that your check has been discontinued. In reviewing your case we find

that you own your own land and have considerable tangible assets. Appropriations for the welfare fund have been cut considerably and we are forced to review all cases again. Only the most needy of cases are to be continued. Should you wish to lodge a complaint we are open on Tuesdays, Sincerely your, Mrs. W. P. Pickett."

Gramp looked frozen standing there in the doorway. In his rage tears had come into his eyes.

"Goddammit!" he screamed. "We ain't gonna git no more checks. How we gonna live?"

None of us said a word. We knew it would make him worse.

"Dammit, Mag, the givernment cut us off! What the hell has happened to our givernment?" he asked.

Grandma finally spoke. "Looks like you'll have to start to farming this Catawba dirt agin."

Gramp could not have been more shocked if a bolt of lightning had struck him. "Hell, no, not this damned red clay. Hell, no, a man cain't make a living off a starved dirt. Farming! Not at my age. I ain't young no more."

"John, the children," Grandma said.

"Damn the chaps!" he flung out. "Them goddammed givernment men cain't let us starve." He turned and went stomping into the house.

Tears now came into Grandma's eyes. She realized what a change this would mean to the peace of the house and of Gramp. For years now they had lived happily off the weekly government check.

II.

"Chappy, git that letter agin," Gramp said.

Grandma got up and brought me the letter. Then she lit the kerosene lamp for it was almost dark now. It was only six o'clock, but the September evening comes early in the Carolina Piedmont section. The lamp threw a faint glow throughout the big room.

"Now, read me that part at the last agin," he said.

I read, "Should you wish to lodge a complaint we are open on Tuesdays."

"That's it. Dammit, Chappy, you and me is going to Statesville Tuesday. We're gonna find out what's happened to our givernment," he said.

The light flickered. Grandma got up and turned it out. Since neither of them could read nor write they always sat in the dark and would talk or tell stories. Peg and me sat on the floor at Grandma's feet. We were both unhappy because Gramp was unhappy. He was the whole center of attention at the old place. And now he was silent.

"Think Gramp will tell us a story tonight?" Peg whispered.

"I don't think so. He seems sad," I said.

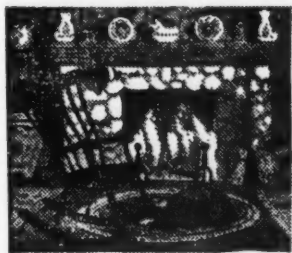
We both waited in silence, hoping Gramp would say something. Always in the evenings he used to tell us stories, mostly about the Jackson family. His favorite one was about the three Jackson brothers who first came to America in 1811 from Scotland, "Jest in time to fight the damned English." Somewhere along the line he had heard the story of the three men in a tub and now he always mixed the two stories together. Imitating rowing motions with his long arms, he would tell with many interruptions of laughter how the three Jackson brothers came over in a tub. The one from which our line came settled in the Piedmont section of North Carolina. One went to Indiana to settle and in 1889 Gramp walked out there to look up the distant relatives. He was gone a whole year but he found them. The third Jackson brother went north, to New York, I heard, to become a "Danged Damn Yankee." Gramp never bothered to look that one up.

But Gramp was happiest when he was talking about his own farm. He had moved to Catawba county in 1901 right after marrying Grandma. From 1901 'til the crash in the early thirties he had built the farm up until it was one of the largest in Catawba county. But the land, like most North Carolina soil, was drained of its richness by the yearly crops of cotton and corn; and each year more and more acreage would be required to yield a family living. Then in the early thirties most of the farm was mortgaged on the crops that Gramp couldn't sell and he lost all of it to the banks except the house and eighty-seven acres. Since then Gramp has never believed in working the tired land anymore. He has been living off the checks ever since.

I remember five years ago, it was September of 1936 and I was just seven years old, I talked about checks with Gramp the first, last and only time. School was out and Dad had brought me down on a Friday. Gramp wasn't home, but I knew that I'd find him at his favorite fishing hole on the Catawba river. I ran down to the line of sycamore trees where he sat, hoping to see him catch a carp. As I neared the hole I tiptoed 'cause he never liked anybody who scared the fish. He was standing up holding a long pole in his hand.

"Are they bitin', Gramp?" I whispered.

"No. Chappy. Ain't the best day for fish to bite. It's still too hot.



October's the best time to ketch fish," he said as he stuck the pole in the bank of the river and leaned back, his head at rest on an old log peeled of bark that ran out over the stream. He crossed his legs and I saw that as usual he was barefooted. His feet looked as big as the top of my school desk. They were browned and cracked by the sun and hung from his lean frame like the lead of the fish line.

He waved for me to sit down near him in the shade of a thick sycamore tree.

"Nope, not the day for fish, but I fish jest the same. All year long I fish, Chappy, 'cepting on Tuesdays. Some days they bite; some they don't. Got so I can tell what days they bite 'forehand. This ain't the day, Chappy," he ran on as he drew his pipe, blackened and worn from years of use, from his blue chambray shirt pocket. He lit the pipe, got up and checked his hook for bait, and then lay down once more. In spite of his head of thick black hair, I could see that he was getting old.

"But Gramp, don't you ever work?" I asked.

A wry grin came over his mouth. His eyes lit up as if he had just played a joke on someone.

"I knew you'd finally ask that, Chappy," he laughed. "They all do when I tell 'em I fish all the time. Nope, don't work. Tried it once, but this kind of land here jest cain't support me and Ma. Me and Ma, we live off our check now."

"But Daddy says it's not fair to take government checks when you got a farm. Besides, he says all the children can support you and Grandma."

"Hell, no, Chappy, we won't live off the children," he blurted out. Then he added, "Them checks come from the men we sent to make laws with our votes. They make the laws and the laws say that we who cain't live off our land can get welfare checks."

"But, Gramp, Daddy says the whole world can't live like you do," I said, a little afraid that he would get mad at me.

"But they should, Chappy. It'd be fine. Take them that works and sweats all the time. They're jest like that branch lying yonder in the river, they git bent day after day 'til the work breaks them, then they die. It don't do them no good to work. It kills them, all of them. Jest don't do them no good. They should live off checks like me and Ma. We live good."

And it did seem that they lived good. There was plenty of milk and cornbread and eggs and ham. Grandma tended to some chickens and took care of the one cow. Gramp fed the hog and looked after Ole Bob, the mule. Nearly all the farm now was used as a pasture for the cow and Ole Bob. Grandma did work a small garden for summer vegetables, but the only farming Gramp did was to plant a little patch of corn "For roastneers," he always said, "and a little fodder for Ole Bob." Also, each spring he would sow a patch of rye for the cow and Ole Bob and the chickens. But that wasn't farming for all you had to do was throw the rye on the ground and it just grew.

Gramp finally broke the silence. "Dammit, Mag, I'll tell the welfare woman something. The giverment cain't stop our check."

"John, just be patient 'til Tuesday," she said. "It's nearly eight

o'clock and bedtime for us all."

She got up and lit the lamp once more. Then turning to me she said, "Jimmy, go out in the back yard and get the chamber pot. Peg will need it tonight with all that milk in her."

I got the pot and she led the way upstairs, with Gramp bringing up the rear. As he turned into his room he muttered once more, "Yes-sir, come Tuesday, I'm gonna find out what's happened to our giverment."

III.

"Dammit, Mag, our giverment's been ruined." The words kept ringing in my ears long after they had been spoken. I shook the sleep from my eyes and realized that Gramp was up. This was one morning that I wouldn't lie in bed. It was Tuesday and Gramp's battle with the government. I threw back the covers and ran for my pants. The cool September morning air made me shiver as it whizzed around my naked behind. It was still dark outside as I fumbled toward the blackened stairway. At the lower end of it I could see a faint light. After stumbling down the hollow stairway I saw Grandma lighting a fire in the old sooty cook stove.

"Morning, Jimmy. Up early ain't you?" she asked.

"Well, it's Tuesday and Gramp wanted to leave early," I replied.

Just then Gramp's head appeared in the kitchen doorway. Pushing his hair from his eyes, he mumbled "morning."

"You boys wash and I'll have ham and eggs ready in a minute," Grandma said.

"I want to git Ole Bob hitched up first," Gramp said, walking out into the dark morning.

As I washed I could hear the tinkling of the singletree and tracing lines in the distance as Gramp hitched the mule to the wagon. Once I heard him say, "Dammit, Bob, git this bit in your mouth."

He soon returned with the mule and wagon. Gulping the breakfast down in silence, we quickly finished and with Grandma right behind us we went out to the wagon. From its side hung a lantern and Gramp took it down and lit it, then hung it on the back of the wagon.

"John, here's yourn and Jimmy's lunch," Grandma said, thrusting a paper bag into Gramp's hands. Turning to me she continued, "Jimmy, now you keep your eye on Gramp and don't let him lose his temper in Statesville."

I muttered "Yessum" as Gramp took up the reins.

"Gitty up, Bob," he said.

The wagon rolled down the steep hill to the main road. It turned left toward the river valley. Ole Bob plodded along at an even pace. Gramp said nothing. We crossed the Catawba river at Buffalo Shoals and wound upwards from the valley to the hill country. The sun

came blazing over the tops of the hills and for the first time I saw the naked red earth of Iredell county. Gullies dug by the summer rains hacked the bleeding fields into scarry chunks.

"Gramp, this sure is poor country, ain't it?" I said, feeling scared.

"Yep, jest like Catawba county. Ain't fit fer a farmer to waste his sweat on."

"Gramp, ain't there no good land in North Carolina?"

"Very little, 'cepting the river bottoms. None here in the Piedmont 'til you git down to Rowan county. There's good land there but a man's mighty lucky to git a farm there."

Near the tops of the hills I could see a few cotton patches already getting white. As we neared the fields I could see niggers already at work. The sun was hot for September and although it was only 8:30 they were wiping sweat from their faces.

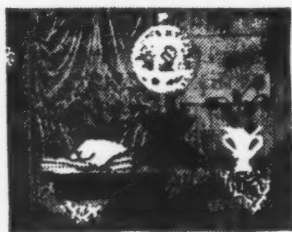
"Them pore fools. They work all year long and don't make enough from the cotton to pay the cost of planting it and for the vittles they eat," Gramp said. "That's the reason the South is so pore. Cause we're all damn fools."

I looked away from Gramp for I knew that he was thinking of that check. The idea that he himself may be planting the scrawny cotton and breaking his own back over the scrubby stalks occupied his mind.

It was not far to Statesville, only sixteen miles from Gramp's farm, but by mule and wagon it seemed like we were going completely out of the state. It was about 9:30 before I saw the water tower. I pointed it out to Gramp and he gave Ole Bob a whack across the rump.

"Made it purty fast today," he said. "Took only three hours. I usually take four on other Tuesdays."

We entered the town from the south. Like all small North Carolina towns it consisted of a main street on which all the stores were located. This being a weekday, the town was almost empty. Only a few men and women in gingham dresses and blue denim overalls were there, for Statesville is a farmer's town and farmers waited 'til Saturday to come to town. Like all the farmers Gramp would park on the back streets. Driving on through to the North end of town Gramp



turned Ole Bob down a deserted side street and drew up behind a FCX feed store. There he tied Ole Bob and asked the grayhaired storekeeper to keep an eye on him.

We walked up main street to the bank building. Just beyond was a two-story building. Gramp and me walked in. A line of about a dozen people were in front

of us. We sat down and waited. In one corner of the room I heard the lady at the desk say "I'm sorry" to each person and I knew that Gramp would have a hard time. Finally, the lady pointed to Gramp and said "Next."

"Good morning, Mr. Jackson," she said smiling.

"Morning, Ma'am," he returned. Before she could speak again Gramp thrust the letter he had received into her hands.

"Ma'am I received this letter last week instead of my check. It said if I had a complaint . . ."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Well, Sir, your check has been discontinued and unless you can establish a definite need for the welfare aid, well, I'm just afraid . . ."

"But, Ma'am, I need it badly. Me and Ma live off'n that check and . . ."

"Have you no other income?" she asked.

"None, Ma'am, 'cepting the check I git each year for soil conservation on my farm and that's only \$67.50 and it don't hardly buy mine and Ma's clothes."

"You do have a farm, though, don't you?" she asked.

"Yessum, 87 acres, but them acres don't mean nothing in the red hills of North Carolina," Gramp muttered.

"Sir, you farm and that's the reason your check was discontinued. You see, appropriations for welfare work have been cut and so naturally those less needy were the first to be dropped."

"But Ma'am, I cain't make a living off'n that red dirt. Me and Ma'd kill ourselves trying to grow cotton on that land."

"But surely you can grow enough for the two of you?"

"Ma'am we're too old to be farming," Gramp pleaded.

"Well, now that's different. How old are you?"

"Now I don't reckon I know Ma'am, but it ought to be in the Bible at home. We're both over sixty I'm sure."

Gramp was pressing the lady now and he felt that the check was in sight. He was fighting hard for the life he had been living. I saw his face become white like it does when he becomes irritated and angered. The lady looked at him with the expression that she could do nothing without facts, and in a gentle, business-like voice, said:

"I'm very sorry, sir, but you have presented no new evidence to substantiate your claim for the check. The government has cut appropriations. They said that with the war on in Europe farm goods will be in great demand and that jobs in the nation will be plentiful. So I shall have to refuse your request. After all, if the government does not appropri. . . ."

She never finished. Gramp took the pipe from his pocket and broke the stem off in his right hand. His mouth flew open and his hair seemed to stand straight up.

"Dammit, woman, I voted fer Roosevelt in the last election and dammit I voted fer a Democratic Congress and . . ."

The lady grasped her ears with her hands and shut her eyes in horror.

"And dammit, woman!" he screamed, "I think the Congress could appropriate the money! I . . ."

"Gramp!" I yelled, grabbing his arm. By now the crowd of people in the office began to laugh and snicker.

"Gramp, it ain't her fault," I said. "It's the government."

"But the givernment ain't doing what we voters want them to do. I voted fer Roosevelt in '32 and in '36 and last year and now he cuts off my check. And the Congress, them sons a . . ."

"Gramp!"

"Senators!" he finished.

"Gramp, let's go."

He suddenly gained control of himself. The letting off of pressure seemed to take everything out of him. Tears came into his eyes. He lowered his head and spoke softly.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, forgive me. I jest couldn't help it. I'm awfully sorry Ma'am."

The surrender of Gramp gave the lady a chance to get control of her business-like self again. In a very strict tone she finally said:

"Sir, your application has been refused. Good day."

Gramp turned and led me through the crowd of people that now filled the room. He walked the fastest I had ever seen him walk. When we got back to the stable the storekeeper had just finished feeding Ole Bob some oats.

"Well, John, did you get your check?" he asked.

Gramp stopped quickly and glared at him.

"Hell, no, Jack, our givernment has done crossed us up. They do the same thing them damned Republicans would do." He untied Ole Bob and got into the wagon. "Guess I won't be seeing you much." Gramp's voice was low and thick.

"Reckon not, John. But you will be over for some things when your soil conservation check comes, won't you?"

"Yep. I'm supposed to git \$67.50 and reckon me and Ma will come fer our winter clothes." He waved a final goodbye and rapped Ole Bob across the tail. "Gitty up, Bob," he said.

IV.

We turned into the road leading to the house. I could see Grandma and Peg sitting on the front porch in rockers. Gramp had not mentioned the check since we left Statesville. He would only sit and say, "Dammit!" It was "Dammit Bailey, Dammit Reynolds, Dammit Roosevelt, Dammit Wallace." All along the way home he had eyed the red countryside and the half-picked scrawny cotton patches. Several

times during the drive he had blown his nose and wiped his eyes. I knew he had been hurt badly.

Grandma looked at Gramp and her eyes asked the question that should have been on her lips.

"No, I didn't git the check," Gramp said. "The lady was nice, but I didn't git the check."

"Have you two had your dinner, yet?" she asked in a calm, patient voice. Gramp mumbled that we had eaten the sandwiches.

"Well, don't stand there. Come on in and I'll git you some cornbread and milk."

We went to the kitchen where Grandma poured the milk and broke four pieces from the cake of cornbread she held in her hands.

"By the way, John, them men was here from the agriculture department to look at your land," she said.

"Well, did they leave the check?" Gramp asked expectantly.

"No, they stayed a long time and when they went they left you this letter," she said drawing the envelope from her apron pocket.

Gramp took the letter, looked at it for a second and handed it to me. A picture of a terraced field was in the left hand corner with the words "Preserve your land" written below it.

"Read it," Gramp ordered, his naturally red face turned white.

"Dear Sir, Upon inspection of your farm we find that you are ineligible for benefits under the Soil Conservation Program. We find that instead of planting soil conserving legumes you have let the land lie fallow. Although this in itself may constitute soil conservation, the program specifically requires that soil conserving legumes such as soybeans and peas be planted in order to receive monetary benefits. Should you wish to participate in next year's program it will be necessary for you to make a new application to our office in Statesville. Signed: Soil Conservation Division, North Carolina Agriculture Association."

For one long moment the air was still. Then Gramp completely exploded.

"That damned Wall Street giverned giverment! They ain't got no regard fer the little man. Everything happens to the little man. They want to starve him. Dammit, it ain't fair!" he flung at no one in particular.

This time Grandma made no attempt to stop his flow of bad words. He raged through the kitchen, then through the parlor, then on the front porch, and then up in his bedroom. It was dark now and Grandma said we'd better go to bed. The last I heard before falling asleep was Gramp finally snoring after hours of screaming "Dammit!"

V.

The folks did come on Saturday and I was glad. It had been very sad at Gramp's. Gramp did little except go out and look at the red

dirt of the farm and swear. Once during the week I had asked him to take me fishing but he didn't even answer. The place was never like it had been before the government had cut Gramp off. I was ready to leave and really didn't want to come back 'cause when Gramp was unhappy I, too, was unhappy.

"Well, here, what's the matter, Jimmy?" Dad asked.

"Oh, nothing, I guess. Me and Peg are ready to go." I answered in a dead voice.

"What's happened to you?"

"Oh, Gramp didn't get his government check and the Agriculture department stopped his soil check. Gramp ain't gonna get any money any more. And he hasn't taken me fishing at all."

Dad looked at Gramp with an amused grin on his face as if he were going to pet a child.

"Look here, Pa, you haven't anything to worry about. You raise most of what you and Ma eat and if you need money you know the children will give it to you." Dad patted him on the back.

But Gramp always said he had pride. And he showed it now. "Hell, no, Arch! I ain't taking no money from my children. We'll git along even if I gotta farm that red dirt out yonder."

"Now wait a minute Pa. You're getting too old for that. Why farming would kill you at your age."

"The welfare don't think so. The givernment's always right and if they say I ain't too old, then I ain't too old even if it kills me. The givernment's supposed to pectect us and if they don't, they don't, and then something's happened to our givernment and it's our fault if something's happened to it."

"But you and Ma are getting old."

"I know it. Don't I feel it in my back?"

"Pa, this thing has gone far enough. You're so stubborn that you won't live at all unless you can live with that check you're been getting. Do you think that's secure?"

"Don't know, Arch, but we put the men in office and they should pectect people our age," was Gramp's hazy reply.

"How old are you?"

"Don't know 'xactly, it's in the Bible."

"Over sixty, aren't you?"

"Reckon so, somewhere over it."

Dad's face lighted up. He turned to Grandma.

"Get the Bible," Dad ordered.

Grandma led the way up the stairs with all of us strung out behind her. She went to the big storage closet where Gramp kept his Spanish-American war souvenirs and where was collected all the relics of the Jackson family. Fishing out two old worn Bibles with covers full of dust, she handed one to Dad.

"That one is John's family and this one is mine."

Dad took Gramp's Bible and turned to the front page and read: "Born to Oscar and Grace Jackson, a boy, John, on May 17, 1876.

"1876," Gramp echoed. "How old would I be?"

"Here, Ma, let me see yours," Dad said. She handed him the other Bible and he read from it: "Born to Octavius and Mary Stewart their daughter Margaret, September 2, 1876."

"That makes us sixty-five." Gramp had finished counting. "Yep, that makes us purty old to be working this red clay."

"But don't you know what that means?" Dad asked.

We all looked blank except Mom. She laughed, "It means you will continue to get your government check."

Gramp was puzzled. "How?" he questioned slowly.

Then Dad explained about the Old Age Pension for old folks sixty-five and over. Gramp burst out in a big grin and twisted his mustache.

"You mean the giverment takes care of all old folks sixty-five and over," he repeated unbelieving. Dad confirmed it.

Gramp slapped his knees and hollered. "I knowed it! I knowed the giverment wouldn't let us down. I voted fer Roosevelt and I knowed that young fellow would take care of us. Yessir, it's a great country and a great giverment we got here!"

A change came over the whole farm. Gramp was happy once more and the land seemed to laugh with him.

"Well, Chappy, let's go fishing," he said.

"I gotta go back with Mom and Dad."

"Hell, No!" Gramp yelled. "Arch, let the chap stay. Thet school don't take up fer another three weeks. He ain't had no fishing since he's been here. Dammit, the chap's gotta have a little fun."

Without my asking him Dad nodded yes. Gramp grabbed my hand and drug me toward the kitchen.

"This is a fine season for fishing. October's a great month for them to bite. Might even ketch a carp. Ain't caught a carp for nigh on to four months. Yessir, we might as well fish for carp today," he ran on. Then turning to Grandma, he yelled, "Mag, make me and Chappy some cornmeal mush fer carp fishing. We aim to ketch a carp today."

ROY C. MOOSE, a North Carolinian, has studied creative writing under Phillips Russell, done free-lance writing for state newspapers, assisted on most of the student publications at Chapel Hill, and is working now for honors in English in the field of contemporary Southern literature.

PAUL GREEN is a Pulitzer Prize-winning dramatist, poet, novelist, and essayist of distinction. Since the early thirties, he has been intermittently busy in Hollywood where he wrote scenarios for such films as *Voltaire*, *Dr. Bull*, and *State Fair*, and where more recently he has served as a script adviser. For a biographical sketch of Mr. Green himself, see page 50.

Custodians of Greatness

SOME NOTES ON THE MOVIES

By PAUL GREEN

Out of the belief in the individual and the works of his brains and hands has come a new age to the world—the machine age. The inventive genius of a free America has led the way for its coming—with the turbine, the steamboat, the cotton-gin, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the development of the dynamo and combustion engine, and more lately the automobile, the airplane, the radio, the motion picture, television, and many another marvel never allowed for in heaven above or earth below. Seventy-five percent of the machine age inventions have come out of America, and all of them some more and some less, have carried with them the potentialities of greatness of service, enlightenment and inspiration to all men everywhere. For it is the nature of the machine to be universal in its humility of servitude, its obedience to a master's will and hand. A carburetor works for a Chinese or a Japanese, an air drill turns for a white man or a black, the seeing or the blind. The only requirement is the knowledge of how to run them. And that knowledge, it goes without saying, is not a matter of color or creed or race or birth. It is a matter of opportunity and diligence.

Now of all the machines which man has created for his own betterment and self-expression, none it seems to me, is loaded with greater possibilities than the motion picture camera. Here is an invention which is unlimited in its power for progress and good—for entertainment of the finest sort, for inspiration, glory, grandeur, whatever term you wish to use in describing human nature with its ideals, its vagaries and vanities. There is nothing like it and never has been before—not the radio, phonograph, newspaper, hardly books even—for its impact and the shaping of peoples' lives, their thinking, manners, education, customs and their deeds.

For here is a universal and democratic instrument for humanity's using—a story-telling medium with power to match any requirement and need of any creative mind. Nothing that can be imagined or thought or glimpsed or dreamed is beyond its ability somehow to

state dramatically and excitingly. The hopes and fears and ambitions and disappointments and griefs, the varying faiths, the tuggings and despairs that fill our lives from the cradle to the grave are material for its recording and its telling. The all-hearing ear, the all-seeing eye of the sensitive modern camera have made it possible.

And today the movies have a part to play greater than ever before—a part in the order and welfare of the world's future. The jostling nations and races and creeds of this frantic planet are striving to get closer together in spirit and thinking, as they have got closer bodily and physically through the use of that winged engine, the airplane, and the radio. And no agency is better fitted to help bring this to pass than the motion picture. For the screen appeals primarily to the eye and can hurdle language barriers more easily than the written or spoken word. It can reach directly to an audience whether in Moscow, London, or Berlin with the illustrated story it has to tell.

But are the movies fulfilling their potential greatness? Hardly. The manipulations of the moneymakers have led to a clever and scandalous exploitation of the public's human weaknesses and have flooded us with sensationalism, melodrama, novelty, glitter, froth and shine, thus forcing this mighty medium into a portrayal of our own country, for instance, as a land of excesses, of easy money, of poverty and crime, of gangsters and tough guys, of dull and ignorant politicians, of furred and empty-pated ladies, of cheap success, of hokum heroism, of easy sex, wastefulness, bad manner and adolescent intelligence.

The motion picture industry—and it is an industry—has developed its own constitution and set of by-laws—its commandments of production if you will, revised commandments—

A. Love is blind and must be followed in its compulsion no matter what befalls.

B. A man must die happily and without terror.

C. Beauty needs only to be skin deep—for the sense of touch, like the eye (all brains apart) is the true appraiser of tactile values.

D. A motion picture should never make its audience make an effort to think—our business is simply to please—and to please more and unselective appetites.

E. It is all right to appear bad through most of the picture—with the consequent emotional and so-called intellectual reactions occurring thereto on the part of the audience—just so at the end the moralistic ethics I spoke of may come into play and sit in the finale as triumphant and the heroine—usually—shown not to be bad after all. But as I said before, the emotional and imaginative reaction on the part of the bobby-soxers and children has already occurred—and the character forming power has already been received into the psychic

apparatus—let's call it spiritual nature—of the child and begun its subversive loosening and corrupting of his thinking and morals.

F. Use evil for all it is worth and make it attractive just so in the end you pay it off with punishment. This will get you by the Hays office. The evil there is is not in the word evil at all but in the word "attractive."

G. Nice house, nice car, nice wife, nice children, nice bank account, nice church, nice doctors, nice clubs—everything nice—even to the nice empty pates—this is the extraversion doctrine with which Hollywood sells its goods.

A group of South American business men, artists, and journalists of many nationalities were recently visiting the United States. They were surprised at what they saw. "Your country is not at all what we expected," I heard them say. "We had only known it through your movies. How different it is. You are an intelligent people, kind, generous. You read books, like music, have writers, painters, singers, statesmen, leaders, theatres, teachers, scientists. You have a great culture. Truly, it is not all money and trading and profit-making with you. We had not known it before."

And so it has gone.

Well, the war has changed many things, and there is hope even in this. And it would seem that the time has come for us to release this powerful instrument of human expression from its enslavement and let it begin to show the true heart and nature of this land of ours—something of its real inner dynamic soul and idealism which you and I know it to have and which is at one with the true heart of men everywhere.

72

The Academicians

By WINIFRED MELDRIN

i

Warmly wrung in France, post-liberate,
a poet pressed by politic for grace
posed fortnight revolution as the pace
morality sets politics: if re the state
more modest-voiced academicians wait
on tardy steed, they compromise to place,
resent not loud but lasting, lead not to race
by aged griefs the wildly neonate.
But, know: incommoded by no proper stall,
these plunge the thicket maxim-geese-and-saw
to makeshift managers by the hostile wall,
having no courts their own. They chomp, they paw,
reined by past tribunes; and stallions gall
to bring states gently to a highed law.

ii

Unlaid with din within unstable ease,
chords care a caution to the Arnold-heart,
the Emerson-home, upstairs a noisy part
deliberately bid: how then release
morality morally, yet none disease
of those deaf to these presents? They whose part
"right rule" is, having shown we cannot chart
loud path safe past deaf bureaucracies,
in Unknowing grant a freedom. This these cries
dissembling from abstractions which are ours,
round symbols in our cowl we crystallize.
We raise a bright peculiar flag in hours
anxiety-augured, so furious flies
our missile word with its almost no pokers.

iii

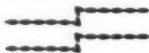
Thus struck afar by currents here and there,
immediate, housed by the past, they wrought
a stone transcendence from the transient thought.
Brain's heated waters shape the glottid air
to whorls of winds of words, to catch and pare

flowers afloat from Now: corrola bought,
 petal, petal and petal by moments caught,
 till seeds are grim beneath the suns, are bare.
 A feat: this fertilizing heat is struck
 off flint of present minds by touchings light
 of minds beyond the grave—a touch-a-luck
 on just the right receptive minds, so right
 the accidental book—these green hands suck
 great sums for writing what these winds invite.

iv

The unfear'd children of timidity,
 unleashed, ransacking random cloisters, read
 till words cathedrals in them building plead,
 envision warmth in stone they seldom see
 stonily evident. To be denied or be
 done well of, with uncrystallized creed
 wove unreified to tapestried
 design too conscientious to be free?
 We will be free if only here in dreams,
 hearing all concerts of life outside,
 thinking nothing futile as it seems,
 (knowing these thoughts once sprung had never died)
 but keep alive and nourish careful streams
 that leak in whispers from the stringent tide.

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 WINFRED MELDRIN is a graduate student of psychology in the University. She did undergraduate work in Florida State College where she was editor of *The Distaff*. She has been interested in poetry ever since an anti-beer poem of hers was a sensation in the second grade.



# The Red Angel

By CHARLES BROCKMANN

MISS Reeves—forty-one, plump, and pleasant-faced—looked across the roomful of inclined heads at the clock on the wall behind them. It was the tenth time she had looked in as many minutes. This time she watched it until it made a metallic click and she saw the minute hand jump forward. Five minutes of three. At five minutes after the hour the bell would ring and the pupils would turn in their papers and rush out into the hot May sunshine. Never had a class seemed so interminable to Miss Reeves. She sighed, tapped her pencil against her desk, and addressed the class.

"You have ten more minutes." The only response was a spontaneous shuffling of paper and scraping of feet as the forty-seven teen-agers set themselves to the task of finishing. Miss Reeves wished idly that she hadn't given them twenty sentences to translate. Fifteen, or even ten, would have kept them busy long enough. They could have finished earlier and left, then by three the classroom might have been empty.

She hoped no one would expect her to stay this afternoon for extra help or advice. She must be home as quickly as possible; there were less than five hours to get ready. For the hundredth time since breakfast she berated herself for not having brought the telegram with her. She had almost learned it verbatim at first glance, but after thinking about it so intently she was no longer quite positive about the word order, and feared the treachery of her mind's eye. She would have to hold it in her hands again and see the words against the paper. Perhaps she hadn't understood the message correctly; perhaps her rashly hopeful eye had not noted some essential subtlety, or had overlooked some insidious qualification in its haste to believe good fortune. Then common sense came to the fore again, and she derided herself for being ridiculous. Of course she had understood. It was quite clear and simple.

Three o'clock. The soft steady *whoosh* of the cooling system stopped, dropping the room abruptly into fathomless silence. Miss Reeves, more for want of something to do than because it was necessary, began straightening the top of her desk. She aligned the dozen or so books between the green steel bookends, squared off the pile of papers beneath the terra-cotta paperweight (a miniature reproduction of the bust from the *Jeune Pecheur Napolitain*), then took a handkerchief from her breast pocket and fanned chalk dust from the desk. She looked again at the clock. The operation had taken almost no time. Somewhat exasperated, she pushed her chair back and stood up.

"Let's finish them up," she told the class. There was the customary low wave of resentful grumbling through the room. Several of the quicker students made prim cursory inspections of their work, sat up straight, and began folding their papers together. Others either worked on in last-minute frenzy or abandoned the effort with a shrug. At four minutes past three the last straggler filed by her desk and surrendered his paper. By the time the bell sounded, Miss Reeves had gathered all the papers together, put a rubber band around them, and was in the process of getting her hat and purse from her green steel locker in the corner of the room.

Outside the high school building she walked briskly toward the bus stop. The three o'clock bus was running late. Its driver saw her wave and waited for her. She was in luck; she would be home ten minutes sooner than she had expected.

Once settled in her seat, she put an elbow on her knee and leaned her head forward, bracing the bridge of her nose between thumb and forefinger. She closed her eyes, ostensibly to rest them, actually lest they betray to some inquisitive stranger the fierce threatening tide that swirled within. For—*how many years?*—she had stood decorous watch over the altar-room of her memory, and by her constant vigilance kept it inviolate. Surely now, in these final moments, the meticulously-developed behavior patterns would not break down before the savage pounding of her heart. . . .

*David, David, is it true? Are you really coming at last? I remember so well—everything. Clean and clear and bright as that first morning after—twelve years! No, yesterday—now.*

*All night I slept and woke and slept again, and so did you, and neither of us could say how long or how often we were asleep because there together it was all the same, sleeping and waking. Only I remember that suddenly I looked and it was daylight, and I had the feeling that time had betrayed us. Then you opened your eyes and looked at me and smiled, and I knew the answer to every question that had ever been asked about love. There wasn't any need to speak. It wasn't as if we were two people any longer—there was neither quest nor quarry nor you nor I, but only one great urgent demand whose fulfilment excluded every other consideration. The hour forgot the world and overflowed of its own abundance, and it was complete and perfect: all, for a moment, that either of us could ever want of happiness. . . .*

She felt the seat bounce under her as the bus crossed the tracks at the foot of the hill. Her hand went up automatically and pulled the bell cord, then she gathered her things together in one hand and went to the rear door. The driver stopped in front of the house and she got off.

The house inside was pleasantly cool and dark. She left her purse

on the hall table and hurried up to her room. On her desk, where she had left it, lay the telegram. She took it from the envelope and read it again: DOCKED NEW YORK YESTERDAY. ARRIVING SEVEN-FIFTY TRAIN TONIGHT. MEET ME AT STATION. HAVE RESERVED TWO RETURN PASSAGES FOR CHERBOURG. ALL LOVE, DAVID.

How typically unpredictable of him—this after four years of utter silence! And how wonderfully presumptuous to suppose after so much time that she would still be there, still teaching, still waiting,—but she had always adored him the more for his impetuosity. There was excitement and spontaneous affection in everything he did, so that with him one could never long resent periods of carelessness or neglect. A word, a little thoughtful act, and the pain of months of anxiety he might heedlessly have inflicted melted like mist beneath the sun. The thought of his imminent arrival brought her back for a moment to actuality. Casting about the room for some psychological mooring point from which to begin, her eyes fell on a hand-tinted postcard framed and hanging by the dresser. In the foreground there was a jigsaw conglomeration of gray and brown buildings. Behind and above them rose the strange white spires of the *Sacré-Coeur*. . . .

It was an afternoon in August, do you remember? I'd finished my work at the *Ecole de Beaux-Arts* and we'd spent a month in Brittany. Then we came back to Paris and to the half-forgotten impasse with your family, but on this day that wasn't too important. We were young, and time made all things possible. If today didn't suit, you just stuck in your thumb and pulled out tomorrow and never needed to stop and count the cost, for when you spend all your days sliding down the same rainbow, the visible difference between them is too trifling for consideration.

The fleshpots of Pigalle blared and throbbed under a tarnished copper sun, but I remember best the great blue figs, fresh from the Midi and big as tangerines, and your laughing and telling me I'd have to eat the whole dozen myself. And winding up the narrow streets toward Heaven (or so we decided, the streets were so narrow and the climb so hard) we were caught unaware by a burst of rain. In the little shop where we waited I found this card, remember, and the eager shopkeeper tried his best to sell us all the spangled plaster monstrosities and imitation bronzes he had in stock. We were speaking English, and he took us for tourists. Then I picked up the little terra cotta bust and we winked and pretended not to hear the asides passed between him and his wife as to how much they might successfully ask of us. We, being duped, were blessed by that silly little man with the pocketbook soul, whose only souvenirs would always be cheap marketable gimcracks—who hadn't the slightest notion what he was really selling us, or how cheaply.

*The storm had passed, and we started again up winding, cobbled streets whose grim buildings had already exiled sunlight for the day and made the false twilight more eerie by casting back our footsteps and our voices in echoes as colorless as their ancient walls—as sombre as the darkness behind their blinded windows. I'd begun to wonder if we would ever see the end of the shadowy maze, when suddenly we turned the last dim corner and there, in the midst of the new limitless vista, was the strange, mosque-like cathedral, resembling more a titanic cluster of heaven-pointing mushrooms, their tips reaching skyward from their pedestal of rain-chromed grass to catch the sun's last rays. It was a moment whose essence could not be saved, any more than one can save a handful of morning air against the heat of noon; the knowledge passed through me with the joy and left me standing there like a clumsy adolescent, gaping and blinking back tears.*

Miss Reeves shook her head and looked at the alarm clock on her bed-table. It was nearly four. There was a moment of panic as she tried to decide what to do first by way of preparation. How did he remember her? What had she worn? She thought of the box of snapshots on the bottom shelf of the bookcase. The dust on it dirtied her hands as she lifted off the lid.

The first picture she had found was one taken the week she had gone to Orleans with David to meet his family. She picked out herself and David from among the group, and was dismayed to see how young they looked, especially David. She made a quick calculation. He must have been twenty-seven, for she was twenty-nine. But he looked like an undergraduate! She couldn't imagine his looking any older, either. His actions and expressions were all of the kind one associates with youth. She rooted deeper into the box. In a few moments she had a sizeable pile of snapshots. Paris furnished most of the backdrops, but there were a number of pictures taken among the outlying towns and villages. There were several from a Sunday afternoon at La Varenne, where they had gone on bicycles. She studied these quite closely, and her heart sank a little to see the trim young woman in them. There was an analogy somewhere in the back of her mind which she felt sure would be unpleasantly applicable, but try as she would she could not recall it.

It had never before occurred to Miss Reeves that her memory functioned with overly-romantic selectivity, but at this moment she began to experience some obscure doubt as to its infallibility in the matter of retaining a complete factual record of events. Each of her conscious memories was like a quartz crystal, perfectly symmetrical and brilliant. Her mind had built onto each of them through the years, starting from the nucleus of a vivid moment, and given them body, transparent and flawless. They were there, in the more accessible

regions of her mind, ready always for her examination and uncritical enjoyment whenever inaction and privacy permitted. The arrangement had been thoroughly agreeable until now, but present circumstances demanded a more complete mental housecleaning, and the acute awareness that there was something hidden behind the conscious symmetry of practiced thoughts—something that must be brought out and dusted off—caused her no little uneasiness. But, not being able to recall the fact, she tried to forget the feeling.

She tried to visualize the first moment of their reunion, and found herself a little apprehensive of David's immediate impression of her. Perhaps he wouldn't even be sure who she was, there among all the other people on the platform. She could almost feel the stab of that flicker of doubt in his eyes, almost hear the hesitant question: "Anita?" It would seem odd to hear herself called by her first name again. Suddenly she wondered just when it was that Anita had died in favor of "Miss Reeves." "Miss Reeves" was, within her tiny mold, a very tangible entity. For a sickening instant she wondered if Anita had slipped beyond her grasp.

She looked over all the photographs again, studying her image carefully in each one. Then she went to the dressing table and sat there comparing and trying to appraise what she saw. The contrast seemed strong, but she realized she was undoubtedly being hypercritical. She undid the tight knot in her hair and began combing it, startled to find her hands trembling as she worked. After a time she went back to the bookcase and picked up the snapshots from the floor beside it. She selected from the group the two clearest pictures of herself. These she placed in front of the mirror. When she looked at her present reflection again, she noticed that there was an unflattering roundness in her cheeks. In the pictures they were full, but the flesh glowed with a firm vitality. Now they seemed just the slightest bit pendulous. She posed a smile. That was better; a little shading in the right places might help too. There was a flat look about her eyes. It occurred to her that Miss Carlton would have some mascara she could use.

It was nearly six o'clock when she finished. Now she must decide on something to wear. She made a final check at the mirror. The result was not as pleasing as she had hoped, but she took into account the fact that long labor over anything dulls the worker's appreciation of his work.

Satisfied, she went to the wardrobe. She took out several garments, but none of them pleased her. She tried to remember what she had worn the day she left David. . . .

*Oh yes of course, that drab little English tweed affair—and the hat with the tall feather that kept getting knocked askew every time I went through a bus door (we had to take busses, all the taxis were*



on strike). For some inane reason I thought I must try to pack all the feelings of two years into those last hectic moments—I suppose I was upset worrying about mother and wondering if I'd get home in time. I remember rattling past rue Tronchet and catching a glimpse of the dear dirty Madeleine, wondering how long it would be till I saw it again. Then all at once the bus was pulling into Saint Lazare and there was all the frantic rush of checking baggage and asking about track numbers and departures. . . .

Of course no man would ever remember that homely suit, and neither would she except that she was ashamed of it. This time she would have to find something with a little life in it. Miss Carlton would have left with her date by now, but she had told her to help herself to anything she might need. She put on her kimono and crossed the hall to Miss Carlton's room. Miss Carlton was quite young, but she inclined toward stoutness. Her closet was full of clothes, most of them new. Anita picked and rejected several outfits before she chose one—a dressy red woolen suit. As she walked back to her own room, the same nameless dread again menaced her thoughts. There was still something to which she hadn't found the answer, and she had the strange notion that it bore some relation to the red suit. She told herself that the notion was absurd; nevertheless it persisted as she dressed.

At quarter past seven she telephoned for a cab, then went back upstairs to wait for it. She remembered having noticed a full-length mirror in Miss Carlton's room. She hurried in, turned on the light, and walked to the center of the room. When she turned and saw the full reflection looking back at her, she remembered—

Yes it was on a night in May just a few days before I left and David had taken me to dinner at the Crillon for a sort of going-away celebration—I remember we had quite a lot of champagne with dinner so that when we had finished we kept sitting there talking and I was rather tight until finally everybody else had gone but we didn't notice until the maitre d'hotel got impatient and came over saying in his oily voice that if M'sieu-Madame wished they could listen to music in the lobby there was a gypsy orchestra playing the Orpheus overture and I swaying back and forth until everybody around us began to notice—I looked across the lobby and there she was coming in the main entrance with an escort of some sort but nobody noticed him because of her dress—long flowing chiffon and so red it seemed to be glowing and she moving like a huge drugged moth and I tugged David's arm and said it must be a new kind of angel leave it to Paris to think of something like that and thinking I'd been awfully clever and David telling me not to talk so loudly she might hear and she did and came over speaking English and saying she used to live in Chicago and what part of the States did I come from—poor old



fool—and I feeling sick to look at her face and her loose-skinned arms and fingers knotty with too many rings and realizing she'd been drinking so long and so much that you couldn't tell any longer whether she was sober or drunk, it was all just alike—loud and ugly and pathetic with three or four pointless anecdotes she kept saying over and over again like the one about Frenchmen not knowing what to do when it snowed and laughing until everybody else laughed and thinking it was because they liked the joke and starting to tell it again and then finally getting away from her and there was the headwaiter apologizing to David and David saying oh he rather enjoyed it and then telling me it was one spectacle he'd hope I wouldn't miss before I left and wasn't it hilarious and I feeling sick and ashamed for the poor fool there inside who was too far gone to be ashamed of herself or God knows she never could have stood it. . . .

The cab horn blared sharply, and Miss Reeves turned off the light and rushed from the room. It came again, rude, impatient. She grabbed her purse from the hall table and ran out of the house, slamming the door hard behind her. The driver jumped out and opened the back door of the cab.

"Where to, Lady?" he asked after they had started.

"I—don't know. . ." She was gazing out the window, but presently she felt his curious backward glance and knew she must say something else. "Please—just—drive around a little while." *It doesn't matter, really.* Perhaps time would restore the symmetry. Time, reclaiming all else, could afford her that.



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CHARLES BROCKMANN, returning to the University after spending the past year in Paris studying at the Sorbonne, will be graduated in December with an A.B. degree in English. He has planned to set aside the following year for writing and will return later to Chapel Hill to do his graduate work.

## The Alcoholic Hour

With pawsed hand  
to take pro-offered drink,  
the liquor for to stay  
my sate-less thirst,  
I touch my moist-less lips  
to goblet brink  
and pacify that thirst  
as long I durst.

Here friend,  
take up a cup  
and probe with me  
the depthless volume of  
its strangle-hold;  
for only then you see,  
as I have seen,  
the essence of an hour  
incarcerated cold.

JOHN BROCK

## For Bernadotte

Terror hides in wadis  
deep in the city celled  
or stalks along the mountain.

A burning shot of arrow  
slung to its mark  
and in the dust the dead.

No man walks in peace  
the very saints turn  
to mumble in their sleep.

Sanctuary!  
(cry pity on the wind  
ask the rain forgiveness)

Tongues once held the trigger  
cold, now heard no more  
in this the time of triggers.

ACTION IS ALL

JAMES RATHBURN



# THE SOUTHERN WRITER

## Paul Green: Poet-Playwright

By AGATHA BOYD ADAMS

The Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1927 was awarded to a play by an obscure young playwright. It had been produced in an out of the way theatre, by a company of Negro actors, and from the box-office point of view it had been only moderately successful. The playwright was Paul Green, the play, *In Abraham's Bosom*.

Not only the Pulitzer Prize judges, but all who saw *In Abraham's Bosom* on the stage found it deeply moving, with a fresh and sincere individuality. People began to ask: Who is Paul Green? Where did he gain his knowledge of Negroes? How had he forged his ability to handle dialogue and dramatic form? One writer in a popular magazine described him as a Negro Professor at the University of North Carolina. In his native state, however, he was not unknown. In the six years between his graduation from the University of North Carolina and his winning the Pulitzer Prize, he had already written and published poems, stories, and some twenty-five plays, in addition to his duties as teacher of philosophy and as editor of the *Reviewer*. As far back as 1923, Nell Battle Lewis was proclaiming in the *Raleigh News and Observer*, "By the grace of God, unless signs fail, North Carolina is to have a playwright, Paul Green."

Paul Green belongs to North Carolina more intrinsically than most writers belong to the place where they were born. His best work has never got very far away from the sights and sounds and colors, the way of life, and especially the people, of southeastern North Carolina. He was born in 1894 on a farm near Lillington, in Harnett

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AGATHA BOYD ADAMS is associate head of the Extension Library of the University of North Carolina and editor of *The Bookmark*, a periodical publication for the Friends of the Library. She has recently completed a full-length critical biography of Paul Green. This is the first in a series of articles about well-known authors in this area which this magazine will publish under the collective title, *The Southern Writer*.

County. His forebearers were the Scotch Highlanders who settled that region after the battle of Culloden, and the British farmers who followed them. In his mother's family were gifted musicians, and from her, he inherited that passion for music which has shaped his later work. His father, William Green, operated a large farm, using both white tenant and Negro labor. Harnett County has some of the most fertile land in the State, but it has been mismanaged, eroded and wasted. Green knew from his earliest days the disastrous consequences of the share-cropper system, and the bitter cleavages between black and white, between owner and tenant.

From a one-room school in the woods, by way of Buie's Creek Academy, Paul Green entered the University of North Carolina, in the fall of 1916. The following spring, he interrupted his freshman year to volunteer in the U. S. Army, and spent more than a year overseas, part of it on the Western Front in Belgium. When he returned to the University after this war experience, he found on the campus an organization which was to influence the whole set and course of his writing. The Carolina Playmakers had been established the previous year, and he was immediately attracted to the creative quality of their work, and the dynamic teaching of "Proff" Koch. The core of Koch's philosophy of teaching lay in his reiterated advice to students to write about what was most familiar to them, the environment and the people closest to their experience. Thus in Green's earliest plays, written for the Playmakers' Class, he turned for his material to the rich store of folkways, legend, history and country life which were his birthright. In such folk plays as *The Lord's Will*, *White Dresses*, and *The No 'Count Boy*, he began to map out those preoccupations which have dominated most of his mature writing: the conflict of the individual with religious fanaticism, the hard lot of the Negro, the poetry inherent in Negro life and Negro speech, the use of the fantastic and the unreal in drama. In these early plays also his need for music as a means of expression is apparent. Already he was shaping that blend of realistic dialogue and poetry which gave *In Abraham's Bosom* some of its unusual appeal. Already he was expressing the deep compassion and insight which have continued to characterize his work. Howard Mumford Jones, one of the first critics to recognize Green's ability, said in regard to his early plays, "Paul Green seems to write more movingly of blacks than of whites; his brooding sympathy for the oppressed has a freer expression than when he deals with his Carolina Nordics, and his tendency toward mysticism finds a more convincing medium in the souls of black folks."

## II

Green's Negroes are fully realized individuals. He writes of them from within, not as the white man sees them, but as they aspire and

love and joke and struggle and suffer, eat and drink and hate and fear and die. He knows how to catch the poetry and humor and swift insights of their speech, the pathos and the comedy and the searing tragedy of their lives. At times, in his effort to get them down on paper, he presents a series of too literal transcripts of talk which clutter the action and confuse the reader, as in the first part of *Potter's Field*, but at his best he can record Negro speech with all the flavor of its comic, penetrating and genuinely lyric quality. His parallel concern for the plight of the white sharecropper strengthens the conviction that his sympathy for the Negro is rooted in his distress for all mistreated people. It is but one facet in his larger realization of man's inhumanity to man.

Another reason for this interest on Green's part is suggested by a reading of the editorial which he wrote when he became editor of the *Reviewer* in 1924. He called for "a rejuvenation of our spiritual instincts so long dead to curiosity and wonder; for a food to feed upon different from the sweetened wind and other candy stuff dished out by party leaders and preachers and windy gullibles. . . ." A summons, this, to realism, by a writer who is at heart a poet, a mystic, a romanticist. Negro life offered him a resolution of this inner conflict; there he could interpret folk who were close to the earth, who had suffered real injustice, real toil, real pain, and yet whose ways of speech and of life were instinct with poetry, with religious faith, with humor and with drama.

Green is, however, too various in his interests to remain typed solely as an interpreter of Negro life. *The Field God*, published the same year as *In Abraham's Bosom*, developed a theme suggested earlier in *The Lord's Will*, the oppressive power of fanatic religion in a small isolated community. The central figure of *The Field God* is a successful white farmer, a strong defiant man who refuses to bend to religion as his sickly wife and pious neighbors demand that he should. In his self-sufficiency he admits no need of help. The drama unfolds his punishment for a passionate love, punishment which comes partly from accident, partly as revenge from his unjustly treated tenants, partly from his narrowly pietistic neighbors. The details of place and atmosphere are realistically and vividly presented, but in the development of the drama there occurs more than a trace of that obscurity which has confused audiences in such later plays as, for instance, *Shroud My Body Down*.

In *The House of Connelly*, first produced in 1931, he also wrote straight drama, and achieved his most conspicuous Broadway success. This play is a departure from Green's other work, since its protagonists are impoverished aristocrats instead of Negroes and sharecroppers. In this play he has his say about that dream or delusion of

lost grandeur which has obsessed the South since 1865, a stubborn old dream which dies hard.

### III

Before *The House of Connelly* was produced, a year in Berlin on a Guggenheim Fellowship had brought Green into contact with an influence as important in his later work as the childhood associations with the country people of Harnett County. The Moscow Jewish Theatre, directed by Alexis Granowsky, was playing in Berlin that winter. This folk puppet theatre aroused the enthusiasm of the young North Carolina playwright. He wrote to his old friend "Proff" Koch:

"Well, here is the most astonishing folk theatre I've ever met! Marvelous to me. Grotesque and human, puppet-like, stylized and other-worldly. . . . You might not agree. But I do know that you would agree that something as new and full of 'fine excess' could be done with folk songs and customs in North Carolina. We must do that Virginia Dare sort of lyrical song-drama some of these days." Already, in 1928, he had among his dreams the germ of *The Lost Colony*; already he was devising ways to bring together music and drama in a new non-operatic but harmonious blend. This experiment accounts for the technique of *Tread the Green Grass*, *Shroud My Body Down*, *The Enchanted Maze*, *Johnny Johnson*, *Roll Sweet Chariot*, and comes to full flower in the "symphonic dramas." Also significant is his enthusiasm for the musicalized, stylized, unreal quality of the Yiddish theatre. Toward some such quality he strives in the plays with music, and some of their apparent obscurity may derive from the fact that they have been given realistic rather than stylized productions.

Paul Green had always felt a need to enlarge and extend the limitations of conventional drama, to express more of the human subconscious, the overtones and nuances of experience than can be put into words. In his earliest one-act folk plays, the long and detailed stage directions which not only set the scene and mood but sometimes attempt to convey the entire folk history of a region, indicate his desire to stretch beyond the usual area of the stage. Music, which he had loved from boyhood, appealed to him as the most likely channel for opening the drama to new expressiveness. But he was handicapped by his lack of formal musical training. He can play the piano by ear, and he sings well, but he could not transcribe or compose. When Lamar Stringfield came to live in Chapel Hill in 1930, Green found in him an able and enthusiastic collaborator and composer. The first of Green's plays for which Stringfield wrote the score was *Tread the Green Grass*. Here, as in the other plays with music, the author considers the music not incidental, but a closely woven part of the artistic whole, taking up and carrying on beyond those limits where words stop. A strikingly similar experiment in the combination of poetry and music has been made by the English composer William



Walton, who composed music to accompany Edith Sitwell's *Facade*. Barrett Clark found that *Tread the Green Grass* "marks an important point in this playwright's artistic development." It was not, however, a new point. Almost all of his earlier plays contain lyrics, old songs, snatches of spirituals, hymns, dance tunes. Music had been for him not just an extra ornament, but one more tool of expression, perhaps with poetry an expression more natural than prose. For his own special brand of play with music he prefers the phrase "symphonic drama," although he admits that it is not completely satisfactory.

The author described *Tread the Green Grass* as "just a little fairy story." Its implications are, however, far from simple; it attempts, through poetry, music and pantomime, to reveal the conflicts in an adolescent girl between the imaginative longings stirred by her newly awakened senses, and the rigid beliefs and practices of religious morality in which she has been disciplined. The action of the play moves on two planes: one, the realistic country-side of the folk plays, the second, a plane of fantasy, in which Tina's dreams and fears of witches and gnomes, of sin and hell fire, are projected on the stage. Tina is a sister to Lora, another adolescent lost in a Calvinistic world, who appears in *Shroud My Body Down*; and young Davie, who is Pan or the Devil or both, is close kin to the *No 'Count Boy*. Here again is that tragic conflict between the austerities and prohibitions of orthodox Protestantism in one of its grimmer forms, and the yearnings and desires of natural man, which the author had written of previously in *The Lord's Will* and *The Field God*, and which furnishes at least one of the themes of *Shroud My Body Down*.

*The Enchanted Maze* also employs music as an auxiliary to the spoken word, but the music here is far less important, since the events are actual, not dreams and the waverings of the subconscious. The play describes in eight scenes the college experiences of one Billy Parker, a youthful mystic who seeks some absolute response to his yearning for the ideal, and is continually disappointed by the sterile, uninspired and frustrating teaching which he receives. Green has to some degree weighted the scales against university teaching. He does not introduce his hero to any classes in the humanities, for instance; perhaps Billy Parker might have found in great literature nobly taught, beauty and significance that he himself found in at least one college class in English. The play is important as one of the first expressions of Green's concern over the problems of education, a concern which later he stated more fully, in *Forever Growing* and *The Hawthorne Tree*. Here he repeats the accusation that the idealistic and creative student is often thwarted by academic dullness and minute specialization: "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed," summarizes his theme. The years during which Green taught phi-



losophy at the University of North Carolina left him with an abiding interest in education, and in the problems of the young artist trying to find himself.

*Johnny Johnson*, another play with music, is his commentary on war. Here, except for a few poems published in the *Carolina Magazine* when he was a student, is the first revelation of what those months on the Western Front had meant to the sensitive young poet from Harnett County. Not as mystifying as *Shroud My Body Down*, nor as controversial as *The Enchanted Maze*, it lacks also the haunting poetry of the first and the pungency of the second. The superb basic concept, the natural good man lost in the mass insanity of war, deserves better treatment than this "legend in three acts and thirteen scenes" ever achieves. The play has moments of humor, of moving sadness, of keen satire, but in many instances the fantasy strays too far into the burlesque, or the caricatured. Kurt Weil composed the bitingly satirical music for *Johnny Johnson*, which contributed greatly to its atmosphere.

In his review of *Johnny Johnson*, Burns Mantle used the words fumbling, uncertainty, and wavering. The same words apply also to the other early plays with music. In all of these plays, Paul Green is trying out a new dramatic form, reaching toward a closer integration of music and the spoken word. He is also trying to do more than words and gestures can do; to put on the stage the inner tensions, the tangled shadows and half-realized overtones of human experience. It may be that he has not fully mastered the form he is trying to shape; it may also be that these plays have never been given exactly the type of production which they demand.

#### IV

In the creation of *The Lost Colony*, Green succeeded in that harmonious integration of music and drama toward which he had been working. It would be difficult to imagine *The Lost Colony* without music. The play employs all the arts of the theatre, dance, pantomime, lighting, but it is the music which at once frames, enhances, and illumines the action. The score is not an original one, but compiled from songs, hymns, dances and carols of sixteenth century England. Many of the tunes are familiar, since they have survived in church hymnals, and stately strains from the Anglican liturgy pervade the score.

The story of *The Lost Colony* was ready to the author's hand, in one of North Carolina history's most pathetic and at the same time engaging episodes, but the poet in Paul Green has lifted it up and colored it with a richer significance. The dream of the men and women who established the first settlement on Roanoke Island, at the thin edge of the perilous dark wilderness into which they disappeared, is still the world's dream. The hero of the drama, John Borden, is a

dispossessed English farmer seeking a new land and a better life, the same goal that continually eluded Alvin Barnes in *This Body the Earth*, Green's excellent novel of the North Carolina tenant farmer. His ragged Londoners reach toward the New World with the same hunger that drives the sharecropper from one farm to another. That land of fragrance and fruitfulness which Amadas and Barlow described in their first dispatch to the London Company held out a promise of escape from meagreness and poverty. The whole drama is instinctive to Green's deep compassion for the denied, the defeated, the outcast and the lost.

*The Lost Colony* gains immeasurably from the romantic story, and also from the singularly moving and appropriate setting, the actual cadence of the waves against the sand on which the first settlers landed. The next two historical symphonic dramas which Green wrote were not so favored by setting. The success of *The Lost Colony* made other localities ambitious to dramatize their own histories. Paul Green became more and more in demand as the composer of outdoor dramas of local history. The effect of this on his writing can only be evaluated later. At the present time his chief reputation and fame is connected with such plays. The second one which he wrote, for the Cape Fear Valley Historical Festival, *The Highland Call*, was a fine emblazonment of the appealing story of Flora Macdonald and the Scottish settlers of the Cape Fear region. It is woven of materials much closer to Green's own background and childhood memories than *The Lost Colony*. But somehow he has not quite moulded his material into the same vital poetic drama that he made of the story of the Roanoke Island colonists. Dramatic situations are there, and ringing convictions, and high idealism, but they never fuse into a satisfactory whole. In a sense this play is a continuation of *The Lost Colony*, carrying forward the dramatization of the establishment of the nation, and reaffirming America's destiny as the refuge and hope of oppressed people from other lands. Here, as among the colonists who left London for Roanoke Island, are humble and hungry folk, who, fired with belief in the possibility of a new chance, have turned their backs on bleak Scotland and a heritage of war. Like John Borden in *The Lost Colony*, Dan Murchison, the hero of *The Highland Call*, is brother to Alvin Barnes and to Abraham McCranie.

When he wrote *The Common Glory* for the outdoor theatre at Williamsburg, Virginia, Green followed the pattern which he had found satisfactory in the two previous historic dramas. Here is the same blend of music, dance, lighting, color, humor, pathos; the same emphasis on injustice, on prejudice, on man's dream of freedom. The music for *The Common Glory* plays a major role in the play; at times the author seems to think of the organ as one of the *dramatis per-*

*sonnae*; as for instance when the stage directions call for "comment from the organ."

In *The Common Glory*, however, Paul Green had set himself an incomparably more difficult task than in dramatizing the little-known mysterious figures of the Roanoke Island venture, or the obscure revolutionaries and Tories of the Cape Fear Valley. Here he is not free to let his imagination take command, but must deal with such familiar and well-documented characters as Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and Benjamin Franklin. An added difficulty lurked in the cult of "Mr. Jefferson," perhaps not entirely confined to the state of Virginia, but certainly very strong there, which would make it an act of treason to tamper with his sacrosanct figure.

Jefferson's personality had many facets. Green has chosen to present him here as a young man bowed down with sorrows and responsibilities, his heart torn with grief over the illness of his wife, his spirit heavy with the burdens of governorship, the threat of impeachment, the agonized struggle of the Revolution. The author has emphasized not only Jefferson's personal suffering, but the bitter price in human pain of establishing the new nation. Because of this emphasis, one weakness of the play was its lack of a clear flourish of victory. The audience needed and failed to get, a triumphant assurance of Jefferson's magnificence, and of the country's victory.

## V

Paul Green is a tireless and persistent reviser. He is never really satisfied. He has changed *The Lost Colony* many times; he started rewriting *The Common Glory* immediately after the first performance, and he was still revising it up to the moment of going to press. What appears on the stage at Williamsburg next summer may be totally different from the performances of the past two summers. In a review of the first night of *The Common Glory*, Jonathan Daniels spoke of Green as at least one part circus manager. His showmanship was superbly evident in his control of the various elements of the drama.

The writing of historical symphonic dramas has continued to absorb a great deal of Paul Green's time and energy. He has played with the idea of one about the Spanish missions in California, and he is currently at work on one for the 150th anniversary of the city of Washington, which will present even greater difficulties in dealing with historic personages.

Such has been in brief the dramatic development of the Pulitzer prize winner of 1927 from folk plays, through straight dramas and plays with integrated music, to the historical symphonic dramas. Green has found in this new form certain qualities which satisfy him: the free use of music, of dancing, and of lighting effects, of masses of people. He likes and is attracted to the regional quality of these dramas; he has always felt that the American theatre needs badly to

move away from Broadway. In these dramas he has something more nearly resembling a people's theatre. And he has found in them that expansion of the conventional limits of the theatre which he has always sought.

As an interpreter of the South, Paul Green has quite admirably kept his head. That is, he has been able to avoid both the sentimental romancing to which he declared himself so ruthlessly opposed, and the caricatures and gargoyles of the hardboiled realistic school, a school in essence more romantic than it appears. He has maintained a poised ability to view the region which is so familiar and so dear to him with certain steadiness of vision, and to bring both the region and the people who inhabit it alive on paper with tenderness as well as detachment, with humorous insight as well as deep affection.

There is in all that he has written a certain largeness of design. Paul Green does not like boundaries, either in theatrical convention, or those that mark off the harshly restricted lives of the Negro and the poor white. He has worked consistently and with deep sincerity to remove the walls and fences of prejudice which cut off whole groups of people from the fullness of life. He has worked to create an imaginative and unshackled theatre. His sincerity has made it impossible for him to compromise, either with the box office, or the movies. This sincerity and steadfast consistency of his work, combined with the real poetry of his expression, have contributed to the position of high respect in which he is now held among southern writers. Throughout the writing of Paul Green there are always indications of latent and untapped reserves of imagination, of unused abundance. What he has done so far points the way to richer work in the future.



## To Thomas Tallis

*(Easter Sunday, 1948)*

Here below the sea,  
Dragging in the undertow,  
I feel the ancient summons  
And prepare the way to go.

The way to go is still ahead,  
Strumming soft across the shadowed night,  
The way to go is to the dead,  
Buried in the merciless light.

PINCKNEY WILLIAMS

## A Sketch

# Bass Note

By JOSEPH TERRELL

**G**OT time for another hamburger?"

Jimmie Hill glanced at his watch without noticing what time it was and said, "Yeah, but you better hurry it up."

"Gimmie another hamburger—please."

The ugly girl with the pretty face yelled out of the corner of her mouth: "Wh'oe one!"

She yelled to the greasy man with the greasy apron.

Jimmie glanced at his watch again without reading it. He always just glanced at his watch, for he was always in a hurry and never took time to read it. He awoke in the morning in a hurry, and all through the day and night he hurried. It was his business. He was a watcher of roads, a driver, a businessman, a shepherd of drunks, a man with a smile, with tailored suits, with little sleep, and a musician. He was a band leader.

He was a watcher of roads and a driver because he owned a station wagon and a large panel truck. He drove the station wagon, and Frank drive the truck. Frank was the baritone player. The band did not make enough to hire a special driver or a band boy. On some jobs the band sounded very good, and then on others it did not. They had arrived at this mid-sized eastern town at seven o'clock. They had stopped at the cheap grill just in town. It was a grill that had a green neon light blinking "Dixie Grill."

All fourteen of the musicians were inside. One of the curious people in the cafe talked to the drummer:

"You fellows in a orchestra?"

"Yes," said the drummer trying to smile very politely.

"You all must be the ones playing at the armory tonight. Heard you're pretty good."

"Thanks. . . Thank you very much." The drummer wanted the man to stop talking so he could finish his meal. The man waited awkwardly for the drummer to say something, but he did not. Then the man left and the drummer was glad.

A young boy stood at the end of the counter. He looked at the strange men and wished he were a musician traveling around the country, playing for dances and carrying horns down the street where everyone could see them; and riding in automobiles that had the name of the orchestra painted on their sides. The boy did not look into the eyes of the men.

Imbedded in these eyes were nights with no sleep; drunks who wanted to hear silly songs; band uniforms that needed pressing; towns and people without names; benzedrine for wakefulness and whisky for sleep; girls who got tired of waiting; tobacco smoke; and dance halls when the dance was over.

The ugly girl with the pretty face dropped a spoon. All of the musicians watched her bend over to pick it up and wanted to go to bed with her. All wanted to except Jimmie. He was the leader and had to be careful about what he did. He could not afford the desire to go to bed with a waitress.

"We better get started," said Jimmie wiping his mouth with a paper napkin. "Just got a half hour before we play."

The musicians got up, paid for their meals one by one, and then wandered out. One of the saxophone players made a dirty crack about a girl hurrying by. Tired laughs came behind his remark. The bass player stood with his hands in his pockets and his middle thrust forward. He sucked a piece of food from his teeth and then spit it on the sidewalk.

Jimmie came out of the grill and hurried up behind them.

"Let's step on it," he said.

"You know where the place is?" Frank asked.

"Yes, the guy in there told me."

The truck and the station wagon rolled for several blocks. Musicians looked at nameless buildings, and nameless streets. They started blankly at the people, and the people started curiously back.

Once there the piano player struck a few chords to see how nearly in tune the piano was. Horns were beginning to give birth to sounds. An admirer of surrealism, the piano player listened to the horns. They blared louder; a reed squeaked. He thought that some day he would paint the warming up of a band. He would paint the process bright orange. No one in the band thought much of his paintings.

The horns were tuned with fifteen minutes to spare. Two of the musicians who had been with the band the shortest length of time were standing at the coke bar. They held half the cokes and looked at the girls. "Girls like musicians," they thought. Therefore, they stood where the girls could see them. They did this at every dance. But tonight the two of them walked back to the bandstand before Jimmie had to signal for them.

The band pushed into the theme without looking at the music.





Jimmie smiled profitably at the crowd and the crowd smiled back at Jimmie. People stood in front of the band stand and looked at the musicians, but the musicians were not curious about them. They knew what they were like. That couple a little to the left of the mike are supposed to be in love. The big red-faced man with his hands in his pockets will be drunk before the night is over and will end up in a brawl. The young girl chewing gum so enthusiastically is good at jitterbugging, and her most serious thoughts revolve around new steps. The boy that is with her probably drives a 1935 Ford that is painted either blue or green and has little stickers from the beach on it. There is really nothing to these people to be curious about.

A couple that was holding hands asked Jimmie to play "Ask Anyone Who knows." Jimmie smiled for profit, and called for number "121."

As the band played the couple looked at each other and danced close together. Jimmie smiled at them as they danced because he knew that it was 'their song' and they liked to hear it played. Since the band was playing it, they liked the band. Jimmie realized this.

The drummer looked at the couple and wished he had a song that was his favorite. A song that would bring back memories and a warm feeling; but all a song brought to his mind was a number and a job.

The bass player looked at the couple with eyebrow arched. He wondered who she would be dancing with tomorrow night.

One note would ooze out of the horns and then one would follow it; then another would scream and then fade quietly away. Note after note lived and died. Their combined loves formed choruses; choruses, songs; songs, sets; and soon the first half of the dance would be over. Jimmie looked at his watch carefully this time and said, "This is the last one before intermission."

A trumpet player looked at his feet. "He'll probably be kind enough to give us twenty minutes."

A thread-bare arrangement of "One O'clock Jump" was played and again none of the musicians looked at the music. On his chorus the bass player strayed from the chord progression, but no one bothered whether he did or not.

The tune ended and intermission started. One musician walked over to pat a drunk on the back. The drunk invited him over to his table for a drink. Musicians are good at this sort of thing.

A few of the boys walked to the men's room, and others just stood uncomfortably and talked to each other about nothing. The piano was caressed by the third alto player. He was playing a song about love. For a long while Frank watched the alto player sitting at the piano, and then walked toward him. He put his foot on the edge of the bandstand and hopped wearily up, eased himself into the chair



beside the piano.

"What'cha playing, kid?" he asked starting toward the back of the armory.

The alto player let his fingers rest heavily on the keys. "Can't you tell? It's a beautiful song about love." Then he blew a lock of hair from in front of his eyes.

In reply, Frank inhaled slowly from his cigarette. Every move he made was with weariness.

"How old are you, kid?"

"Nineteen."

"Still haven't heard from her, huh?"

"Who?"

Frank replied with no words.

"Oh, I don't care anything about her." His fingers squeezed a minor seventh chord from the piano, and the chord sounded for a little while and then you could not hear it anymore.

"She claims you don't spend enough time with her, huh?"

"Yeah. What the hell does she expect? I've got to play." Another chord. . . "I don't give a damn what she thinks."

Frank slowly, and very wearily, let his cigarette slip from his fingers, and then twisted it with his foot. They both sat for a while saying nothing—Frank watched the alto player toy with his neck strap.

"You've probably got a lot of letters from her that'll catch up with you in Charleston. We'll be there in a week."

"Maybe you're right. We've been on the go so much I don't guess they could catch up with me. I might even have a couple of letters there waiting for me." He was pitifully sincere.

The man and the boy looked at each other and the man smiled. The boy tried to, but his eyes felt warm and sticky so he just looked back at the piano.

"Thanks, Frank," he said in a voice that sounded unnatural. But Frank did not answer him; he stepped down from the band stand. He walked half way across the floor, and would have gone to the men's room, but one of the trombone players stopped him.

"Wanta' drink, Frank?"

"Yeah, in the truck."

"You have? No. . . I don't think I'll take any—thanks anyway."

"Well, you can come with me while I get one."

The two men walked outside. The trombone player talking and slapping Frank on the back. They stood on the dark side of the truck and the trombone player opened the brown bottle.

"It's pretty good stuff. Sure you don't want one? I wouldn't offer you one except hat you've given me so many."

"No thanks." Frank smelled the whiskey on his breath as he talked; then he heard him exhale heavily after another drink. Frank watched him light a cigarette after dropping the first match, and then he heard him burp. "Well, yeah I believe I will take a drink. I've got a bad taste in my mouth."

"Thata' boy."

When the two came back inside the armory they were both talking about how no good women are.

Horns grunted and squeaked for a moment and then the dance came to life again. People began to dance, laugh and make love while standing. They did not look at the band anymore except for a casual glance.

No tune sounded any different from another until the drummer happened to think that they would be in Charleston for a week. There would be time to sit in drug stores and go to picture shows. A cleansing feeling of happiness washed the tobacco smoke from his lungs. This feeling electrified his wrist and sparkled in his drums. The band felt the vibrations and then the band sounded good.

Happiness was in love with the drummer for the next three tunes; but then as simply as she came, she left. Happiness wrote the drummer a "Dear John" letter for a reason he could not understand. The band did not sound good anymore. The drummer wondered why happiness just loves us in little spurts and never loves us very long. He was not conscious he was thinking of this, but he was anyway.

One tune would be played and then another—and then a pause, and another tune. People danced and laughed and talked and drank and had fun. When they became too drunk or too tired they would go home.

The musicians played, and sweated and ached. Each musician felt like his breath smelled bad, but still the burning, aching, stinking, little pleasure-giving machines played.

One note would ooze out of the horns and then one would follow it; then another would scream and then fade quietly away. Note after note lived and died. Their combined lives formed choruses, songs, sets; and then the last half was over. The dance had ended. But there would always be another.



---

JOSEPH TERRELL is a freshman who is planning to major in English. "Base Note", his first published work, grew out of his own experience since he started playing with a band when he was thirteen years old.

# Reviews of Books

## TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER

By BETTY SMITH. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1948. 274 pp. \$3.

In her new novel Betty Smith has drafted fresh recruits for that formidable army of ill-housed, ill-fed, ill-clothed Americans who live in cold water flats and "get shoved around."

The Shannons and Malones hold forth in Brooklyn, of course, where they make rather half-hearted attempts to get through life, and very little, if any, visible effort to keep the casualties at an irreducible minimum.

Margy Shannon is a sensitive girl who never quite rids herself of the joyous dream of youth—love and happiness coupled with financial security—despite her hopeless milieu, shared first with dull, stupid, emotional parents, later with a husband whose dubious love is almost entirely platonic. She continues nevertheless, to labor under the delusion that somehow or other tomorrow will be better. But of course it never is—if anything, life grows steadily more intolerable.

Flo and Henny Shannon, Margy's parents, succumb to thwarted passion, which vents itself in subversive domestic activity. Frankie Malone, whom Margy marries, is the frustrated offspring of parents who seldom entertain a lofty thought either. A fallen woman, named Reenie O'Farron, and Mr. Prentiss, a mail-order house executive, might have—if they had come around more often—made the morrow a little less grim.

In her first novel Miss Smith created characters that inspired devotion and profound interest. The Nolans of *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn* are memorable and significant not only for what they represented, but for themselves as bright, warm, courageous people. The subject of Brooklyn is undoubtedly

Miss Smith's forte; however, in *Tomorrow Will Be Better* she has introduced characters that bore us badly—not because of any distasteful mores, but because they are dreary, witless, impossible people. This may or may not be intentional on the author's part.

But *Tomorrow Will Be Better*, like *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*, is marked by that simplicity of Miss Smith's which approaches eloquence. Her skillful picture of Brooklyn in the mid-twenties possesses both the formal and the dramatic entity, but it inspires only undiluted pity from the reader for those unfortunate derelicts caught in its macabre limbo.

If the characters of *Tomorrow Will Be Better* had approached their problems even thinly cloaked in some sort of unoffensive stamina, one could easily become really concerned with their wretched existence. As it is, one finds it difficult to fancy that Mr. Coolidge were still in the White House and that it all mattered.

—RICHARD CHEATHAM

## INTRUDER IN THE DUST

By WILLIAM FAULKNER; New York Random House. 1948. 247 pp. \$2.75.

In this, his first novel in eight years, William Faulkner has delved deep into his abundant bag of tricks and produced a story that takes its place at the very top of his imposing works, which is the same as saying that it is the best in contemporary American literature. The same characteristics are here that have made Faulkner the foremost author in the nation today: unforgettable characters motivated by a powerful imagination about a concrete idea set forth with originality of expression.

But there is an added ingredient in *Intruder* that makes it of special significance: for the first time Faulkner examines closely the problem of dis-



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crimination in the South and presents his solution. In fact, *Intruder* might be classed as his answer to the Civil Rights program. Never before has he shown such maturity of thought, sureness of conviction and hope. At times he writes like a man possessed, for "some things you must never stop refusing to bear. Injustice and outrage and dishonor and shame."

The story is very simple: a Negro supposedly kills a white man and is waiting to be lynched; trusting none of his Mississippi white rulers, he refuses to give the information that would clear him until a sixteen year old boy, Charles Mallison, coming in contact with mob violence and injustice for the first time, befriends and helps him.

The greatness of the story lies in its simplicity and in the finest and most majestic character ever created by Faulkner: the Negro Lucas Beauchamp who possesses the patience and endurance of his own race and the pride of the white people. Lucas epitomizes a combination of the best from the white and black races, the qualities each can learn from the other.

Against the mob of lynchers stand the boy Mallison, his uncle and a seventy year old woman. The efforts of the boy and the indomitable septuagenarian to uncover in a grave the evidence that would clear Lucas is as tense and exciting as its theme of life and death.

One sees in the defense of Lucas the defense of the Negro race itself, culminating in a final realization by the South of its problem. Faulkner gives to the uncle, who has taken Lucas's case over the protests of his fellow townspeople, that feeling and expression which seem to be the author's own thoughts: "I'm defending Sambo from the North and East and West—the outlanders who will fling him decades back not merely into injustice but into grief and agony and violence too by forcing on us laws based on the idea that man's injustice to man can be abolished overnight by police . . . I only say that the injustice is ours, the South's. We must expiate and abolish it ourselves alone and with-

out help nor even (with thanks) advice." Thus Faulkner's answer to the Civil Rights and his advice to the South.

In the scheme of his mythical county of Yoknapatawpa Faulkner's *Intruder* is among the most important segments; in the scheme of American literature it is an impressive monument; in the scheme of Southern thinking it is an absolute necessity!

—ROY C. MOOSE

#### FIRE IN THE MORNING

By ELIZABETH SPENCER. Dodd, Mead & Company. 1948. 276 pp. \$3.

There was always a strange undercurrent, a suppressed feeling of animosity between the Gerrards and the Armstrongs in the little town of Tarsus, Mississippi. For thirty-six years, during the entire early life of Kinloch Armstrong the feeling grew inside of him—unexplained, mysterious but dormant. And so it might have remained had not his beautiful wife, Ruth, from Louisville befriended everyone in Tarsus upon her arrival there—including the Gerrards.

Elizabeth Spencer has silhouetted a conflict of violence and intensity on a background of the heat and pride of a small Southern town in this, her first novel. Miss Spencer was born and raised in Carrollton, Mississippi, at the edge of the Delta. She graduated from Belhaven College in 1942 and received her master's degree from Vanderbilt in 1943. She then worked for a year as a reporter on the Nashville *Tennessean*.

Her characterizations in "*Fire In The Morning*" are generally vividly portrayed, and each character developed with ease, though not always with subtlety. Kinloch Armstrong is proud to the point of being bull-headed, while his wife is friendly to the extent of being stupid.

Daniel Armstrong, Kinloch's father, is the strongest character in the book. Miss Spencer admits that she patterned his personality and appearance after her own grandfather. The most fascinating character Miss Spencer has created, however, is Randolph, one of the Arm-

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strong cousins. He could live in the mind of an imaginative talented person only.

The strength of the novel seems to lie in Miss Spencer's ability to select and present the dramatic situations of everyday life and twine them into the involved conflict between the Armstrongs and the Gerrards. The memory of a series of schoolboy fights Kinloch had, Lance Gerrard, the bitterness of a blind man, the deep-seated truth in Daniel Armstrong all figure in the plot.

Miss Spencer's style at times seems inconsistent. Once it is wordy with lengthy description flowing freely; again the pace of the writing changes until there is a minimum of description and over-abundance of dialogue.

—CAMPBELL SANDERS

**THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN**

*By* THOMAS MERTON. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1948. 423 pp. \$3.

Thomas Merton has written an account of what happened to one of the bright young men who matured between the two World Wars—a story of what a Hemingway-Dos Passos son saw and felt and believed, and what he did. How and why Merton became a Roman Catholic convert, then later a monk, are the bases of this extremely inspirational biography, which is also a fascinating description of the cloistered life at Gethsemani, Kentucky. The author uses Dante's image of Purgatory, the seven-tiered mountain, to symbolize the labyrinth of the modern world.

This is not an ordinary book, neither is it the escape story of a depraved aesthete. Rather, *The Seven Storey Mountain* tells of "a young man who led a full and worldly life and then, at the age of twenty-six, entered a Trappist monastery."

Merton was born in 1915 on the borders of Spain, educated in France, at Cambridge, and later in America at Columbia University. On Morningside Heights he became a lackadaisical literary undergraduate and confidant of his teacher, Mark Van Doren. During



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these formative years he also waxed into an engaging, if not enthusiastic, member of the Communist Party. He worked as guide at Rockefeller Center, tutored school children in Latin, and wrote book reviews for the *New York Times*. Then, too, the precocious Merton became a poet of considerable distinction, and his work is widely published in this country and abroad.

Erudition of a sort was also found in the jazz haunts of 52nd street, trotting cross-country for Columbia, in bull sessions, and in the company of Picasso, James Joyce, and Duke Ellington.

Gravely disturbed over himself and his world, Merton was "reborn" on Columbia's campus. It is a transition which he describes not glibly, but sincerely and with shameless honesty. His entrance as a novice into The Abbey of Our Lady for a life of strenuous manual labor, contemplation, and asceticism, however, marks his denouement. In Kentucky he found, through absolution and the ageless wisdom of the Catholic Church, the intangible peace of mind which he craved.

This is a year especially propitious, I think, for a book like *The Seven Story Mountain*. It is a modern form of "The Confessions of St. Augustine," a book of religious experience written in poetic prose with scholarly wit.

—RICHARD CHEATHAM

## ROANOKE HUNDRED

By INGLIS FLETCHER; New York. Bobbs-Merrill. 1948. 492 pp. \$3.50.

The fifth volume in the famous Carolina Series, *Roanoke Hundred* is the story of the first English settlement in America on tiny Roanoke Island. As in her previous works Miss Fletcher again proves that history can be interesting as well as truthful. Using the 108 men who actually made up the settlement as her characters, she has succeeded in producing a most authentic novel in today's fad for historical prostitution. There are very few fictitious characters in the book and the ones Miss Fletcher does introduce are necessary to unify the story. Of these the character of Colin is perhaps the most vivid and at times overshadows the il-

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## BOOK REVIEWS

lustrious men of the day—Raleigh, Sidney, Grenville, and Drake. Only in her women characters does Miss Fletcher show a weakness. Otherwise the novel is among her best and deserving of the adjective "historical."

—RCM

## MELVILLE FOLIO

The coming year is evincing a "re-discovery" of the greatness of Herman Melville, and as a result many books by and of him are being released, here grouped as the "Melville Folio." Oxford University Press is re-issuing *Moby Dick*, his masterpiece, that fascinating tale of the hunt for the most malignant of all whales. For the first time Melville's *Journal of a Visit to London and the Continent, 1849-1850*, edited by Eleanor Melville Metcalf, is being published. Out also is his *Billy Budd* which is the first publication of his *Baby Budd, Sailor* together with his last novel *Billy Budd*. Farrar Straus, Co., now has ready volume two of the *Complete Works of Herman Melville* entitled *Piazza Tales*, while a biography of Melville by Newton Arvin is in preparation for the American Men of Letter Series being published by William Sloane. To top everything off, W. Somerset Maugham has selected *Moby Dick* on his "ten best" list and his emasculated version is also on the market. All in all it looks like a banner year for Mr. Melville.

—RCM

## DESIRE

By PABLO PICASSO. New York. Philosophical Library. 1948. 63 pp. \$2.75.

Pablo Picasso has come forth with a short, though six-act, play which he very appropriately calls "Desire." This first venture into the literary field by the canvas master will be, I am afraid, sorely regretted by many of his devotees. "Desire" has an absence of plot, and it is only rather vaguely concerned with eight characters—or more correctly, pixies—two "Bow-wows," and "The Curtains." The action is absolutely senseless and almost entirely pornographic. If Gertrude were around, Pablo would very probably have his pen washed out with soap.

—RC

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# Editorial

**T**HE United States has often been condemned for not having developed a national—or more specifically an “American”—literature. Critics have pointed out that no “great-American-novel” has appeared, that only works representing sections form our literature. Yet, these same critics fail to perceive that the sum total of these sections or regions is American literature. Our country is so vast and our people so varied in thought and custom that it is impossible to say that a certain work is “the-great-American-novel.” It remains for each section to write its own literature, to record its own problems, mores, and thoughts.

Here in the South the writers have attempted to transform their culture into a Southern literature—and to a certain extent they have succeeded in making the nation cognizant of “Southern Regionalism.” In the process, however, they have been much maligned by critics who have lent connotations stereotyping “Southern Regionalism” into one of two molds: Gothic romances of magnolias and “honey-chiles” or treatises bemoaning the degradation of the South.

It remains then for the South to create its own standards, to write its own literature without outside interference, and to find its own outlets. Only when these aims have been attained can we develop a genuine Southern Regionalism and escape the stereotyped, pseudo-ante-bellum fluff toward which the publishing industry has such an affinity. We must never forget that we are inextricably a part of the modern South with its problems of economics, race relations, and politics. It is with this new South that the young writers of our region should be concerned. No longer can we retreat into the myth of yesteryear.

Situated as we are here in Chapel Hill in the midst of many of the South's foremost writers, this publication hopes to reflect the thoughts and ideas of the contemporary South and to afford new, young writers an opportunity to present a literature indigenous to the region. At first it may seem that the product will be only concomitant with that emanating from other parts of the nation. However, if each section develops its own literature accordingly, we shall have here in America a national literature; and the South, as well as the other sections, will be an integral part of the result—an American literature as heterogeneous as its people and yet as homogeneous as that people's common belief in democracy and freedom.

HENRY L. KAMPHOEFNER, *having studied and taught the problems of modern architecture in Washington, Alabama and the Southwest, is well qualified to express his standards and ideas on the subject of present-day building. Now Dean of the School of Design of North Carolina State College, he has written his article as a special challenge to the South and her architects.*

---

## Contemporary Architecture and the Southern Tradition

By HENRY L. KAMPHOEFNER

### I

SEVERAL years ago an architect on one of the State Architectural Registration Boards told me that he regretted that my school did not teach the students to do Gothic churches or Colonial houses. I told him that it was true that we did not—nor would any other self-respecting school of architecture teach its students to “do” Gothic churches and Colonial houses. We feel, and my colleagues do, too, that a student who understands and respects history will not try to copy it. Imitation, after all, is not really a very sincere or honest form of flattery.

Eleven years ago I went out to Oklahoma when my friends assured me that I would be walking into a cultural vacuum. I did find a tenacious and dogged adherence to transplanted and little understood traditions. There the people of means and sometimes the people of that pseudo-cultural no-man’s land were supporting the arts in the most shallow way while living in English mansions, Tudor palaces and all sorts of eclectic banalities. Oklahoma oil had purchased the Italian renaissance. I found the region in dire need of an indigenous architecture in the throes of a Gothic building program at the University, which only a few years before had built an impossibly planned and stupidly devised library—then dubbed it “Oklahoma’s Crown Jewel”. The buildings were so dark and poorly lighted that many of them required artificial light in mid-day. When that failure was recognized, the college architect, thinking the Gothic “A flexible style” opened up the walls with windows and the next expedient was the painting of glass with white paint, aluminum paint, brown paint and then green in a series of worthless experiments while the Gothic formula was maintained. Needless to say, the Gothic experiment was

a failure on that campus just as it has been in colder climates, such as Pittsburgh, where Wright has dubbed that other collegiate Gothic monstrosity, the so-called Cathedral of Learning which is actually neither Collegiate nor Gothic, as "The World's Largest Keep Off the Grass Sign."

History has proven so well that Gothic architecture is unsatisfactory in southern climates. The Gothic was designed most successfully for the climates of England, northern France and Germany, but as it was brought farther south in France and as it moved on into Italy, the southern climate made it difficult to live in and the experiment within the framework of the style was unsuccessful. A thorough understanding and appreciation of history would have saved the architects of the southwest those painful excursions into the eclecticism of the Gothick. A year ago last spring, I attended a conference at Princeton University on planning man's physical environment. I was amused but not surprised when one of the Deans there told me of a letter he had received from a student at the University of Oklahoma saying that the student senate was then conducting a contest for the discovery of new and old traditions and would the Dean please send him a list of Princeton's best traditions so that the students of the southwest would have an idea of just what might be considered the very best traditions for their own use. The architecture of that campus, and for most other campuses for that matter, has been selected just as capriciously as traditions were selected in that student contest.

Well, I was pleased when Wright came to Oklahoma several years ago and called me a social missionary as I tried, in my limited practice and with my students, to help in the development of an architecture conditioned to the needs of the southwest.

So, after making some slight in-roads into the architecture of the southwest, my capable colleagues, and most of our best students, decided to come to North Carolina with me to work for the development of an organic and indigenous architecture in this region. I think the cultural climate and the basic progressive attitude is good here, and we are grateful to find an early acceptance of the philosophies of architecture as it is now being articulated by the brilliant new faculty that we have assembled for the new school. The students are keenly enthusiastic about the approach to the design and planning problems that we are giving them. The general public, the neighboring colleges and universities, have worked with us most wholeheartedly, and we begin our task with humility in the recognition that our work is a great challenge and a tremendous obligation.

## II.

As we look ahead, we can see a number of possible barriers to our work. Since most of you are interested, I feel sure, in the development



of a dynamic and progressive architecture in the south, I think it might be well to assess these things that stand in the path of progress and evaluate their true importance to us as we work toward the development of an architecture for our own region. We generally recognize the fact that an American architecture was beginning to take root in this country during the latter part of the 19th century. The so-called Chicago school had begun to flower and the work of Sullivan, Richardson, Root and others indicated a recognition of the need for an architecture expressive of our life and times. The devitalized and sterile forces of the Chicago Fair in 1893 retarded the progress made by the Chicago school for several decades.

The catastrophe of Williamsburg is having the same effect on the architecture of the south and is, today, casting a shadow on the progressive development of an indigenous architecture for the region. I suppose the originators of the Williamsburg Restoration did not realize that they were creating this tragedy but, as I look at the philanthropies of the second generation Rockefellers, I see the Gentile purse of the ruling taste contributing to piddling things rather than continuing in the rugged, farsighted and visionary manner of the first generation of empire builders who spent their money on such big concepts as an international program of research into medicine and public health. However, as indicated a moment ago, I think the restorers of Williamsburg did not intend to put up the restoration as a pattern for all future architecture; but, unfortunately for the architecture of the south, the visitor to Williamsburg has made it that in his architectural thinking and planning. The architecture of Williamsburg was good in its day, but our techniques and thinking have taken us far beyond the possibilities made patent by Colonial Williamsburg.

I recall a lecture by Frank Lloyd Wright a number of years ago when he spoke eloquently on the meaning of an organic architecture. He described a building as it would grow from the soil and emerge as a living and dynamic expression of our times. At the close of his remarks, a little old lady stood up in the back of the hall and defiantly told the great man that she didn't care what he said about organic architecture, she wanted a house with shutters and dormers and gables and white paint, and when her man came home in the evening she wanted to walk out to the picket fence and the wooden gate and welcome him to the charm of her Colonial home. Wright's rejoinder was, "If that is the best you can think of lady, I guess that is what you will have to have."

For many people, including many architects, Williamsburg has been the beginning, the climax and the conclusion of architectural thinking and progress. Now I want to say in the shadow of Monticello that I think we should keep Jefferson, the man, on the pedestal he so right-

ly deserves, but isn't it time to put Jefferson the architect, back on the ground? Jefferson was a great and progressive figure in America in his time just as his ideas continue to be today, but I think we should admit architecture was one of the blind spots in the abilities of this great man. Jefferson was inventive as an architect but, in the larger sense, never creative in his architecture.

Architecture of Williamsburg, of Jefferson and including the whole Colonial and Georgian tradition, has never been indigenous to the south. It was a borrowed eclecticism that filtrated into the mores and the ruling tastes of the upper class society. It leads us down the blind alley of eclecticism and does not solve the fundamental problem of shelter for the south and the practice of it should be abandoned.

The third factor that operates in restraint of progress is the architect's own inertia and the fact that it is easier to go along in the same groove which is often the rut of self-satisfaction. So many architects have told me that they can do all kinds of architecture, and they are perfectly willing to do modern architecture if their client wants it. In fact, they would rather do modern architecture because it is so much easier, they say, than working in a framework of a style. However, I have found that most architects who do contemporary architecture well believe that it is much more difficult to do modern architecture than to work in a preconceived pattern. I have also noted that all competent contemporary architects who are doing nothing but contemporary architecture are also well grounded in the history of architecture, have an understanding and respect for it and use it as a root for their present creative work.

The great men in architecture seem to have no trouble in gaining a full confidence of their clients. They seem to have no difficulty in doing the work as they think it can best be done. Richard Neutra told me one time that a client had never asked him to do a Colonial house, and I think most of the men who are doing the best work in architecture in this country do not have to cope with the kind of client who wants to be his own architect, using the architect simply for his draftsman. If you do Colonial work, I think you will acquire Colonial clients. If you do Gothic work, I think you will acquire Gothic clients. If you do Contemporary architecture long enough and consistently enough, I think you will draw progressive clients to your office. However, if you do Colonial houses for one client, Gothic churches for another client, and modern stores for a third, why shouldn't you expect your client to ask you to do exactly as he wishes? If you have the reputation for being your client's draftsman, why shouldn't the next client who comes to the office ask you to treat him in the same manner?

Many architects have tried to change from eclecticism to the new architecture simply because they think it is the trend. An architect

with that attitude cannot expect to instill great confidence in his client. An architect, to be forceful and of any real influence to his clients and his community, must *feel* that he wants to do good architecture. He must refuse to yield to certain temptations purely for monetary gain and when he develops his own expression in his work, he should continue to build on it. If an architect wants to do Contemporary architecture, if he believes in it, if he is sincere, I think he will have the opportunity to do it. Client confidence and a reputation in architecture is not made in a short time, but the architects who do good work over a long period of time and nothing but good work, will be permitted by their clients to do good work over a longer period of time. The architect who does shoddy work for one client and good work for another may be known mainly for the shoddy work that he does. The new architecture has been given a fresh and vigorous meaning to the young men in the profession and each good building completed makes it that much easier for himself and his fellow architects who are engaged in the progressive movements in architecture.

### III

The magazine *Progressive Architecture* has an editorial on "Architecture—Not Style" in the December issue. They say, "There is too much nonsense being written about architecture these days." We do need less nonsense, but let's not have less discussion. It would be nice to have less intolerance, but as long as Wright thinks Le Corbusier's work is "not architecture at all—nothing more than aesthetic exercises", and as long as Le Corbusier thinks Wright's work is "architectural fingerpainting", there can't be much tolerance with the younger men who are working around only the periphery of the understanding enjoyed by the great.

The ones who are pulling all the hair will be the last ones to admit they are pulling apart their contemporaries' architecture "because it is, or isn't one style or another, monumental or not, cottage or internationally, or what have you." Modern architecture is still having growing pains and while it is, there will be lots of nonsense written and said about it, lots of brickbats thrown—and lots of buildings built.

Too many private architects have tried to be characters with wind-sor ties, strange clothing, flowing hair and a cape while they become primadonnas. The new architect coming out of the best schools today should learn the team spirit and the ability to collaborate while acquiring a sense of tolerance for the work of his fellow architects. The doctrinaire schools built around the great man who teaches an architecture which is unacceptable if it deviates from the rule of the master nourish this tolerance in their students. The nonsense *Progressive Architecture* speaks of in its editorial originates mainly from the primadonna who finds it impossible to collaborate because of his in-

tolerance for the work of anyone who deviates from the narrow line of his aesthetic.

Now this controversy among the progressive men in architecture is a healthful sign, and the fact that a growing ferment in architectural thinking is taking place in the south is also good. This ferment is evidenced by one spectacular and nationally aired controversy now going on in regard to the new Wake Forest campus to be built at Winston-Salem. The trustees picked an architect who has always worked within the constraining rigidity of the Georgian style. When the plans were made public, the storm of protest was heard from coast to coast. The Winston-Salem paper, a progressive instrument, took up the discussion. They polled the architects of North Carolina and of the twenty-two who replied, all were in favor of a modern campus with an architecture that would be indigenous to North Carolina. When the architects of the State, in convention last summer, invited the Wake Forest architect to speak to them, he found that he had no professional agreement on his side. The alumni and the students are opposed to the Georgian scheme and the student magazine recently did a remarkably perceptive article espousing the contemporary cause.

Earlier in the summer when the editor of the Winston-Salem paper wrote to fifteen prominent men in the architectural profession, all stated their opposition to the present Wake Forest plans. Henry Wright of the architectural forum said, "In my opinion and that of the other editors of the *Forum*, it would be a little short of tragic for a college which is making a fresh start on a new site to construct its buildings in the 'classical revival style', or any other traditional strait-jacket."

And Tom Creighton, the editor of *Progressive Architecture* said, "Good architecture has always been the best possible expression of a problem in honest terms. So, the good solution here will express architecturally an educational institution in North Carolina in 1948—not a bank or a temple; not something Greek or French or English; not something from 400 B.C., 1200 A.D. or 1842. It is easy to dispose of the question of classical revival stylism, because a college building in North Carolina in 1948 is neither Greek, nor Roman nor a revival of either."

The controversy still rages but the fact that the South is reaching out now for a new and indigenous architecture to express its progressivism is an exciting challenge to my eighteen faculty colleagues and our 324 students as we begin our work in North Carolina's new School of Design. I hope that you share my enthusiasm in the work ahead of us, to be done in architecture, and that we may join together in this common cause.

# THE RED CAR

By BETTY PEIRSON



**A**S the car roared past them, the two boys turned and watched it disappear down the shining wet street.

"Gee, lookit that car go," Billie exclaimed. His voice held all the intensity of an eight-year-old's love for machines.

His school chum, Tommy, nodded, "Yeah, you'd sure think he was in a hurry."

Johnathan Wilkins was in a hurry. He had a date with death, though not his own, of course. He was going to kill a man in exactly sixteen and one-half minutes, he reflected, checking his watch carefully. He had waited so long for this day, planned so minutely each detail, and now at last the time had actually arrived. No one would suspect that it was murder; certainly no one would accuse Johnathan Knight Wilkins, prominent publisher and critic, of murdering his own brother.

His scheme was really so simple, Johnathan mused. Several months ago he had begun his habit of calling for his brother each afternoon at four o'clock sharp. It was all quite routine. James would be standing at the curb, waiting for him just as he had been every day for the past few months. When he saw the big maroon car approaching, he would step into the street to meet it. Then the unfortunate accident would occur. Suddenly the car would swerve, or rather skid, on the slippery pavement, and that, he hoped, would be the end of James.

The wonderful thing about the plan, Johnathan thought proudly, was that if anything went wrong, it would make no difference. His brother would certainly never become suspicious. It would just be an accident that never occurred. How fortunate for James. Well, there would be other days or other methods. Only he must not put this thing off too long, and it would really be better to get things straightened out today.

Johnathan had now reached the Market Street intersection and slowed his car as he saw the crippled paper boy wave to him.

"Hello, Bud, what's the news today?" Johnathan called as he pulled up to the curbing. It was all a part of his established daily routine.

"'Afternoon, Mister Wilkins," Bud greeted him with his usual wide grin and the evening paper folded into a long neat roll, the way

Mister Wilkins liked it to be. "Thanks, Mister Wilkins," he added as Johnathan handed him the usual quarter; "See you tomorrow, Sir."

It always did a man good to have a few contacts of that kind, Johnathan reflected. There was no point in overdoing it though. Now James, for instance, went to the other extreme. All the employees at the publishing house called him Jimmy, and he was on intimate terms with most of them. That would not have been so bad, but it was the least annoying of James' habits. The real problem lay in the fact that he was so unsystematic. There was nothing methodical about James; he might do anything at any time without any warning. It was not that he had not tried to teach him the necessity of a well-ordered life.

James had been a mistake from the beginning, though. Not that he resented James or had ever been jealous of him. After all, he had been twenty when his brother was born, but the event was highly disturbing for the whole family. His father, who had always been a man of very strict habits, had been extremely upset. He had made plans for Johnathan to inherit his publishing business, and had trained him to be head of the firm. Johnathan had been drilled in the necessity of facing each problem squarely and of trying to foresee anything that would interrupt the even flow of the business, for a smoothly run business was a profitable one. Johnathan had been an apt pupil.

Then James had come along to upset his father's plans, and Johnathan felt, more than anyone else, just how much his father's plans had been destroyed. James had proved to be a very charming fellow, by most people's standards, always gay and carefree, but also flighty and unpredictable.

Johnathan glanced at his watch; everything was working perfectly so far. He was on schedule, and as he rounded the corner and started down Jackson Avenue, he smiled with satisfaction to see that the flower woman was waiting for him.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Parrish."

"Good afternoon, Mister Wilkins," the old woman beamed. "I have a little bouquet of sweetheart roses and forget-me-nots for you today. I'm sure your wife will like them."

"Yes, I am sure she will," Johnathan answered, placing the flowers carefully on the seat beside the paper.

"I'll have something real pretty for you tomorrow, too," Mrs. Parrish called as the car pulled away from the curb.

Not if all goes well, Johnathan assured himself. Tomorrow there would be other flowers. What a morbid thought, but then it was something that had to be faced. For a few days there would be bothersome details to attend to, and his daily routine would be disturbed. There would be the business to get straightened out, but that should not be



too much trouble. He had already picked out a steady and responsible young man to take James' place. Then he could settle back and really enjoy himself with James and his main source of annoyance out of the way.

Johnathan glanced down at the flowers. They were really quite pretty, and Marjorie always seemed to enjoy them. Poor Marjorie, he supposed she would be terribly upset about James. She seemed to feel that he was her own son. Well, after all she had practically reared the boy, and they did not have any children of their own. They had been married only a year when Johnathan's parents died, leaving him as guardian for the six-year-old boy.

He had felt a keen responsibility for the little boy and had tried to pattern him after himself, but James had always been an individual. He had been sent off to camp and school as soon as possible. His instructors had always written favorable reports, that James was a good fellow, a trifle wild at times, but then he had so much spirit, and that he was quite popular with his classmates.

It had not been so bad when James was in school, for then he was away most of the time, but now he had finished school and was living at home, an intolerable situation and one which Marjorie insisted upon.

Johnathan checked his watch, three and one-half minutes. He could slow up a bit; he must not get there ahead of time since his plan depended on James' stepping out to meet him. Far down the street, he could barely see the building of Wilkins Publishing House through the steady drizzle. There was not much traffic this time of day. That was good, because too much traffic would slow the car to the point that it would not be likely to slip. This little event was really becoming almost exciting, but he must not let himself be carried away. Calmness and care were essential at this point.

Now that he thought about it, he supposed he had never really liked James. He had been forced to admire the way his young brother could make friends and be so carefree. Marjorie had always been fond of him, laughing and happy when James was at home, but calm and serious and a little detached when he was away. Well, things would be different now. With James no longer around, she would turn to him more for companionship.

One last spotlight and then the coast would be clear. His was the only car waiting at the light. Ah, there was James now, waving to him far down the block. The light was changing, and as Johnathan shifted the car into high, he noticed that the drizzle had changed into a steady, light rain. How fortunate, for now James would be in even more of a hurry to run out to the car.

Quickly he sped down the street. Now he could see James plainly as he dashed from the curb, his head lowered against the rain. Now





before James had a chance to jump back, and suddenly the big car was upon him. Johnathan saw the look of surprise and sudden terror on James' face, then felt a jarring of the car as it hit his brother.

What happened then was the matter of few seconds.

Suddenly James' face was before him again, only this time he was looking into the face of a dead man, his features still twisted

with terror.

My God, it couldn't be, but it was true.

The force of the blow had thrown the boy against the windshield and Johnathan was staring directly into the eyes of the brother he had just killed.

He tried frantically to stop the car; James' body was blocking his view. Then the car began to slip on the wet pavement.

Johnathan uttered a wild cry that ended on a high note of despair as the car careened across the street and smashed into an iron lamp-post.

For a long moment, the heart of the city seemed to stop, stunned by the terrific crash. Then people began to run, calling to one another excitedly, whistles blew, and traffic moved carefully past the heap of metal.

Far across town, two schoolboys began to run in the increasingly heavy rain.

"Gee," Billie gasped, "I sure do wish we had that car we saw a while ago, you know, the big red one that was going so fast. I bet I could get home in two seconds with that. It sure was a beaut."

"Yeah, it sure was."

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WALTER PRITCHARD EATON *has long been associated with the American theatre and is well known as a New York Sun drama critic. A lecturer on dramatic criticism at Columbia University, and a professor of playwriting at Yale University, he is now guest professor in the Drama department here. In addition Mr. Eaton has written many books on the theatre and authored, with David Carb, the very successful play QUEEN VICTORIA.*

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## The College Theatre--Why?

By WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

### I

**M**OST students of the present generation probably do not realize that the large number of college theatres and departments of drama in America (as many as 500) are a product of the last 40 years. From earliest days college students have been interested in putting on plays; there is even evidence that the first production in the English Colonies was at William and Mary. Nathan Hale when a student at Yale engaged in extra-curricular theatrical activities. But such activities remained extra-curricular into the current century, often taking the form of musical skits. It did not occur to the college authorities that dramatic activity could be a part of the educational process. Though Shakespeare was primarily a dramatist, his works were studied as printed literature. That you could learn about him by the painful process of putting his plays on the stage was not realized, or at any rate admitted.

Much of this negative attitude toward dramatic art as a curricular study was doubtless latent in the Puritan origins of most of our colleges. To some degree it can be explained by the fact that practically no college professors knew anything about dramatic art and were incompetent to teach it. But perhaps chiefly the theatre itself was to blame. The theatre, which must entertain to exist, has never been, and can never be, just Shakespeare or Shaw, but is also Bobbie Clark and burlesque shows and pretty girls and all sorts of hocus and vulgarity and flap-doodle. Some of us like it that way, as did the late Justice Holmes, but it lacks the dignity of a college catalogue, beyond doubt.

In 1907 Prof. G. P. Baker of Harvard succeeded in establishing in the English Department there a course known as Eng. 47. The object was to teach playwriting—an unheard of innovation. Baker took *only* a dozen picked students, and to get their plays produced—for it is *only*

on the stage that a playwright learns his craft—the aid of various Cambridge men and women was called on. This early college theatre became in part a community affair. By a stroke of luck Baker had in his first class a youth named Edward Sheldon, who sold his first play to Mrs. Fiske. The news spread and young men began to come to Harvard just for Baker's course, among them Frederick Koch, later to inspire drama in North Carolina, Eugene O'Neill, George Abbott, Philip Barry, and finally Thomas Wolfe.

Baker's interest in playwriting, whether he quite realized it or not, was more professional than educational. He wanted to supply future dramatists to the American theatre, not merely to give undergraduates another course in composition. His class soon filled up with special students of some maturity, and the undergraduates who were admitted got so caught up in the joyous labor of play production that it tended to be their exclusive interest. Harvard didn't like that—the other members of the English department especially. More and more difficulties were put in Baker's way, and in 1925 he went to Yale, which had just acquired by gift a fine new theatre. At Yale he set up an independent department of drama, accepting students only on the graduate level, and taught all phases of dramatic art as vocational training. Undergraduates were, and are, admitted to a few elementary courses only, and to none calling for manual work or vocational specialization.

While this development was taking place in the pioneer theatre-arts course, scores of other colleges began to sense in curricular dramatic activity a possible chance to discipline the natural creative urge of young people and thus make education, if not more effective, at least less painful. Koch began his work at North Carolina in 1918, I suspect less with an idea of educating than with an artist's passion to create theatre. He was by nature an actor; the theatre was in his blood. He set his students to writing one-act "folk plays," and as these, of course, had to be produced, that meant scenery, lights, actors, a stage, which in turn meant a department of dramatic art in order to organize and control the workers.

Since Baker and Koch (both widely publicized), the growth of college drama departments has been enormous and the erection of well equipped college theatres has gone on apace. Today the theatres at Yale, Amherst, Williams, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Stanford, Rollins, and elsewhere are better than any on Broadway. What happens on their stages is sometimes a different matter. What should happen is still, to many educators, an open question.

## II

Three or four years ago a faculty committee from Oxford came to this country to inspect our university theatres in order to plan better

for an Oxford theatre. When they were at Yale I asked the chairman (the Provost of New College) if Oxford intended to establish a department of drama.

"Oh, no, nothing like that", said he. "But we want a theatre where first rate companies can come up from London and show us what certain plays are like on the stage. We've been studying Shakespeare and all for a long time, purely as literature, and it's become rawther stuffy, you know."

The Oxford theatre plan, now blue-printed, calls for a flexible stage that can be changed to approximately an Elizabethan platform, a Restoration stage, a present-day picture frame, or be opened out for experimentation. When erected, the Old Vic can bring "Henry IV", Gielgud can bring "Love for Love", or "The School for Scandal", or "The Importance of Being Earnest", all acted to the hilt on the kind of stage for which they were designed. This will indeed be a great stimulus to the study of dramatic literature, which Lord knows has everywhere become "rawther stuffy." It will correct some of the abuses of pedantic pedagogy—which are not confined to Oxford. But it does not seem to indicate anything but passive participation by the Oxford students.

And that is as far as many educators in this country are ready to go. It is all right to learn what Shakespeare is like on the stage by seeing professionals act him, but to give curricular credit to students for acting him, for the great amount of time required to memorize the lines, get trained in the proper speech, learn to handle the scenery and lights, that is a different matter. That isn't education, that isn't "scholarship". It may even seem to some a rather frivolous form of sport, when the participants should be studying the "humanities" which are to save the world. If students want to put on plays on their own, all right—if, of course, they keep up their grades. But the college theatre should not be thought of as an integral part of the liberal arts curriculum, or practical work in it thought of as having any connection with scholarship.

It may be hard for the students at North Carolina to realize the prevalence of this point of view (though it probably exists in certain bosoms even in Chapel Hill). Nor is it dominant in most state universities, which have found in the theatre arts a useful channel for the activities of students, particularly female students, not of the "scholarly" type. But in a number of endowed colleges, even in some which unlike Harvard have excellent theatre buildings, there is little or no curricular credit for productions, real discipline cannot be imposed on the performers, and whether performances are good or bad depends upon the natural ability and enthusiasm of whatever group happens to be active on the campus. In other words, they are purely

amateur productions in which the players have some fun because young people like to play at acting, but which affect their after life and the future of the theatre in America very, very little.

I do not intend to discuss here the question of whether play production under competent direction and discipline isn't as "educational" as 75% of the courses in let us say, the average English department; or whether a boy in trying to project Hamlet from the stage isn't learning as much about Shakespeare as he could in a classroom. We'll let that pass. What interests me is the future of the beautiful art of the theatre in America, something which should also interest the teachers of Shakespeare and Sheridan, if they are sincere in their admiration and not pedants plodding over safely staked academic ground. What, I ask myself, are the colleges contributing to that art, or what could they contribute?

I have as little sympathy as any plodder among the footnotes with the college theatre which produces, as curricular activity, current Broadway successes of the conventional type. Not that there is anything the matter with the "Dear Ruths", except mediocrity. But it isn't the job of a college to spend time on mediocrity. Its job, or one of them, is to teach an understanding of excellence. If the college theatre produces plays of excellence, or of historic interest, and does them well, it is contributing to all concerned, including audiences, an appreciation of standards valuable to the future. But to do such plays well calls, as a rule, for more technical knowledge and a greater expenditure of time than can, or probably should be required of undergraduates burdened with a full schedule of liberal arts courses. Therefore, the drama departments should offer courses on the graduate level and the graduate students should furnish most of the highly technical labor required. Without such skills, even plays of excellence may seem on the stage dull affairs, and as much harm as good will result from producing them.

College theatres should, if qualified instruction can be secured, also produce original plays by students, however simply staged. Playwriting calls for highly concentrated construction, and offers a valuable discipline in composition no matter what future profession the student elects. But a play cannot be judged as can a written composition. The test of its success is only in production. Hence work must be tested on a stage. The measure of a college theatre's usefulness in this field is found in the attitude of college audiences, as well as of the college authorities. Is this attitude sympathetic and helpful? Do the audiences feel they are participating in a creative process? If they do, there will be in that college a stirring of creative activity, and out of it, now and again will emerge the playwrights of the future, conditioned

in taste by the study of past excellence and skilled by the preliminary practice of their art.

But no play should be produced merely because a student wrote it. It must disclose some quality of style or purpose, some promise, to earn the right to a test showing. Standards of excellence must prevail here as elsewhere.

Some college theatres today, North Carolina among them, send one or more student productions around their region from time to time. This brings living theatre to many communities which otherwise have no experience of it, and is often looked upon as a form of extension service. I know too little about these tours to form any judgment, but if the companies are composed largely of undergraduates I cannot help feeling that sometimes the standards of production are not high enough to give outsiders a true idea of theatre, and at best such tours are only sporadic and cannot be depended upon to fill a permanent need.

### III

Not to labor the point, however, let me come to my final hope for the college theatre as a weapon to preserve the beautiful art of the drama in America. The professional theatre today is almost wholly concentrated in New York, for a variety of reasons which we cannot go into here. *To survive throughout the country, it must be decentralized.* There must be various professional theatres or companies in various parts of the country. No art can long survive on an amateur basis. Nor will graduate departments of drama long attract promising students if the theatre offers them no professional opportunities. Since it is essential to the college theatre to have graduate students doing much of the work in order to assure high standards of performance, the college theatres of the land should take an active part in decentralizing and spreading the professional theatre. Of course they have made a beginning by creating an interest in drama in their own communities. Of late many have gone further and brought professional actors to appear with student companies. This winter Margaret Webster is touring a company in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, and playing chiefly in college theatres. This is but a beginning, however. There are scores of cities, and even whole states, which have no professional theatre, even no college theatre, though large potential audiences; and the talented graduate of a drama department who wants to make the stage his career must still go to New York job hunting, where the supply far exceeds the demand, or give up his dream.

One possible solution, or move toward a solution, would be a regional conference of drama departments which would pick from their students a nucleus of actors and technicians, constituting a rounded



company. This company would prepare and rehearse one or more plays while a business manager booked for it a state-wide or regional-wide tour. Thus the players would start on a professional career financed at first by the regional conference. (Don't ask me who will finance the conference! But while I'm hoping, I might as well do a good job, and hope it would be the various college authorities.)

Out of such a group, with their beginning in college drama departments, their training carried farther by graduate study, their skills seasoned by regular performances, might readily evolve a permanent state stock company, with perhaps a home theatre in the state capital, and which would offer year after year a professional outlet for the talented graduates of college drama departments. As Miss Margo Jones has proved in Texas, a professional company can flourish far from Broadway, and at far less expense. There are plenty of other cities and towns ready to support good theatre. Since Broadway will not bring it to them, and perhaps could not if it would, who is there to do it but the young, talented, enthusiastic graduates of our college theatres, those who have felt the magic spell of the stage, who wish to devote their lives to this ancient and beautiful art, and have no other way of doing it than, with the aid and blessing of their college, going out and creating their own theatre in this artistically barren land?



## The Accounting

*By* NANCY NORMAN

When leaves come sudden, spilling out of trees  
Like pennies piling in the empty street  
Profusion copper-toned, they leave behind  
Denuded parents darkly lifting limbs  
Like chilly knives to carve a winter's sky.  
Too soon, it is a mourning-season then  
That calls us to account, when Winter lags  
Along the crisp and crocus-barren ground,  
While trees without leaf-children stoically  
Lift whetted branches, cutting at the sky.





## MAD MUSIC

By  
NANCY  
MURPHY

**W**ELL, well, what have we here—a new nursemaid?" The tall lanky kid who was talking to the night attendant raised an eyebrow in my general direction.

"I'm Miss O'Hara," I explained to the attendant, "I'm day nurse for this group."

"Hey!" the kid interrupted. "Miss Johnson's our nurse. Where's Miss Johnson?"

"She has been transferred," I informed him curtly. "And where do you think you're going?"

Halfway out of the door he paused. "I thought I'd take a shower . . ."

"You know the rules!" Old Vinegar-tongue Vinson, the night supervisor, could have taken lessons from me.

"Yes ma'am," he answered with mock submissiveness. "'Attendants working with patients on suicide precautions will keep the group together at all times.' Rules again! Told the fellows they'd crack down on us after what happened on Ward Five last week."

I looked at him in some amazement. News, particularly staff secrets, sometimes has an uncanny way of circulating around a mental hospital; but this was a very hush-hush matter. He grinned at my perplexity. Seating himself on the edge of the bed, he proceeded to listen while the night attendant briefed me.

"That's Mr. Smart." She pointed to the cocky young man. "The rather elderly gentleman in the far bed is Mr. Bascombe. That's Mr. Hill — Mr. Abbott — and this is Mr. Smathers. He'll be out of the group in a few days. Going home soon."

She was off, leaving me with that momentary feeling of helplessness that I always have when I tackle a new assignment for the first time. But at least I had shown Mr. Smart that I was boss.

"Time to get up, you all!" I called out briskly. Mr. Smart threw back his head and laughed.

"You all! Well, well, honey chile. Anybody can tell you all is from the deep South."

"I'm Miss O'Hara to you, Mr. Smart."

"Sho' nuff? Is you all any relation to Scarlett, Miss O'Hara?"

The whole group was awake by then and even I had to join in the general laughter. From then on Mr. Smart never called me anything but 'Scarlett' and the others were not long in picking up the habit.

They were a good group to work with, and I soon found myself looking forward to Mr. Smart's "Morning, Scarlett. Yo' sho does look dee-vine in white", and Mr. Bascombe's rather pompous "And how is the original Scarlett O'Hara today?" He was, I learned piece-meal, a retired lawyer who had become addicted to morphine. Mr. Abbott generally greeted me with a quiet nod and a smile before asking, "Do I get a shock treatment today?" He was recovering from a severe depression.

All in all, things were going smoothly, and I congratulated myself on being able to enforce all the rules without making my patients feel that I was unduly strict. One day was very much like another. Mr. Smathers was discharged, and the group gave a farewell party. I pretended not to notice when they played poker for cigarettes or cut cards to see who would order cokes from the snack bar. After that we settled down to the old routine and everything went smoothly. That is — until we acquired Mr. LeRoy.

"This," said the head nurse, indicating a short, meek-appearing little man in an unpressed suit, "is Mr. LeRoy. He's to be with your group; you can put him in Mr. Smathers' old place. His things are being sent up from Four and should be here soon." Behind his back she raised her eyebrows, a sign which I (correctly) interpreted to mean "very suicidal. Keep an eye on him!"

"If you'll just come this way, Mr. LeRoy . . ."

"All right." His voice was curiously flat and unemotional.

I eyed him with some misgivings. He was a rabbity little fellow, with his receding chin, watery blue eyes, almost colorless hair, and his unhealthy white skin. He glanced furtively about him as we went back to the day room. He acknowledged all introductions with a brief nod. Then he turned to me again.

"They told me, Miss O'Hara, that you had a piano here. Is this the piano?"

"Not a very good one," I answered. "It needs tuning badly."

"But could I — I mean, may I, play it?"

"Of course, Mr. LeRoy!" I said heartily. "Play all you like. That is, of course, between nine in the morning and nine at night. Quiet hours, you know. But wouldn't you like to play a game of checkers with Mr. Hill now?"

Mr. LeRoy was definitely not interested in playing checkers. He

took his seat at the piano and struck a loud discord. Behind his back, Mr. Smart made a face at me.

There is almost no way to describe his playing. The melody — when there was one — was simple but without time and shifted abruptly from major to minor. For the most part it was not discordant; the effect was rather that of an almost diabolic grotesqueness. The other men shot pleading looks at me, and I secretly regretted telling Mr. LeRoy that he could play any time he liked.

"Jesus, Scarlett!" Mr. Smart swore, the first time Mr. LeRoy was absent from the group. "That guy's in bad shape. He's nuts!"

Some of the men smiled at this and I suspect I may have looked a trifle amused myself.

"All right. All right. So we're *all* nuts. But honestly, Scarlett, have you ever heard such an infernal racket? Plinka, plinka, plinka, plunk! Grocery clerk turned musician. Christ!"

"I wouldn't mind his piano playing so much," put in Mr. Bascombe, "if he'd quit bumming cigarettes off me. He smokes like a fiend and he hasn't any account at the snack shop. It's a cinch he'll never pay them back."

"Where'd he come from anyway?" asked Mr. Abbott. "I've never seen him around before."

"I have," put in Mr. Hill quietly. "He was on Ward Five with me."

"Oh."

Even those who had never been on Five had heard of it. Mr. Abbott looked uncomfortable and I was about to take advantage of the silence to put in a good word for Mr. LeRoy. But an attendant appeared with him about that time; and, of course, that put an end to the conversation.

"You seem to spend a great deal of time playing the piano," I began the next day as soon as I saw Mr. LeRoy head for the piano stool.

"Yes." His voice lost its flat quality momentarily. "I only wish I could take lessons while I'm here. Mr. James is taking piano, and Mr. Drew is taking voice lessons. I spoke to Dr. Harley—but it didn't do any good."

"Dr. Harley seems to think you'd make a good bookkeeper," I hinted. "Miss Bullock seemed awfully disappointed last week when you hadn't done your homework. She'll be here in half an hour. If you want to brush up on your lesson for today I'll have Miss Page go with you to get your book."

"Fools!" His watery blue eyes blazed and he clenched his stubby hands. "They want me to be a bookkeeper but . . ."

The rest of his words were lost in a crash of chords; I left him strictly alone and he played—a trifle more stormily than usual—

until the occupational therapy teacher appeared.

"Nice try, Scarlett," said Mr. Abbott as Mr. LeRoy reluctantly followed Miss Bullock to the little parlor for his lesson.

"Yeah," said Mr. Smart. "For a minute I thought maybe you'd succeed in luring our Eddie away from his Muse. He got pretty hot under the collar. Kinda scared you, didn't it, Scarlett?"

"It did not!" I protested quickly — too quickly.

"Then why didn't you ask him to stop? Lord, that banging gets on my nerves!"

"It's partly your fault, you know." I picked my words carefully. "If you'd discourage him—you know, ask him to play cards and . . ."

"Stuff like that there." finished Mr. Smart. "Patients who tend to be shy and retiring should be encouraged to participate in group activities. Unquote. *The Attendant's Manual*."

"But Mr. LeRoy doesn't play cards," said Mr. Abbott pointedly. "Besides, he gives me the creeps."

"Suppose I suggest that we go for a walk when he comes back?" Mr. Hill spoke up quietly. "He's always willing to do that."

"You mean he'll always go to keep us from having to stay in," growled Mr. Abbott. "But it's no fun having that pill along."

It was obvious that an ugly situation was developing and I said as much to Mrs. Boone, the head nurse, before I left the hall that night.

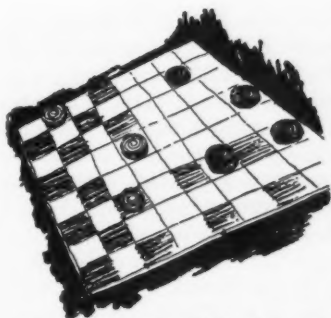
"I think," I added slowly, "I'll give him a series of bad reports, beginning tonight. Then maybe Harley will send him back to Four."

"Well, we aren't supposed to discuss case histories, but I will tell you this. Mr. LeRoy was on Four a long time. Even if he isn't quite ready, Dr. Harley feels that putting him here will give him more incentive. In a way, it's now or never. You see, he's a charity patient and—well, you know—they won't keep him here forever. So you see, this is Mr. LeRoy's one chance. Don't spoil it, O'Hara—please."

"If that's the way it is," I chewed meditatively on the end of my fountain pen, "I'll just write 'quiet and co-operative.' That's true enough. Takes less time, too. But while we're on the subject, what do you know about Mr. Smart, and how does he get hold of so much inside information?"

Boone ignored the first part of my question. "I suspect it's Pratt, that flighty little night attendant. She's got a reputation for talking too much, and she wouldn't be above flirting a bit with Mr. Smart. Or any of the patients for that matter. I've been wondering if someone shouldn't speak to old Vineg—er—to the night supervisor. But that's the night head's job and not mine. And it's possible that Mr. Smart learned a lot on Four. He was there quite a while, and those male nurses are nothing but a bunch of old gossips."

"Mr. Smart—on Four!!" I was incredulous.



"Why yes. They brought him here from the general hospital. He'd slashed his wrists—didn't you ever notice the scars?—and he almost died before they found him. He had a special nurse for a long time. Had to watch him like a hawk. Well, here's my relief—late as usual, Let's go, O'Hara."

## II

Almost as if to prove Mrs. Boone right, Mr. LeRoy began to improve. But his status with the group remained the same. "Mr. Leroy asked to work with the others," reported the arts and crafts teacher. "The little bastard ruined our bookcase by sawing one of the legs off short!" growled Mr. Smart. "Mr. LeRoy now takes part in group games," wrote the gym instructor. "Yeah, I woulda beat you at quoits, Smarty Pants," jeered Mr. Abbott, "only I was stuck with Mr. LeRoy for a partner." "LeRoy's got a new trick," Mr. Bascombe informed me. "He doesn't bum cigarettes any more. Guess he knows better than to try to get any from me. Now he takes old butts from the ash trays and smokes them in his pipe. Disgusting, isn't it?" And most of this in Mr. LeRoy's presence! But he seemed not to mind, for he spent most of his time with Mr. Hill, who patiently tolerated him.

Things went on this way for a while and then they got worse. It was Mr. Smart's fault. Mr. Hill and Mr. LeRoy had been playing checkers when Mrs. Hill arrived for a visit. I took Mr. Hill's place, fearing that Mr. LeRoy would head for the piano if he were left to his own devices. He had already done his bookkeeping assignment. We had played five or six games—I was careful not to win too often—when Mr. Smart ambled over and watched us silently.

"Hey—Mr. LeRoy," he said suddenly. "How about playing a game with me? I have a sneaking suspicion Scarlett secretly hates the game and only plays to be sociable."

"That's not so," I lied half-heartedly. "But I'll be glad for you to take my place. Mr. LeRoy's too good for me."

Mr. LeRoy looked up with great surprise. He fumbled eagerly with the checkers.

"Why—why, of course!" he stammered. "That is — if Miss O'Hara really doesn't mind."

Mr. Smart flashed me a sudden grin and settled down in my chair. I silently blessed him from the bottom of my heart when Mr. LeRoy won the first game. I had never seen the little man so intent on anything, not even his music. He never took his eyes from the board,

and once I saw his hand tremble when he moved a piece. He won the second game and the third. Mr. Smart was exceedingly nonchalant. He had kept up a running patter with Mr. Bascombe and occasionally had to be reminded of his move. He won the fourth game. The fifth was close, but Mr. LeRoy won again. Mr. Bascombe came up to watch. Mr. LeRoy won again. "Slipping, aren't you, Smarty?" asked Mr. Bascombe. Mr. LeRoy won the seventh. "Hey, Abbott, come and watch our champ-eeen, Smarty Pants, getting licked!" Mr. Smart smiled blandly and won the next game. He turned and grinned at Mr. Bascombe as he went on to move the next two. Mr. LeRoy frowned slightly but continued setting up the board as soon as each game was over. The eleventh game seemed interminable. Finally Mr. Smart lost one of his three remaining kings. "You haven't got a chance, Smart," said Mr. Abbott. Mr. LeRoy relaxed a little as he moved a piece. Mr. Abbott caught his breath. Whistling softly to himself, Mr. Smart proceeded to take nearly all of his opponent's men. The next game was painfully short; Mr. Smart won again. Beads of perspiration stood out on Mr. LeRoy's forehead as he mechanically began to set up the pieces. Mr. Smart stopped him.

"You see, Mr. LeRoy," he said pleasantly, "there's really no trick to beating Scarlett. Half the time she'll let you win anyway."

Mr. LeRoy said nothing but sat stacking the checkers in little piles. Mr. Bascombe looked rather anxiously from the two men to me. Mr. Abbott noiselessly drummed his fingers on the table.

Mr. Smart leaned back in his chair and lit a cigarette. "Did you hear what I said, Mr. LeRoy?"

The little man flushed, jerked up his head, and looked straight at Mr. Smart. His eyes were blazing.

"Mr. Smart—Mr. LeRoy!" I interrupted hastily. Mr. LeRoy looked at me as if he had never seen me before. He folded the checkerboard carefully and neatly placed the box of checkers on it. Then he brushed past us all and went over to the piano.

I was prepared for a wild chaotic outburst, but none came. True, there was still the disregard, almost contempt, for time, the strange combinations of notes; but the music was much calmer. He seemed to have forgotten the rest of us as he played softly to himself. There was one plaintive little fragment that he kept playing over and over. Undisciplined little melody that it was, it nevertheless had a strange charm.

"I—I like that part, Mr. LeRoy," I ventured at last. (I'd show Smarty I wasn't afraid!)

"Oh . . ." He stopped playing for a minute. "Thank you, Miss O'Hara. I composed that. I want to play it for my brother when he comes."



"What does your brother think of your studying music?" It was a delicate subject but I intended to try it.

"Well, I don't know really. He hasn't been to see me since I've been here and he doesn't write very often, so I haven't had a chance to talk it over with him. Of course, I can't do any serious study, too old for one thing. But I guess he won't mind my taking a few lessons after I get out and start working." For the first time since I had known him he smiled.

I dashed gleefully down to the office to do my reports that night. "Mr. LeRoy has begun to take a rational view of the future," I wrote. Mrs. Boone was elated and we even sneaked into the kitchen and had a glass of orange juice by way of celebration.

Just the same, the next time I got Mr. Smart off in a corner, I gave him a good talking-to.

"I'm sorry, Scarlett." (He was going to be sullen.) "Christ! If I had known I was going to start him banging on the piano, do you think I'd . . ."

"That's not the point!" I interrupted. "It's just that he's . . ." I stopped just in time to keep from saying "so much sicker than the rest of you."

"That he's what?" Smarty was aware of my discomfort and amused by it.

"That he's been through so much." I finished lamely.

"Yeah—yeah! I suppose you are going to tell me that I don't understand. Well, Miss O'Hara, what would *you* be knowing about what the dear man has been through? Or Mr. Hill? Or Mr. Abbott? Or *me*, for that matter? It must be awfully easy to figure things out when you're on the outside looking in. When you're on the inside . . ." He grimaced. "You goddamned psychiatric workers make me sick!"

He had caught me completely off guard. I was silent for a minute, trying to find the right words. But in the end I didn't need them.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Scarlett. I really didn't mean all that. You're o.k., Scarlett — honest. But it does gripe me to see you coddling that little dope as if you were his wet nurse or something. I'll apologize, Scarlett, if you just won't put this down in the report. I was just having a little joke—honest."

"Whether you apologize or not"—I went back to my white cap manner—"is your own affair, Mr. Smart. What goes in the reports is mine. But let's have no more of these little jokes."

There were no more of them. For a few days Mr. Smart left Mr. LeRoy strictly alone. On Saturday he asked Mr. LeRoy to be his partner at quoits. Mr. LeRoy seemed startled, even discomfited by the offer, and refused. He spent most of his time walking up and down the little courtyard.

Sunday, always a long and dreary day, was rainy and cold. Mr.



Abbott and Mr. Hill eagerly took advantage of the opportunity to go to church, knowing it would be their only outing. Mr. LeRoy declined, saying that he wanted to spend the morning doing his bookkeeping so that he would have the afternoon free if his brother should come. After due consideration, Mr. Smart decided that church was not worth the trouble of putting on a coat and tie. He lounged around the day room, reading the funnies while Mr. LeRoy studied and Mr. Bascombe wrote letters.

For half an hour all was quiet. Then Mr. LeRoy hit a difficult problem. For ten minutes he frowned, scratched his head, and bit his pencil. Suddenly he closed his book and went over to the piano.

I waited for Mr. Smart to assume his usual pained expression, but he only kept his head buried in the paper. Mr. LeRoy was playing his little song. One seemed to be giving him trouble for he played it again and again. Mr. Smart put down his paper and listened intently. Both Mr. Bascombe and I looked up in amazement when he got up and went over to the piano.

"Excuse me, Mr. LeRoy," he began, "But isn't this what you want?" He lightly fingered a few notes in the treble.

Mr. LeRoy was dumbfounded. "That's it! That's it exactly! But I didn't know you played, Smart."

"I studied at the conservatory—once."

"Why—why, I had no idea! Won't you play something for us?"

"No." The answer was curt. "I don't play anymore. But there is one thing I would like to show you. Mind moving over?"

Using one hand Mr. Smart ran casually through Mr. LeRoy's melody. Under his skilled fingers all chaos and discord vanished, leaving an intricate little tune.

Mr. LeRoy stared at Mr. Smart. "But I don't understand. . ."

"This. . ." he began the new version again, "is a theme by Bach. And that . . ." he began Mr. LeRoy's tune again.

"It's a very interesting variation," said Mr. Smart kindly. "Very interesting. And quite remarkable, considering your lack of training."

But Mr. LeRoy wasn't really listening. He ran one hand over his forehead in a weary gesture. "You didn't have to tell me!" he said vehemently, and much to the amazement of us all, he turned and walked off in the direction of the washroom.

"Well for Christ's sake!" muttered Mr. Smart.

"Mr. Smart—Mr. Abbott . . ." I began.

"Yeah, we know," said Mr. Abbott. "LeRoy's gone to the washroom without asking and he shouldn't have gone alone and please will we go with him. Come on, Smarty. Three heads in the head are better than one."



"Gee, Scarlett," Mr. Smart began, "I didn't mean. . ."

"I know. You couldn't have known, so just forget it. He'll get over it!"

And when Mr. LeRoy appeared later it seemed as if he had forgotten the incident completely. He took up his book again and worked steadily until lunch. After lunch he offered to play a game of checkers with Mr. Smart, who accepted eagerly as if to atone for his blunder. I watched with some interest to see if Mr. Smart would deliberately give the game to his opponent. However, Mr. and Mrs. Smart arrived for a visit before the game was well under way, and of course it was discontinued. Mr. LeRoy paced restlessly up and down the day room, expressing from time to time his usual hope that his brother would come. When the almost legendary brother failed to appear, he turned on the symphony and settled himself comfortably in one of the overstuffed chairs.

### III

Things seemed unusually quiet the next morning when I came on the hall. A shower was going and there was a great rattle of dishes in the kitchen, but I missed something of the usual hustle. When I reached the office the night head was still there.

"You and Boone," she began as I was hanging up my coat. "Aren't you day people ever on time?"

"Oh, come now! You know we deserve a little leeway considering the hard life we lead and the easy time you night shift people have. I wish I could sit around all day."

"It wasn't all sitting last night, let me tell you! One of your suicidals went high. Higher 'n a kite. What a time we had!"

"Went high? Who?"

"That Mr. LeRoy. Was he ever out of this world. Hallucinating all over the place. Wanted to play the piano. Said he had to give a concert."

"Oh, no!" But I took a look at the report and saw that it was true. "The others were pretty upset, I suppose?"

"The whole hall was. You see, he got violent. And nobody here but me and Pratt. Mr. Hill and Mr. Smart tried to calm him down and he lit into Mr. Smart. And Old Vinson gave us a calling down because Mr. Smart got a black eye. Thought those damn male attendants would never get here. Took three of them to get him down to Five. Pratt was scared to death. She'll be glad to see you."

Indeed Pratt was more than glad to see me. She was touching up

her elaborate up-sweep hair-do, but she put the comb away immediately.

"You're late. But I suppose Spence was telling you about . . ."

"Yes." I took a look around. "Where's Mr. Smart?"

"He's taking a shower."

"He's not supposed to be there alone."

"He said you always let him go early."

"Pratt, you know me better than that. How long's he been there?"

"'Bout fifteen minutes."

"Time enough. Wait a minute, will you, and let me go get him."

She sighed deeply but I gave her no time to object. I slowed down at the washroom door. There was no noise except the running water. Mr. Smart usually sang lustily in the shower. Probably upset by Mr. LeRoy's relapse.

I poked my head in gingerly.

"Mr. Smart!" No answer.

"Mr. Smart!!" Still no answer.

Since no one else was around, I stepped inside and rattled the shower door.

"Mr. Smart?" Strange that he would hang his towel over the shower rod like that. It was probably soaked.

"Mr. Smart!" The words were almost a sob. Sick with dread I stepped inside. Oddly enough, my first impulse was to cut off the shower. The soggy towel was knotted so tightly that I couldn't untie it.

Almost automatically I reached the office. Mrs. Boone was giving out clean towels.

"Boone—accident—in the bathroom—Mr. Smart—Call a doctor. Give me the bandage scissors—quick! Mr. Dean, I'll need your help. The rest of you men stay out!!"

Together we cut him down. Mr. Dean's face was dead white but his hands were perfectly steady. He had been a life guard. Dr. Harley and Boone were on the scene almost at once. When I saw they didn't need me any more I went in the office and smoked a cigarette. The supervisors would soon be all over the place, but I didn't care. When I was about half way through the cigarette, Old Vinson bustled in to use the telephone. I ground out the cigarette on the ink stand, dropped the butt in the waste paper basket, and made a hasty retreat.

"Time to get up, you all," I made an attempt at my usual manner, but the men's faces told me they were not deceived. "Suppose you skip the showers this morning," I added hastily. "Mr. Smart slipped in the shower and cut his head. The doctor's in there now. I'll give you ten minutes to dress."

I took up my usual post outside the door and tried to see what was going on at the end of the hall. I looked down at my hands and the

big wet spot on the front of my uniform that I had got turning off the shower. I realized suddenly that the wet spot went through and shivered involuntarily from the clammy feeling. The men were strangely quiet. Mr. Abbott whispered something about "that funny business last night," and Mr. Bascombe grunted in reply.

"O. K. Scarlett. We're decent now." Mr. Hill appeared in the doorway. At the other end of the hall I caught a glimpse of two maintenance men carrying a stretcher. He mustn't see that!

"Why Mr. Hill," I exclaimed sharply; "You haven't made your bed and we're running late this morning! Here—I'll take this side."

I looked up in time to see him exchange glances with Mr. Abbott.

"O. K., Scarlett. O. K." he said gently, and he began tucking in the sheets. Meanwhile Mr. Abbott had finished making his own bed and had begun on Mr. Smart's. He was humming softly as he worked; and the song, I realized suddenly, was Mr. LeRoy's wild and twisted tune.



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NANCY MURPHY, a native North Carolinian, has had actual experience as an attendant in a mental hospital. Now a graduate student in clinical psychology, Miss Murphy has served as managing editor of the *CORADDI*, literary magazine of the Women's College, and has studied creative writing under Phillips Russell.

## Two Poems on the Tropics

By CHARLES EATON

### THE SWAN

In the distance a swan breaks the air, twisting under  
the palm shade  
Like an orange-fanged white serpent, striking from  
the pure nest of its own body.  
Then the wind unmoors the current, and the webbed  
feet braid

The water with a lustrous jet ripple. Though the  
sinuous arc  
Of the neck and the silver breast open and feather  
the air, the black eyes glint cruelly.  
And no one knows whether evil or innocence drifts  
from the slowly opened arms of prophetic dark.

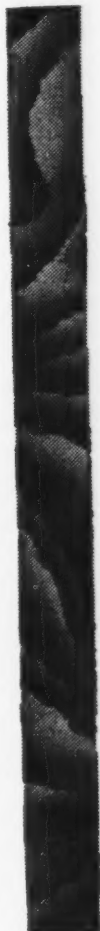
Whether evil or innocence, no one knows. But the  
soft fan-float  
Of the wings draws a train of fascination across  
the afternoon,  
And even the fingers of the water would reach up  
and stroke the irresistible white throat.

CHARLES EATON, instructor in creative writing at the University, has contributed to numerous American and English publications, including HARPER'S, the SEWANEE REVIEW, and the NEW STATESMAN. A volume of his verse, THE BRIGHT PLAIN, was published by the University press in 1942. From that year until 1946 he was United States Vice-Consul in Rio de Janeiro. "Trumpet Lilies" and "The Swan" will appear in his forthcoming book of poetry.

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## TRUMPET LILIES

Over the valley shines the morning star  
Blown pale by the dark wind of night.  
From our bed, through the window, far  
From the touch of the hand, we see the silver  
    trumpet lilies stir and bend  
On vague stalks of mist. Only the light  
Is whispering between us the lonely aftermath. That  
    it should end  
So, with a distant vista of lilies, is only the final part  
Of passion: the perfection missed: the contemplated  
    and intended purity.  
There is no one among the lilies to blow the music  
    as pure as the sound should be.  
On the remote bed of reality we lie, our lips sewn  
    with dreams and the terror of the awakening heart.



## Sophistication *By SANDY McEACHERN*

Sophistication lurks around' the corner;  
No street is wholly free from savoir-faire;  
Complexes die without a public mourner,  
As inhibitions vanish in the air.  
The women walk to nowhere nowhere faster;  
The men move slower, but overtake the swift;  
Since virtue's but its own dull, dead disaster,  
God's charity makes graceful virtue's gift.  
Sex seems so simple—God hath made it so!  
The lies we tell must someday be the truth:  
Before we live we must regress to grow—  
The wonder of the ages is our youth. . .  
The Dentyne-lovely date, the cool Ipana kiss,  
The antiseptic touch, and contraceptive bliss.

## The Carpet *By NATHANIEL ALLMAN*

The carpet spread before the sea  
Unmoving and bright-jeweled,  
Laughs out through glinting fish-eyes,  
Invites our youth's choreography;  
The sands will rise and follow joy,  
Swept forth by winds of impulse,  
Brought by blue salt-foam.

The chimes, our ancient orchestration,  
Recant to tympani;  
Vestmented men walk in and out,  
With loins of solid gold!  
Benign she smiles from hallowed arch—  
Maria, joys unrealized,  
Permitting virgin attributes.

O Smile, thou soon must surely scream  
For scorn that lies upon the wood  
Thrust deep into Golgotha; then  
Crystal cries for violins—  
But tympani forever sounding doom.  
Across the joy-starved dancers' sands  
The dry and aching bones, fish-eyed.





# THE SOUTHERN WRITER



## Some Notes On Wolfe's Reputation Abroad

By RICHARD WALSER

### I

North Carolinians hardly need to be reminded of the wide-spread reputation of their most illustrious literary son. Yet it is comforting to have their convictions verified in such comments as that by "Spec" McClure, who operates in the motion picture capital as an assistant to a columnist. "I've travelled extensively, and in my experience Tom Wolfe is not only the state's most famous son, but Carolina's most famous alumnus," he writes back to Chapel Hill. "People don't give a damn for the politicians and statesmen we've turned out, beyond their tenure of office—if even then. But Wolfe is loved, admired, and respected to a degree that borders on fanaticism in about every country in which I've been. . . . Out here in Hollywood, the number of movie people devoted to Wolfe is absolutely amazing." Across the continent, Columnist Don Bishop wrote recently, "The North Carolinian who attracted more literary attention in New York last year than any other has been dead 10 years. He was Thomas Wolfe, the noted Asheville author. His works and literary considerations of them saw a great resurgence in 1948."

Admirers of Wolfe relish these comments from newspaper men who keep their fingers on the public pulse and can be happy that Wolfe is as popular with the average reader as he is admired by the pro-

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RICHARD WALSER author of *NORTH CAROLINA IN THE SHORT STORY* and instructor in English at North Carolina State College is also known as one of the South's out-standing Wolfe scholars. He offers in this article an interesting slant on Wolfe's European popularity, a subject that has seldom been presented before.

fessional critics and even recently welcomed by that most cautious set of all—the university graduate schools. A Ph.D. dissertation is now being written at Yale on “The Novels of Wolfe: a Comparative Study.” On that consideration Wolfe has either arrived or is being buried. Time alone will decide which.

His reputation abroad has been just as wide-spread as it has been in the United States. One or more of his books have appeared in England, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Switzerland, France, Russia, and Holland.

England saw the publication of Wolfe's books almost as soon as they were issued in America. *Look Homeward, Angel* appeared there less than a year after its New York publication, in an edition with textual variations from the American one; and most of the others followed. But Wolfe has always had a mixed reception in England. A reviewer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* called the novels “vast and shapeless exercises in self-confession” and their author “more interesting for what he may portend in the literature of the American century than for his actual accomplishment.” Yet Pamela Hansford Johnson, the critic, in her full study of Wolfe, wrote, “He is American as Whitman was American, and like Whitman realizes the *errliness* of the time at which he speaks. . . . Alone among the writers of his generation he understands that the indigenous culture of his country today is as young as England's was when Chaucer struck open the great way to modern English letters, and that the spaces of her future are unbounded.” And Phyllis Bentley, the British novelist, said, “To me, Wolfe is the great contemporary American writer. It is terribly tragic that you have lost him. He was the titan.”

## II

Germany provides a different story. In *You Can't Go Home Again* Wolfe wrote in autobiographic vein: “It is said that Byron awoke one morning at the age of twenty-four to find himself famous. George Webber had to wait eleven years longer. He was thirty-five when he reached Berlin, but it was magic just the same. Perhaps he was not really very famous, but that didn't matter, because for the first and last time in his life he felt as if he were.” Just before he left Paris a letter had reached him from Fox Edwards, telling him that his new book was having a great success in America. Then, too, his first book had been translated and published in Germany the year before. The German critics had said tremendous things about it, it had had a very good sale, and his name was known. When he got to Berlin the people were waiting for him. *Schau Heimwärts, Engel!* actually was issued in Berlin by the enterprising publisher Rowohlt in the spring of 1933. Rowohlt put on a vigorous campaign when the novel appeared, and the book had an almost unbelievable critical triumph. Certainly part of its success was due to the sympathetic translation by Hans Schie-

belhuth, who was unable to transcribe the most subtle shades of mood and meaning. Hermann Hesse, the 1946 Nobel Prize winner, spoke of the translation of *Look Homeward, Angel* as "the most impressive poetical work from present day America." When Wolfe thus arrived in Berlin in 1935, the situation indeed was as he has described it in the life of George Webber. Though the Nazi press was not entirely enthusiastic about the American author, the independent newspapers were running copious laudatory articles about the book and its author. *Von Zeit und Storm* was published by Rowohlt in 1936 in a two-volume edition, and *Vom Tod zum Morgen* in 1937, both in excellent translations by Schiebelhuth. By that time Wolfe, along with Faulkner, was considered in Germany to be the most outstanding American novelist. For the Germans, he filled the bill as the poetic interpreter of mighty America, and at the same time it was felt that the other novelists were not doing so. Also, he was a romanticist and he loved Germany.

In spite of weak translations of his two posthumous novels, published in Switzerland during the war years, his great reputation survived the war and has continued today. William W. Pusey III, of Washington and Lee University, who has recently made a study of Wolfe's vogue in Germany, wrote in summary: "The sociological import of his earlier novels and shorter pieces, their human and ethical qualities, their realism and their romanticism, their attitude of affirmation, their vital, rhapsodic prose, their disregard of conventional form—these aspects, many of which received a severe going-over from American critics, were greeted by the Germans with enthusiastic praise and formed the basis of the German view and acceptance of the American author." In no other country, not even in the United States, has Wolfe been held in such high regard as in Germany.

It is not surprising that Wolfe has been popular in France, for he admired the country and spent much time there. In *Of Time and the River* are long lovingly written passages of his sojourns in Paris and the French provinces. It is hard to understand, though, why the French waited so long to have him translated. The first novel to appear was *La Toile et le Roc* in an edition by Jose Ravita published at Lausanne in 1946. Its favorable reception brought on much activity by the critics, one of the most appreciative being "Thomas Wolfe ou l'Apprenti-sorcier" in *Aperçus de Litterature Americaine*, by M. E. Coindreau. Last summer Professor Raymond Las Vergnas of the Sorbonne, writing on the American literary scene in *Le Monde Illustré*, classified Wolfe, along with Sherwood Anderson, Vardis Fisher, William Faulkner, and F. Scott Fitzgerald, among the "introspective writers, haunted by personal torments, with meanderings into the unknown, with imagery—at times improvisatory, at others hal-

lucinary." *De la Mort au Matin* appeared in 1948, and during the present year Stock of Paris will bring out *O Temps et Toi Grand Fleuve* (an even more beautiful title than its English equivalent) in a translation by R. N. Rimbault and Manoel Faucher. M. Faucher, of the University of Alberta in Canada, is now preparing in French a book of selections dealing with typical aspects of American life as Wolfe saw it. He considers the other complete books of Wolfe as uneven. What! are the French to be denied *Look Homeward, Angel*?

Wolfe has fared well in Scandinavian countries. Forlag of Stockholm issued *Se Hemat, Angel!* in 1932 in a translation by Elsa af Trolle. *Finn Veien, Angel!* was published in Oslo in 1935 in a two-volume translation by Hans Heiberg, followed by *I Drift Pa Livets Elv* (the first part of *Of Time and the River*) in 1937, translated by Trygve Withd. Among Wolfe's other books *The Web and the Rock* appeared in Copenhagen edition in 1940.

The Evropsky Literarni Klub of Pargue got out *K Domovu Se Divej, Andele* in 1935 in a special edition of three thousand. Of this multi-green and black book cased in a blue box with orange label and white silk ribbon placemark, Wolfe said, "This is one of the most beautiful books I have ever seen."

### III

One of the most significant criticisms recently has come from Gaston Figueira, writing in *Revista Iberoamericana*, a Spanish journal published in Mexico City. Figueira, successful young poet of Uruguay, has been widely translated and is the author of some thirty books; his poetry sings the good-neighbor policy and a broad Pan-Americanism. His comments on Wolfe (translated here for the first time) reveal an appreciation in an area where the North Carolina author is little known.

"... It is lamentable that in our part of the world, which still prefers the fictional facility of Louis Bromfield or the technical wisdom of John Dos Passos, there is little or no dissemination of Wolfe's works. But to my taste Thomas Wolfe is quite superior to either of the two novelists mentioned.

"The fact that the novels of Wolfe have not been published in Spanish ought not, nevertheless, to surprise us much if we recall his struggles to find a publisher in the United States for his *Look Homeward Angel*, a work of intense emotional struggle. This novel is . . . representative of the spirit of Wolfe—a solitary, nervous, disquieted, hungry, humanistic spirit. Perhaps such aesthetic animation may have arisen from his own life, a life of constant struggles first in a university atmosphere and later during the beginnings of his career as a writer.

"He knew poverty, he tasted loneliness completely, but after all he had a strong spirit and a full consciousness of his work and destiny.


"*Look Homeward, Angel* is a work in which Wolfe appears fully with all his virtues and all his defects. The first are his abundant originality, his vitality, his noble expression of human anguish, and the psychological richness of his plots. The greatest reproach which can be directed at Wolfe is the excessive length and heaviness of many of his passages. In order to finish his novels, one must renounce reading simply for pleasure and must form for himself a sort of spiritual solidarity with the author. This, in the last analysis, is not a defect but an all too common characteristic of many significant writers of our country. Wolfe, then, is not an easy author.

"The publication of Wolfe had great repercussions, to which the protests of certain townsmen of Wolfe's native city, who believed themselves portrayed in some of the passages of the novel, contributed not a little. The skill of Wolfe exists above all in his autobiographic style, in which the real events are so mingled with the imaginary ones that the writer emerges as an admirable creator instead of a simple chronicler. *Of Time and the River* and his two posthumous novels, *The Web and the Rock* and *You Can't Go Home Again*, further establish the author as a lonely and isolated personality.

"As the critic Almiro Rolmes has clearly pointed out: 'The color of Wolfe's work was ash-dark, disguised beneath the hue of the rainbow. Primarily his work gives us, hidden in the background of his novels, a tender melody, scarcely murmured.'


Wolfe's international reputation is echoed by Thomas Mann, the German emigre, who in a discussion of contemporary American writers singled out Faulkner and Wolfe as those he held in "high esteem." James Stern, the Irish novelist, remembered Wolfe's six feet four when he said, "Good novelists are people with big constitutions: Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Melville, Dreiser, Faulkner, Wolfe . . ."

In 1930 during an interview after being notified of his winning the Nobel Prize, Sinclair Lewis said that Wolfe "may have a chance to be the greatest American writer. In fact, I don't see why he should not be one of the greatest world writers. His first book is so deep and spacious that it deals with the whole of life." Surely a prophet is not without honor in his own land—as well as abroad.



## Relic Of Canterbury

By FRANK GROSECLOSE



And this is a chip of the stone whereon he bled,  
Becket who bayed the pope for more than blood;  
Facing his slayers, foot upon rock, he stood,  
Arrogant Becket, blissful to be dead.


"I could do only as I have done," he said,  
Becket who willed the chapel doors unbarred,  
Bladed steel in the cloister, cries in the yard;  
Singular Becket whom all his monks had fled.

After, when they had wailed him and bound his head,  
And tattered his sanguine garments to be sold,  
And watered his blood and bottled it in lead,  
And crownless, Becket lay in the Christmas cold,  
They minded to bathe him, and stripped his flesh gone ice  
To find sweet Becket in hair-cloth, boiling with lice.



## Preparation For A Voyage

By FRANK GROSECLOSE



Here on the brink of what was once  
We look back to discover what will be  
Before we set the cap upon our dunce  
Or prove our folly never was a lie.

Though steady ground hold fast reluctant foot,  
All above ground assail all willing sense,  
Floods, all familiar, can't wall oceans out  
Nor pull of planets, foreign and immense.

And taking to ships, we turn our back on land  
To study hump of ocean, hollow of sky;  
Take bearings on a void with sun-pricked eye,  
And shear off certainty with certain hand;  
Then, having scoped our terms, all anchors drawn,  
We'll put up sail and vow to port or drown.





Lisa

## A Sketch

# The Provincials

By LOIS LATHAM

THE jeep swerved around a corner and grazed a stone wall. Ducks fled, squawking.

"*Couchon!!*" shouted an old man from the safety of his own fence as he shook his shovel at them. "Pig!" Beast!"

"*Couchon yourself,*" drawled Mexie at the wheel, deftly sidesweeping an errant wheelbarrow. He leaned out and spit derisively at the old man as the jeep roared on. Lisa in the front seat with him, tucked a flying strand of hair beneath her kerchief. "You shouldn't, Mexie. You really shouldn't."

"Nuthin' but gawd-dam frawgs," he grinned, twirling expertly around a curve. "Scared?"

"No, I'm not scared. I'm—I'm—disgusted," she muttered under her breath, but her last word was lost in Texas' uxorious whine from the back seat, "Just to ho-o-ld you once more, Just to dro-own in your kis-s-s," he sang with his eyes closed, his cigarette sagging from his lips, "'Your lips-s-s are the doo-o-or, To my uttermost blis-s-s'. Hey, Mexie! When do we stop for vin?"

"Vin comin' up in a minute or two," said Mexie. He handled his machine with the precision of a skilled violinist or fencer. His dark face was absorbed and keen, like the face of an intelligent dog, Lisa decided. She resolutely avoided looking at the speedometer. She tried to relax in her stiff Red Cross uniform with its bulky leather bag swinging from her shoulder. She turned her face to the blossoming hedge-rows, the apple orchards bordered with lilacs, the low stone houses with their mossy doorsills. She lifted her head in smiling answer to thin children in one doorway who flung up grimy hands in a grave "V" sign to "*les americains*." She noted too the resentful silence of the women in the fields as they paused in their work to watch the erratic progress of the jeep.

A train, laboring near a crossing, whistled at them, but Mexie, with



a sudden savage thrust of his shoulders over the wheel, sent the jeep spurting over the crossing, nosing out the train by inches. The engineer leaned out to yell something and Mexie flung up one hand in an obscene gesture as he sped on. The jaunty tilt of his overseas cap was printed for an instant against the flying tapestry of green in the prim French fields.

Lisa gasped. "You're impossible, Mexie! You shouldn't!"

He grinned at her sidewise, "Scared?"

"No, I'm not scared. But it's so unfair —to them."

"Who? The frawgs?" He gave a hoot of amusement.

Texas leaned forward and thrust his oddly childish face between the two of them in the front seats.

"Aw hell, they don't like us anyways," he said resentfully. "They don't really like us." His eyes, dark with incommunicable yearning, brooded over the silent April land, the curve of his cheek, the curve of his lips, very youthful, very lonely. Then he returned to his song, "Just to ho-o-old you once more," he moaned. "Just to dro-o-own in your kis-s-s."

Nearby a sign proclaimed to the quiet air, "All bombs removed to the hedge-rows," and at a cross road, past which Mexie dashed without a glance, a large sign said in bold black, "Save your gasoline cans. They are needed at the Front." Lisa settled back and unlocked her hands. She found that they were trembling. As much from anger, she decided wryly, as from fear.

The line of a Gothic spire shot up against the milky sky, and beneath it a cluster of red-tiled roofs.

"Chevray," said Mexie, "Vin." He rocked violently through the narrow street, drove over the sidewalk, scattering marketers like sheep, and parked the jeep on the street directly in front of a tiny gabled cafe.

"Alez-ooop," he said, giving a hand to Lisa, who descended stiffly, smoothing the skirt of her uniform. She broke into a smile at sight of the ancient gray stone square.

"Look ,boys! Isn't it lovely? That Hotel de Ville must be—why, it must be sixteenth century."

Mexie glanced at it. "Certainly is old," he said politely. Weeks of driving Lisa through French provinces had taught him that she expected some reflection of her own enthusiasm. He flattered himself that he had found the perfect reply. "Certainly is old. Ready for some *vin*?"

The cafe, empty and clean, smelled of freshly baked bread. Paper roses were gay on each table. A fifteen-year old girl clattered about in sabots, her legs gleaming bare and tanned above them. She took one look at the G. I.'s and dropped her eyes. Her father, heavy and

sullen, stood at the cashier's desk.

"*Vin rouge*," said Mexie in his soft Latin drawl. His eyes slanted warmly at the girl. Texas thrust his long legs underneath the table.

"Aw, hell, Mexie, ask for cognac. Ain't they got no Calvados?"

"I'd like some bread," said Lisa, "that lovely long crusty French loaf."

Mexie, lounging over his wine, crooked a finger at the girl. "*Ici*," he said in his insinuating drawl, "*Pain. De pain.*"

The girl looked at her father, then back to the American, shaking her head. "*Pas de pain*," she faltered.

"*Pas de pain*?" said Mexie. "*Pour-quoi*?"

"*Pas de pain pour les Americans.*"

"For the Americans? Why not?" said Mexie. "Hell! They won't give us any bread."

"Why won't they?" Texas reared his length from his table. "Why the hell won't they?"

Lisa had been watching the father, silent behind his desk. "I'd forgotten," she said quickly. "It's the ration. They can't sell bread to us. That's all right. We don't need it. Drop it, boys."

But Mexie had caught the girl's bare wrist in his hand. "*De pain*," he said softly. "*Beaucoup de pain pour les americains. Immediate-ment.*"

"The dirty frawgs!" said Texas loudly. "The damn stinkers! Here we win their stinking war for them. Liberate them, by Gawd! And they won't even give us a piece of bread! We oughta crucify them all! Dirty French!"

"*Beaucoup de pain*," he whispered. With his free hand, he extricated a roll of paper money from his pocket. "*Beaucoup de francs a payer.*"

"Aw, hell, if it's money!" Texas drew a roll from his pocket and tossed it onto the table. "I got plenty of dough. Give the broad some money—but I don't aim to be pushed around!"

Lisa took a hasty swallow of her wine and stood up.

"Come on, boys, we're in a hurry. It's not important."



Texas

"Hell it isn't!" said Texas grandly. "If an American woman wants something, by Gawd, we'll get it for her; it don't matter what. The French!" His resentful glance roamed around the cafe. "They don't really like us anyways, the dirty frawgs!"

"I don't want the bread," said Lisa, speaking very distinctly, "And you boys have been eating doughnuts and chocolate bars all morning. Let's drop it."

But Texas had risen and was flourishing his paper francs beneath the man's nose. "Bread!" he said, and then repeated it loudly. "Bread! And beaucoup and beaucoup of it! And toute de suite!"

Slowly, with infinite contempt, the man reached under a counter and drew out a long loaf of French bread, and handed it to the boy. Texas slammed it triumphantly on the table, and poured himself another glass of wine.

"C'mon, Mexie, eat up. Leave that little dish alone."

Mexie slowly relinquished the girl's wrist, but he put his hand on her skirt and deliberately pulled it up and stroked her leg.

"*Couchez avec moi?*" he murmured.

The girl pulled away with a little nervous sob. The tears were big in her eyes. Lisa stood up abruptly and picked up her bag.

"I'm off, boys. I'll wait for you at the jeep."

Outside she stood, breathing deeply for a moment. Before her, the cathedral lifted its tranquil bulk, the spring sunlight fresh printed on its stones. A blue caped policeman strolled past, and market women in the tall lace caps of Normandy. The wooden sabots of school children broke the quiet and a lean dog brushed her skirts. Lisa stopped and rubbed the dog's ear.

"Am I being a spoil sport?" she asked the dog. "Am I a prude? Do you know battle fatigue, Rover? How do you deal with battle fatigue?"

"What you doin'?" said Texas, coming up behind her. "Talkin' to a dawg? Hard up for company, ain't you?"

He thrust a paper rose into her hand, "Look what I copped for you when the ole sourpuss wasn't lookin'."

"Oh, Texas, you shouldn't! They have so little. That's a horrible thing to do. To take their little decoration. I'll bet there isn't another sheet of red crepe paper in the town of Chevray."

But Texas' faithful shallow eyes reflected not one bit of dismay.

"Cripes, I thought you'd like it. There ain't nothing I wouldn't do for you, Lisa. You're just about all that keeps me from goin' nuts in this crazy country."

She patted his arm as he clumsily helped her into the jeep. "Are you homesick, Texas?"

His eyes, resentful, uneasy, uncomprehending, stared into hers for an instant. 'Homesick?' Christ, yes! This is a helluva country."

Lisa cast one backward glance at the rose window of the cathedral, at the dreaming stone square.

"Why is it so bad? What's wrong with it, Texas?" she asked gently.

"It ain't like home," said Texas. "Aw, hell— they don't really like us, anyways."



Merie

7a

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LOIS LATHAM collected the background material for her sketch during her two and a half years abroad as a Red Cross Club Director. Miss Latham, who received her M. A. in Dramatic Art here before the war, has had three plays produced by the Playmakers and one play, *MAN'S BUSINESS*, produced by the Provincetown Theater in New York. She is now doing graduate work in English at the University.

## Planes Of Meaning

By RUTH RAYMUND

When he explains that certain seed  
to gather food have need of certain fungi  
in the soil, my ear retains  
a singing rhythm or a subtle word  
that makes a poem of exactitude.  
A second meaning brightens  
and a third catches the light  
as if a blossom should become a bird.

When his fancy, sailing through this life of ours,  
sings and ascends and swoops,  
with failing breath I try my duller wings  
until my eye perceives  
a line, a color, that intends a delicate design  
from radicle to leaves and scarlet flower.

Look out of doors. Just glance with half an eye.  
Could you declare on oath  
whether you see hibiscus blossoms fly?  
or cardinals sitting still among the leaves?  
. . . or both?



## Musicians, Ho

By PINCKNEY WILLIAMS

Byrd me, Morley, with madrigal sweetness,  
Handsomely mad.  
Kirbye, will ye, and Wilbye, a cadence  
Gladly sad.  
Farnaby, flute me a song to the viols  
And notes to my lute.  
And Gibbons, be swans, who dies and dies  
Unlocking his throat.

M. JACQUES HARDRE was with the French forces from 1939-45 and received the *Croix de Guerre* for his activities in the liberation of France. After receiving his Ph. D. at the University of North Carolina, he returned to France to study Sartre's philosophy at the Sorbonne. He is back in Chapel Hill, at present, teaching in the French department.

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## The Existentialism Of Jean-Paul Sartre

By M. JACQUES HARDRE

### I

THE philosophy known as "existentialism" is by no means a new philosophy and cannot, therefore, be regarded as a mere passing fad. It has been, since the War, widely discussed in Europe, as well as in America, by people in all walks of life. Unfortunately, many of those who discuss existentialism fail to note that there are three branches of this movement, sometimes violently opposed to each other, and commit the error of identifying the whole movement with just one man: Jean-Paul Sartre.

It should always be kept in mind that, in some of its aspects, existentialism can be traced from St. Augustine, in the 5th century, through Pascal, in the 17th century, to Soren Kierkegaard, in the 19th century; and that from Kierkegaard three branches of existentialism have sprung: the theistic branch, whose chief representatives are the German Jaspers and the Frenchman Marcel; the mystical branch, with Buber and Berdiaeff; finally, the atheistic branch whose Prophet is the German philosopher Reidegger and whose High-Priest is the French philosopher Sartre. The fact that Sartre has been, in recent years, the most vociferous and the most accessible of the existentialists should not make us forget that he represents only one aspect of existentialism.

What then is the Sartrean Existentialism? It is, first of all, a doctrine based upon the principle that in Man existence precedes essence. Here also we must proceed cautiously. As some critics have pointed out, that same principle was enunciated as early as the 13th century by Thomas Aquinas. But for St. Thomas, although the essences really come into being through existence, they pre-exist in the Divine Essence, that is to say in God himself, fountainhead of all the possible essences and existences.

For Sartre who, we must remember, is an atheist, there is no pre-existence of the essences. They are the creation of existence. We do not know what the personality of the baby will be when he has become a man. It is he who will form himself, who will choose, who will create his personality. Sartre insists, therefore, that his philosophy is primarily one of liberty. There is no universal essence, there are only individual essences. It is up to man to choose between them. He is, of course, conditioned to a large degree: heredity, the social milieu into which he is born, his surroundings; all these condition his feelings and his thoughts. But he can choose the way in which he will react to this conditioning. As an example, Sartre cites the case of Baudelaire who, he says, was not the victim of circumstances but who chose, deliberately, the life he wanted to live.

## II

Just as Heidegger differentiated between two kinds of Being, the *Dasein* and the *Seiendes*, so Sartre notes the sharp difference between the free-being and the things which are not free, between what he terms the *En-Soi* and the *Pour-Soi*. The *En-Soi* (Being-in-itself) represents what is invariable: a table, a pencil, the life of Napoleon or my life in the past. It is the Thing. The *Pour-Soi* (Being-for-itself) represents, on the contrary, what is continually changing; it is the Being that questions itself about itself, according to Sartre; the Being that changes according to its own desires.

The Being-for-itself, the Human Being, is not in the sense that one says this table is, it is only *becoming*. For example, when I say that I am a professor I really mean: I am becoming a professor by working from day to day. Tomorrow I can decide to become something else; I can, to use Sartre's expression, *nihilate* the professor that I have been for the last several years and whose history is my *En-Soi*, my Being-in-Itself. Let us note that when Sartre uses the verb *neantir* (to nihilate) he does not have in mind any idea of destruction, of annihilation. What he means is to surround with a region of Non-Being. Let us try to make this clear in this way: if I consider my life-in-the-past, I look upon it as I would look upon an object. In order to see an object I have to place between it and myself a certain distance, a void, a space of Non-Being, else I would not be able to see it. Or to use one of Sartre's illustrations, an impressionistic painter places upon his canvas spots of color which, *only when seen at a distance*, form a picture. Seen close-up, the canvas represents nothing, but when the spectator puts between himself and the painting a certain space, a region of Non-Being, the Nothing on the canvas becomes Something. One can thus understand what Sartre means when he says that Being creates Non-Being, that Man is the Being through whom Nothingness comes into the world.



Now, continues Sartre, the only time that this Being-for-itself actually is is when it is seen by another Self, or else when it is dead which is what Heidegger expressed by the formula: *Wesen ist was gewesen ist* (to be is to have been). When I look at another Self, I congeal him in his being; he becomes an object; and if it is he who looks at me then I become congealed in my Being-in-itself; I am no longer free; I become an object, a Thing. Thus the Cartesian: "I think; therefore I am" is replaced by: "I am seen; therefore I am." Furthermore, it is only when a man dies that his life becomes a Being-in-itself, a Thing incapable of being changed. Until his death Man never is because he is always capable of changing. Only at death, that is to say when he passes into the Beyond, into Nothingness, does his life acquire meaning. It is for these two reasons that Man experiences anguish. He knows that his life will have its full meaning only when it is ended and while he is still living he is conscious of existing only in the eyes of another, that is to say of existing only as an object, devoid of freedom. Man is therefore sometimes in a state of liberty (when he is questioning himself about himself), sometimes in the state of a Thing; and in between these two poles, he is caught in an intermediary stage which Sartre calls the viscous stage. This consciousness of Man's viscosity, of his tendency to become a Thing, is one of the keys of Sartrean existentialism.

For Sartre, the Being-for-itself, always changing and continually free, always face-to-face with its own nothingness, constantly yearns to become a Being-in-itself which does not change and which appears hence as a model of tranquility. But that is an impossible desire and that impossibility adds to Man's despair.

It is this desire to flee from one's Self, to become a Thing, to abandon one's liberty, that Sartre calls *Bad Faith*. For him there are two possible conducts: one can, like those whom Society calls "normal", resist the impulses that are felt within one or else give up to them entirely in order to realize one's Self completely. It is this latter attitude that Sartre calls *cheating* because it is disquieting and suspect in the eyes of the normal people. Those who do not cheat, the Pharisees, the conformists, the normal, those who bow to order and morality, who lead a mechanized, stupid life, a life of animated puppets, those Sartre calls the Swine (*les Salauds*). The latter have three means at their disposal to escape their liberty: through Science (Reality), through Magic (Value), or through Folly (Transcendence). Science tends to make one accept the profound reality of a law of change. But this world of Science is a purely arbitrary one: Man builds it up only to escape from the anguish of a becoming which is basically gratuitous, without law and without object. Magic consists in deciding purely and simply that there are stable things and

fixed essences, absolute and invariable norms and in imagining that one produces them simply by naming them. Folly, after having admitted the absurdity of existence, consists in coming back to the world of magic in the name of a metaphysic which builds up a superior world, a divine beyond, intended only to hide the dizzying nothingness of all that is. It is these three artifices that the Cheaters wish to avoid and thus scandalize the normal people who think that the only possible safety lies in accepting submissively the rules of thought and life elaborated by the secular wisdom of men.

The Cheaters, then, assume their entire liberty and, in assuming it, become totally responsible. Liberty and responsibility are the prerequisites, in turn, of action and morality. Let us remember that, for Sartre, *Man finds no already-made values when he comes into the world*. He will have to elaborate them every moment of his life by acting, by choosing. Even when he abstains from choosing, he is still making a choice. But, when he is choosing for himself, he is at the same time choosing for all. This Sartre explains by saying that a man's choice always implies the attitude of the others. Whichever type of man I choose to become, my choice implies that the others will either condone or reject it. Being aware of that I feel responsible for that choice to everyone.

In order to summarize briefly this too-rapid survey of Sartre's philosophy, let us try to define the Existentialist Man:

He is born into a Godless world in an absolute liberty, a liberty without foundation, a liberty undetermined in its essence. There is no universal essence; there are no universal values in this world; there are only individual essences and individual values which Man must choose for himself. Being free, he *must* choose; he cannot escape making a choice and the responsibility for this choice is entirely his. This is the one cause for his anguish, for it takes quite an effort on his part to realize his liberty and to assume it, in other words, to be authentic; but furthermore he realizes that he is responsible for each of his actions not only because it conditions him but also because it engages the others.

Another cause for his anguish is that he knows that he is *not* except when seen by another and that when the other sees him he becomes solidified, a Thing; he loses his liberty, a label is placed on him. This he quite naturally resents, all the while realizing that he needs the other in order to acquire consciousness of himself.

Finally, the Existentialist Man knows that his life will have meaning only at his death—and death means, for him, nothingness.

### III.

The best illustrations of Sartre's philosophy are to be found in his theater. Let us turn, therefore, to one of his best plays: *Huis-Clos*

(No Exit) which illustrates several of the points noted above, especially the tragic relationship between the Self and the Other Selves.

We have seen that a part of Man's despair arises from the fact that he is inseparable from the Other whom, in turn, he cannot stop fighting; and without whom he is incapable of knowing anything, nor of deciding anything, about himself. In life, however, there are moments when Man can escape the Other: by sleeping, by shutting his eyes, by keeping silent. Or, he can try to master the Other through hypocrisy, through flattery or through politeness and thus steal the Other's liberty such as happens says Sartre, in amorous intimacy. A world in which none of these methods would work, in which there would be no escaping and no dominating the Other—that would be Hell. That is precisely where the action of this play takes place: a Hell where there are no torture chambers and no torturer, where the damned suffer only the torments of Others.

We have here three characters, three beings who have been damned: Garcin, a journalist, a weak person, a pacifist who deserted in time of war; he was condemned to be shot and fainted when he was tied to the post. His real crime, however, was that he tormented his wife while on earth. Estelle, a young blonde bourgeoisie who lived in a chateau. She was married to an elderly man, took a lover and had a child by him. At the birth of this child she killed it and caused her lover to commit suicide. She is a little doll, a sort of object, an *en-soi*.

Ines, the third character, is the opposite type of woman. She is a Lesbian, a very intelligent postal employee and a person with no scruples whatsoever. She is perhaps the most authentic character in all of Sartre's plays. She chose to be diabolical, was up to the end and continues to be so in Hell. She was in love with a woman whose home she had wrecked and whom she finally drove to suicide and murder. Ines, of course, is the one who was murdered!

The action takes place in an ugly room. The walls are dirty; the furniture, consisting of three sofas, is in the style of the Second Empire. On the mantelpiece there is a bronze statue, which is hideous, and a paper cutter which, since there are no books and no paper of any kind in the room, is perfectly useless. There are no windows; the room is constantly lighted by electricity, and the atmosphere is, quite naturally, exceedingly warm.

Garcin is the first to arrive. The servant who showed him to the room has told him that the light never goes off, that sleep is impossible. Being alone, Garcin begins to meditate. His meditation is soon interrupted by the arrival of Ines. When they realize that they will have to remain together in this room, that there will be no possible separation and, furthermore, no possible amorous intimacy between them they decide to conclude a pact of silence. Estelle's arrival,

however, shatters the silence. Though Ines and Garcin succeed in making Estelle accept the pact, she soon breaks it: the thought that the others can see her but that she cannot see herself torments her. (There are no mirrors in the room). Ines offers the suggestion that Estelle use her eyes as a mirror and tries to establish an intimacy between them. That attempt fails because Estelle is not a Lesbian and because Garcin, to whom Estelle is attracted, is there.

The trio then decide that if they are to live together they must find out why they were thrown together in this room. To shed light on this, they agree to relate their past. Naturally they begin by lying until Ines reminds them that they are damned and that there must have been some good reason for their being so! Little by little the truth about each one is known. This public confession, however, is not very helpful, for they now realize fully how difficult it will be for them to live together.

Estelle and Garcin then try to become intimate. Ines destroys that attempt very quickly. The only thing left is to try to leave the room. Garcin prays to the powers of Hell that they open the door. He says that he would rather accept physical torture than that of living with the others. The door opens. Garcin, whose prayer has been granted, refuses to leave. He knows that he needs the presence of the Other in order to exist. And the Other that he needs is not Estelle, who is not authentic, but the diabolical Ines. He tells her so and tries to establish with her a spiritual intimacy. True to her character, Ines refuses this last appeal. Estelle then tries to kill her, but Ines reminds her that that has already been done. The curtain comes down as the trio, seeing the utter hopelessness of the situation, burst out in a horrible laugh and Garcin says: "Let's continue!"

The meaning of this play is quite clear: reacting against the Hells of religions, Sartre tells us that Hell is in our own thought, in our own conscience and, according to Existentialism, we are conscious of ourselves only as we are seen by the Others.

#### IV.

The Sartrian branch of Existentialism does not seem to offer anything radically new. Many of its principles are to be found in other philosophies. We should not, however, go so far as one critic who declared that all he saw in Existentialism was verbal gymnastics on the conjugation of the verb *to be*! The emphasis upon Man's responsibility for his actions, upon the fact that Man is what he makes of himself and that he can offer no excuses for what he is not, is very commendable. Nor should we be too worried over the fact that Sartre allows the individual to determine his own values. According to a recent nation-wide survey on religion whose returns were analyzed by Reinhold Niebuhr, Simon Greenberg and Father Ford, three-fourths of the people questioned did not consciously connect religion

with their adult judgment of right and wrong. In answer to the question: Why do you endeavor to lead good lives? the largest single category gave "hedonistic reasons involving 'inner satisfaction' and 'peace of mind'. The next largest group specified 'influence on other people'. Only slightly more than one-fourth of the people mentioned religion as the ethical governor of their actions." Yet 91% of them declared that they were honestly attempting to lead good lives. This would seem to bear out Sartre's statement that when the individual chooses he chooses Good in preference to Bad.

A serious reproach that can be made to this philosophy is its atheism which is, intellectually, a most unsatisfying approach. Very few people can be attracted to a philosophy that offers only Nothingness after death. Furthermore, the attempt at elaborating an ontology based, so it would seem, on the reactions of a definite minority shows no great likelihood of succeeding.



## Interim

By J. A. VIVERETTE, JR.

"How safe are we?" the woman asked.

Night withdrew for a startled sun.



And thus they stood, the innocents,  
Discovered whole, with all the red  
Conviction, drawn as by one skilled  
(Who knew the color and the plan);  
Amassed, at least, in final shares  
Proportioned so as to agree  
With their desired equality.

He answered: "We are safe enough."

## Elm Tree Music

By JOHN J. LAWLER

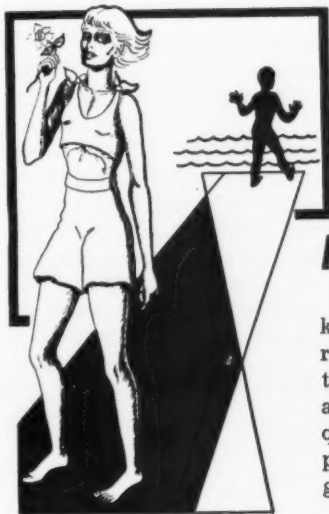
Looking through the old and growing branches  
Of the elm tree  
Can stop the consciousness of time upon our minds,  
And being at the center of the elm tree  
May hold it, temporarily, from both angles.

Like looking down upon a small boy strolling by,  
Kicking at the lean path, knowing the sun,  
And when the tree was only centuries old  
His farthest parent may have trotted by,  
When even his father hadn't touched his life,  
And the boy, where, hidden in the soil, was he?

Or looking up through stiff and budding  
Branches to the sky  
To watch the noon mist slowly  
Sifting through the blue,  
The noon sun's bent rays  
Leaning past a cloud  
To reach a shimmering geometry,  
And note, at last, how the light returns.

Or straight out past that lonely, reaching steeple  
Can remind us in the mystery of that clotted blood  
To wonder at another man who passes by,  
And if he sees his world in Christ's dimensions,  
Or if he doesn't, why the reaching tree,  
The steeple, or the strolling boy, or me?  
And why these endless, lonely siftings through the sky?  
Who now lies time-hidden in the soil?





## A Fish for Gracie

By HELEN D. HARRISON

**M**AMA, can I go out to the fort?  
Please, Ma, it ain't so hot now."

The woman at the ironing board kept on with her work, feeling steam rise in sickening waves as the iron thumped on damp cloth. She didn't answer until the four-year-old, playing quietly in the corner, added his softer plea to the insistent whine of the little girl.

"Wanna go fort, Mama", Jim said.

The woman smiled tenderly at him.

Jim was her life.

"All right, Gracie," she called to the girl on the porch, "You can go to the fort if you take the teenie-weenie with you."

"Oh, Ma, it ain't no fun with him along!"

With a slam of the screen door Gracie was in the kitchen.

"He don't do nothin' but hang his head when folks talks to him, an' he won't hardly say 'thank you' when them actors gives him nickels."

Sarah Malone patted her son's bright head.

"Jim'll learn," she said. "He's got good bringin' up."

The mother finished dressing the boy, while Gracie brushed her sun-bleached curls and put a drop of violet toilet water behind each ear and down the front of her faded play suit. Sarah, watching, shook her head and sighed. Gracie was growing up too fast. Too tall and skinny. Too vain. Maybe she oughtn't to be in the pageant, painting her face every night, listening to folks praise her proud gold head and shining eyes. If their daddy had lived, he'd know how to manage her. He had known how to manage everything—except a small fishing boat on a stormy sea, two years ago.

Jim's voice brought her back to the present.

"Good-bye, Mama. Be good."

Down the sandy road they went, Jim trudging stolidly along, Gracie skipping ahead, eager for excitement, knowing where to find it. More than three hundred and fifty years ago, the first English



settlers had found adventure on the little island, before the looming wilderness swallowed them and their dream. Now, each summer, cars rolled towards the fort bringing an eager audience to watch the drama of their struggle re-created on the very spot where it had taken place.

When the children reached the highway, Gracie thumbed a ride with a nice-looking lady driving a new car who listened politely to her prattle about the pageant. Jim was content to feel the breeze on his face, with its wonderful smell of sea and pine and wild gardenias.

Gracie could hardly wait to get there. When the car stopped at the entrance to the fort, she thanked the lady prettily. Before Jim could say a word, she started running down the road that led to the stage, dragging him along faster than his stubby legs were meant to travel.

"Yah, you didn't thank the lady for the ride", she jeered, "You're jest a old slow-poke an' stodge-pot. I ain't gonna bring you next time I come out here."

"I'm a good boy, Sissie".

"Naw, you ain't. You better act right, or I'll be mean to you."

Gracie's manner changed as they drew near the stage. Now she was all charm. Jim, watching the sparkle in her eyes, the flashing smile, wished that he could make his sister shine like that. The actors and actresses, busy with preparations for tomorrow night's opening, greeted the children kindly and went on about their business.

Jim liked them, but he didn't know how to act. Mama thought he was good when he kept quiet and didn't bother her, but Gracie was ashamed of him. Puzzled, the child wandered off by himself. Gracie would make fun of him if he hung around here.

His walk took him along the water front, out of sight and sound of the stage. Out of his sister's mind. Jim felt bad because Gracie was mean to him. He wanted to burrow his head on Mama's shoulder and hear her tell about Daddy. Daddy had been a fisherman. Jim would be a fisherman, too, when he got to be a man. Fishermen were big and brave, and people liked them. They could laugh and talk just as free as them actors that Gracie was so stuck on.

Just thinking about fishermen made the little boy feel big. Big enough to catch a fish. Maybe he could catch a fish to-day. Maybe if he caught a big fish for Gracie, she would be proud of him. There weren't any fish near the shore, he could see, but further out there would be plenty. He stepped into the warm water. Mama wouldn't mind a wet suit if he brought home a fish for supper.

The water felt good. Laughing, splashing, he called out, "Fish, fish!", and wandered further from the shore. No one saw him stumble and fall into a hole where a pier had once been, nor heard his choked and futile cry.

\* \* \* \*

Gracie's afternoon was almost perfect. There were so many things to see and touch—Indian wigs hanging on the dressing room wall like scalps, wooden swords, bows and arrows, waiting to be transformed into glittering weapons of vengeance by the magic of the footlights.

After a while, Gracie went into the flower girls' dressing room to stroke the satin softness of her own costume. She could see herself walking haughtily in front of the Queen tomorrow night, tossing paper flowers first to the right, then to the left. All of a sudden, she had to count the flowers in the three baskets to make sure no one had been messing with her things. Twelve apiece—and one left over. Thirteen was bad luck, Gracie reasoned. If only Jim wouldn't tell, she could take the extra rose home for keeps.

She wondered where Jim was. Except for herself, the dressing room was empty. Hastily, she stuffed the rose in her pocket and started a half-hearted search of the backstage area. When she reached the first aid room, she forgot all about her little brother. They were putting in a new machine called a pulmotor. Gracie watched while three young men learned how to operate it.

"Reckon we'll have to use it?", one of them asked.

"Sure we will."

"I don't see how anybody could drown in this shallow water."

"Well, they do. Every summer. They got no sense about swimmin'. Go in when they're overheated, or just after a big meal, and first thing you know, they're gone."

"This ought to do a lot of good."

"Yeah, it sure will."

Gracie felt very important.

"My daddy was drowned," she said.

A loud honking announced the arrival of the bus to take actors and crew back to town. While the others were hurrying up the hill, Gracie stood alone in the center of the big stage.

"Hey kid, come on!", some-one shouted.

Gracie's heart was thumping wildly as she climbed into the bus.

"Where's your little brother?"

"He left me," Gracie said. "He was bad. Mama ought to spank him."

Her voice shook a little because she was thinking about Daddy and the new machine in the first-aid room. By the time she reached home her hand was stained quite red from clutching the paper flower in her pocket.

\* \* \* \*

Around the island the sinking sun cast its red and gold glory. A little body lay on the beach where the waves had hurled it. Some

fishermen, headed for town in the twilight, saw it there, and bore it home across the sound. They didn't think of going to the fort for help, but headed straight for the landing near Sarah Malone's cottage. This was the island's sorrow, not to be shared with city folk and strangers.

Sarah Malone was sitting on the doorstep waiting for Jimmy. When she saw the men coming towards her, she knew at once what had happened and how she must behave. Island-bred women grow used to having the sea claim their men. For their men's sakes, they endure grief stoically, if they can. Sarah could. She listened calmly to their story, holding her son as if she could not let him go. One of the fishermen led her into the house and helped lay her precious burden on the bed. Then they left her. Soon her women friends would come, bringing what comfort they could. Just now, for a while, Sarah needed to be alone.

She didn't hear Gracie's footsteps on the front porch. Gracie's words stung like a lash.

"Mama, Jimmy was bad. He left me. You ought to spank him, Ma."

Sarah came out of the bedroom. In the darkness, Gracie couldn't see her mother's face.

"Mama, they've got a pulmotor out to the fort. They can bring drowned people back to life."

"Oh, God."

Gracie, trying to light the kerosene lamp on the table, didn't hear the smothered sound.

"They really can, Ma," she persisted. "They learnt me how to do it."

Sarah Malone pressed her hand to her mouth to keep from screaming.

"Don't let me hate her, God," she prayed. "It was an accident. Don't let me blame her too much."

The lamp flared suddenly in the darkness, casting frightful shadows. Gracie felt the silence.

"Ma!" she cried. "What's the matter? Where's Jim? Why won't you talk to me, Mama?"

With a sob, Sarah stretched out her arm and pulled the child to her breast.

"I wasn't listenin', honey," she whispered, "I didn't hear a word you said."

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HELEN D. HARRISON, after receiving a degree in Library Science last year, is now working in the University library and attending classes as a special student. She has worked with the Playmakers and has acted professionally in New York and in the LOST COLONY pageant.

RUTH WOLFE bases her article, "I Go Haggling", on her wealth of experience gained in the service of the American Legation in the International City of Tangier, where she acted as private secretary to the American Minister. A native of Mountain Park, N. C., Miss Wolfe is at present studying creative writing at the University.

## I Go Haggling

By RUTH WOLFE

**B**UT *senorita*," my cook Lidia protested, it is beneath your dignity to haggle!"

I didn't argue with Lidia, but grabbed my purse and hurried down the stairs. This one time I had to do the shopping. I had invited my American Legation friends to a breakfast buffet; Lidia had to bake Hungarian coffeecake for the occasion.

As I came out the apartment house door into the street, Lidia leaned over my third floor balcony and called in a squawk that brought the neighbors running to their balconies, "If you must do this unwise thing, *senorita*, do not pay over a third of the merchant's price. Hold on to your purse and don't catch lice from the Arabs!"

Americans in Morocco were often ridiculed because of their poor haggling abilities. A visiting American walking through the shopping district would cause prices to quadruple within ten seconds. The native merchants had a great file of stories: the visiting American sailor who paid \$45.00 for a \$7.00 bottle of perfume; the Consul's wife who didn't know she paid sixty cents for a bunch of radishes until her cook explained the money values.

Lidia most emphatically advised that an American girl of twenty-three was not wise enough to walk through the market place alone. First she would probably have her purse snatched. If not that, she would undoubtedly catch lice, for the Arabs did not believe in destroying living creatures except for food. When they saw or felt a louse crawling on some portion of their anatomy, they picked it off, being very careful not to injure it while throwing it away. Besides those two evils, no American girl, especially one being paid big wads of money by the American Legation, could resist the high price sales talk of the Indian silk merchants and the curio shopkeepers in the Big Socco.

The big market place in Tangier is a thorough test of the senses. The ears win, but the nose runs a close second. Six blocks away you hear the market place; it is a kind of earth shaking roar that comes from a thousand noises being heard at once. Before you realize what

you've heard though, you smell it. It is just one smell, all mixed together, of beards into which olive oil and fish grease have dripped, unwashed people, unwashed clothing, dirty sick babies, open sewers, garlic breaths, fresh bread, and an out of place but recognizable scent of yellow roses and pink almond blossoms.

Although the visitor is forewarned six blocks away by the sound and the smell, the sight of the market place still produces a state of shock which causes the average American to sit down suddenly in the nearest empty space and recover. An Arab tea keeper has a chair and table ready on the sidewalk for this emergency. While the visitor is accustoming his eyes to the pattern of weaving robes and turbans, the tea keeper holds a glass of hot mint tea under his nose. The smell of the golden liquid with its brown sugar, crushed mint flavor has its effect, and he drinks at least two glasses. He hands the tea keeper some money, becomes distracted by a snake charmer and his cobra which he discovers shockingly near his table, and goes away without the change. The tea keeper knows just when to wink at the snake charmer.

The Big Socco is a huge open square, paved with pebbles. A row of trees in the center divides the vegetables from the flowers. You have to step over the sewer trench and cross a narrow lane to go into the covered meat market. All around and in between the vegetable stalls and tubs of flowers are Arabs, running and standing, shouting and gesturing, scratching and picking off lice, hawking and spitting, quarrelling and praying, but mostly squatting.

After I had been properly served tea and gyped by the tea keeper and his pal the snake charmer, I took a deep breath and pushed my way across the market square. Having had a valued silver compact stolen from my coat pocket a short time before, I clutched my purse tightly with both hands. I had learned enough Arabic to know when I was being discussed. All the Arabs that could push close enough to get a glimpse of me, stared and gawked. Among the crowd of perhaps two thousand jostling Arabs, I was the only person with blond hair, an uncovered head and a dress. I was the only woman not wrapped in a white robe and not veiled up to the eyes.

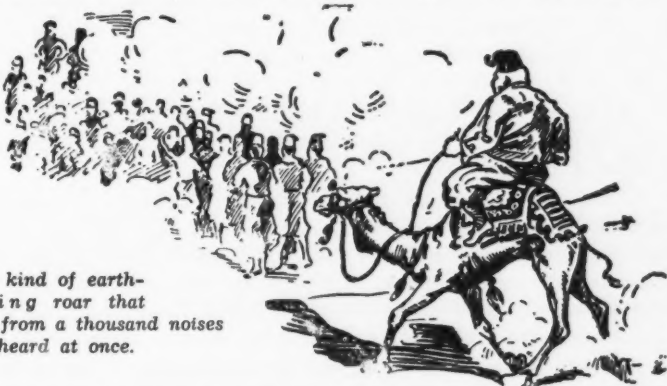
One aged Mohammed with a white beard said in Arabic, "What is the earth coming to? This foreign daughter walks here among us, her head bare, her hair not tied neatly in a queue, but flying in the wind." His companion, a younger man with more of an eye for business, said, "But see the handbag the *lailah* carries. It has a bulge like the hump of a camel. Many of our brothers in the market will eat well today."

The Mohammed did not know that the "bulge" consisted of, among other things, a diary, handkerchief, six letters from home, a rabbit's

foot, passport, and a Navy blackjack.

In the middle of the square the basket boys spied me. Looking like a wiggling pack of rags they surged toward me, all ages up to twelve, screaming, "Hire me, senorita, my mother is dying;" "My mother is blind;" "I have no home;" "I buy bread for eight brothers and sisters;" and "See my sores, senorita!" I picked out a small silent one about eight years old and promised him five pesetas to carry my purchases home. He said his name was Mustapha.

In the vegetable market there are at least fifty stalls, each overflowing with the freshest finest vegetables to be found in North Africa, to hear the merchants tell it. Each stall keeper had his own method of attracting a customer. One small squat Arab wearing a dirty skullcap hissed, so forcefully that he needed no artificial sprinkler for his beans and lettuces. One woman held up her sickly whining baby. Another moaned, one invoked the blessing of Allah upon each eggplant, one



... a kind of earth-shaking roar that comes from a thousand noises being heard at once.

split open a cucumber so I could see it was not wormy. The other less original methods consisted of tugging at my sleeve, getting under my feet, calling "Ah-h-h-h-h, senorita," and just looking at me with silent beseeching eyes.

With Mustapha and his basket tagging behind, we ambled and lurched over to where two Arabs, one wearing a turban and the other a fez, sat guarding two huge tubs of celery.

"Ah-h-h-h-h, senorita," they both said together.

"Here you have a celery of the finest sweet white meat, senorita," said the Turban.

The Fez rose angrily, "The senorita looked at my celery first, you son of an untouchable dog."

The Turban spat in the general direction of the Fez' tub.

"Your untruthful words contaminate your mouth, man," he said.



"The senorita can plainly see that your celery is not fit to grace the table of an American."

"Liar, imbecile, brother of a camel," screeched the Fez. "May the wrath of Allah and the devil consume you who steals my customer and takes the bread from the mouths of my children."

At the mention of Allah the Turban jumped up, overturned the Fez' tub of celery, drenching Mustapha's lower trousers, washing his feet and my shoes. A native policeman rushed over. Shouts, blows and curses in Arabic, Spanish and French followed. I grabbed Mustapha's dirty arm and ran. As I passed a wrinkled madam squatting by a mound of celery, I grabbed a stalk, flung five pesetas (five times its worth) into her lap and ran as fast as high heels will run over cobblestones.

When my breath gave out I looked about and saw we were in the comparative safety of the nut market. At the walnut stall the nuts were already weighed out in two-kilo bags. I was in no mood to argue. I looked the nut merchant straight in the eye.

"Mohammed, I give you five pesetas a bag of nuts. Take it or leave it."

He didn't say a word, so I took it. By the time he had recovered his power to haggle, the walnuts were in the basket and Mustapha and I were in the fruit market.

When I saw the cherries my resistance wavered, protested and vanished. They were large as plums, a rich dark red, almost black, and as shiny as if each cherry had been individually polished. Washed in potassium permanganate to remove the amoebae, served with the green stems on in small bowls on the buffet, they would add a colorful touch to the breakfast. I would have them at any price.

I made the mistake of staring at the cherries. The shopkeeper folded his hands and prepared for the kill.

"Straight from the orchards of the Gold Coast, senorita. Nowhere in Africa you find cherries so large. Only fifteen pesetas the kilo."

"Mohammed, you will save your breath if you take the five pesetas I offer."

"Senorita, I am amazed that you stoop so low. I would throw these cherries into the sea before I would take a centimo less than twelve."

"The sea can take them then, Mohammed, for five is my limit. Two kilos, please."

He weighed out the two kilos but stuck to his price. "Twelve, senorita. Cherries so sweet they have no equal. My final price."

"Come, Mustapha," I said. "We will buy figs instead. I am not made of pesetas."

I had actually begun pinching the figs when I heard the cherry merchant call, "Come back, senorita. I have one more price."



"What is it?" I asked.

"Seven pesetas, senorita."

"Done," I said, fighting the desire to taste the cherries before they were disinfected with permanganate.

With the food purchased and the basket almost full, Mustapha and I left the noisy square and walked toward the native shops.

It is said by world travelers that anything can be bought in Tangier. From the show windows it is evident that Tangier lies on the dividing line between the east and the west. Refrigerators were displayed beside lacquered trays and pagoda bells; nylon hose hung in the same window with shimmering Indian pongee and watered silk. Porcelain we saw, and hand wrought silver, velvets and satins, damasks and brocades, black rubies, emeralds, Spanish fans and lace shawls, expertly tanned leather hassocks, purses embroidered in colored leather.

Suddenly, in a little box-like shop presided over by a fat, evil-looking Arab, I saw what I had given up the idea of finding, a string of electric Christmas tree lights. In the window between goatskin slippers and copper trays lay the box. Stamped in the corner were the words "Made in U.S.A.," and the price, \$1.98. It was my first Christmas in North Africa, I was three thousand miles from home with a tree and no lights. I had strewn cotton for snow, shredded silver paper for tinsel and had searched in vain for lights.

When the Arab saw me gazing at the lights he grinned through his yellow teeth and rubbed his hands together. This one, he thought, will be an easy kill.

"I sell you lights, senorita? The only ones in the city. Only one hundred fifty pesetas."

I didn't need any rapid computation to tell me the price was inflated at least ten times the value of the lights. The Arab took the string out of the box and held it before my eyes. A red Santa Claus bulb, a yellow sleigh, a green lantern, a red bell.

Having had fair success in my previous haggling, I tried the same tactics on this Mohammed, but with less confidence. His evil grin upset me.

"Mohammed, you will never get such a price for the lights. You would do well to take forty now while I offer it."

Mohammed knew and I knew that I would have the lights. He was merciful enough to make the blow quick.

"Senorita, no more lights in Tangier. Many American come here to buy. Today Senor Goodyear offer me hundred pesetas. I sell now for hundred fifty."

I walked toward the door to where Mustapha was waiting. Only the prospect of facing Lidia kept me from throwing down the money

and snatching the lights. I thought of the cedar in its dark corner, surrendered and opened my billfold to get the money. A flash of silver from a corner shelf caught my eye. I went to the shelf and took the object in my hands. There was no doubt of identification. The lone diamond in the center, the heart shaped button. I touched the button and the compact flew open. Inside the cover were my name and the words, "Loving you, Bob."

The Mohammed's face was by now two shades paler. I took the compact to where he was standing behind the counter. From my billfold I took a pack of snapshots and searched through them. I removed one and placed it by the compact. It was a close up of me sitting at a card table covered with birthday gifts. In my hand I was holding the compact.

"I bought from boy," said the Arab. Drops of sweat were on his face.

"You knew it was stolen, Mohammed," I said.

The Arab began to whimper, "Don't tell police. They beat with sticks."

After that the transaction was effected without further words. I looked at the lights, next at the compact, at Mohammed, then toward the street where a native policeman in green and red was directing people, camels, goats, burros and lice. I laid my forty pesetas on the counter and put the compact in my purse. Mohammed wrapped the lights for me, gave Mustapha a sweetcake, and bowed us out into the street. I carried the package tenderly all the way home.

When I unwrapped the lights Lidia's face wrinkled in "I told you so" disapproval.

"Where, senorita?" she demanded.

"Shop of Alcazar," I answered.

"SenorEEta, the prices in that shop would discourage a wine king. How much gold did you pay for these lights?"

"Forty pesetas," I replied casually.

Lidia's jaw dropped with a jerk. I went into the living room and began arranging the lights on my lonely tree.

I heard Lidia talking to the Arab washwoman on the back balcony. "I can't believe it, Fatima," she was saying. "Only forty pesetas. The senorita must have promised Mohammed Alcazar a refrigerator."

# Reviews of Books

## THE GRAND DESIGN

By JOHN DOS PASSOS. Houghton Mifflin. 1949. 440 pp. \$3.50.

John Dos Passos's new book about bucolical bureaucrats in New Dealing Washington is actually just another volume to add to the already overpowering mass of Rooseveltina. Although *Grand Design* purports to be a novel—and the publishers gleefully assure us that the characters are entirely fictional—few readers will have any great difficulty in assigning parts to several prominent erstwhile government servants.

*Grand Design* concerns itself largely with the doings of the personnel at the Department of Agriculture, but the book serves as a general panorama of the nation's capital during the days of the thirty-second President as well. Mr. Dos Passos has, for reasons best known to himself, taken the agrarian zealots as his text, but his message also brings down fire and brimstone on brain-trusters, a news commentator, a Supreme Court justice, and a few Communists (who keep going over to the White House to see Lot's wife). Nearly everyone, however, has come to Washington with the honest conviction that he is going to cure the ills of the country with his own pocket-sized formula, and it looks, at first, as though a great new world is about to be born. Even the Reds up on K street have nothing to fear but fear itself.

Again Dos Passos has used the kaleidoscopic presentation method of "U.S.A.," and by the time the characters are assembled, the reader is fairly well acquainted with each of them. There is Walker Watson, probably a composite of two actual men, who is Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Watson enjoys poor health, marries for his second wife an attractive New York lady of the fashion industry, and mentally carries about with him the cross of the common man. The Secretary also indulges

a fondness for astrology, poker, and horse-racing, while his cohorts gather at his feet and murmur "Lincolnesque!" Millard Carroll, a promising young Texas business man, doggedly devoted to Watson, comes to Washington and unselfishly dedicates himself to the task of saving the small American farm, only to learn that his sincerity is not shared by many of his superiors. Able assistance to the lost cause is given Carroll by Paul Graves, an abducted North Carolina scientific farmer, who has recently returned from Russia, where he developed a distinct distrust for the Soviet system. Graves's secretary, Georgia Washburn, is the doleful star of a drama which ends with a whimper in the Potomac river; Herbert Spotswood, who finds love and fortune late in life as a top-flight news commentator, unwittingly becomes a tool of the Communists, as do several other people who apparently exist chiefly on beluga caviar and champagne.

Dos Passos's story is one of disillusionment, and never before has his voice of despair been sounded so loudly. The dreams of his liberals are subordinated to Walker Watson's unseemly motives to gain the Presidency for himself, and all the time there is the other group at work, methodically plotting the destruction of all that men like Carroll and Graves attempt to accomplish. *Grand Design* is worthy as a journey into human analysis, but as history or fiction, it should never have left its molding pumpkin.

## THE SKY IS RED

By GIUSEPPE BERTO. New Directions. 1948. 397 pp. \$3.50.

Here is a war book which isn't very concerned with war in itself, or even so much with the people who make wars and fight them, but instead it tells the story of the young generation that is forced to bear the brunt of war, and in this case, the burden of defeat.

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The partial destruction of an Italian town brings together five children of contrasting character and background—all matured, though, by misfortune—who, for various and sundry reasons, band together and form a sort of phalanx amid the heart of the ruins. From this esoteric outpost they go out by night and accomplish every delinquent deed that ever graced a juvenile judge's docket. Their nocturnal escapades, however, stem not from any desire for adventure or thrill, but rather from an effort to obtain the necessities which sustain life.

Tullio, strong and wise and generous, is a member of a gang of successful young Robin Hoods who defy civil and martial order while obtaining food and medicines for themselves and many of the other forgotten and exploited people of whom the authorities remain happily oblivious. Carla, a beautiful, kind, uncomplicated girl, provides the American soldiers with a form of recreation frowned upon in USO centers, in return for more tangible commodities, and then sadly discovers that she can never break with her dissolute profession. Daniele, intelligent, sentimental, and impractical, keeps the books for Tullio's partisans, and consumptive Giulia keeps house for those in the ruins. Unlike Carla and Tullio, neither Giulia nor Daniele is ever quite able to span the chasm that separates past and present, but between them there is all the burning love and passion that could possibly be unleashed from two human beings. Finally, there is tiny, pitiful, emotionless Maria, a shell of a child, whom the others care for.

Giuseppe Berto is a former Italian soldier who began to write because he wanted to tell what was happening to his country and his people. He was a prisoner of war in Texas when he started this novel, a book which already has been crowned with all the laurels of Italy, and now that it has been translated into English, by Angus Davidson, it will certainly receive a creditable acclaim in this country. Berto's book expresses ideas similar to those set forth by John Horne Burns in his

"Gallery." Both Burns and Berto cry out at the injustices of war which are inflicted upon innocent people, but curiously enough, Berto is more kindly disposed towards Burns's countrymen, for he has likened the charity of the Americans to that of the oppressed Italians. Berto's enemy knows no nationality.

*The Sky Is Red* has made a ludicrous riddle of the supposition that youth is able to rebuild devastated Europe. Berto's characters find it necessary to fulminate against society's established values and concepts of good and evil simply in order to remain alive. But yet there is deep-felt and compassionate understanding for them in all that they do—so much so that one begins to wonder which is really the road to salvation and which is the one that leads to hell.

#### THE SEASON OF COMFORT

By GORE VIDAL. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1949.  
253 pp. \$3.00.

It all started on that hot summer afternoon in the late twenties when William Giraud was born amid the opulence of the Hawkins's Virginia estate, the home of his grandfather, a former Vice-President. But there seemed to be a jinx on the newborn from the very beginning: the day was really much too warm for labor, and Charlotte, his mother, never quite let him forget the physical agony that accompanied his birth.

Charlotte, a morning room Electra, is the daughter of the Vice-President, a gentleman of whom she is rather abnormally fond, but she quarrels with everyone else—her husbands, her son, and her plain, pious mother (who turns out to be a bath room tippler). Social Washington, though, finds Charlotte irresistible, and her charm is especially recognized by the corps of lovers who gain the rewards of her boudoir. Of course this fancy life keeps Charlotte madly parading in and out of divorce courts and Bill busy trying to sample a large assortment of private schools. But through these hectic years, thwarted Charlotte always manages to find time to dominate and harass her offspring,

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while he, a likeable fellow with winsome ways, seeks refuge in prep school extra-curricular activities.

Finally, one night in a Long Island beach cottage when Bill is seventeen, Charlotte learns from her son what he has thought of her all these years. Bill tells her, too, that he is going to get the hell out, become first a soldier, then an artist, and that he intends, furthermore, to see all he pleases of Kay, his newly-acquired girl friend. Next chapter, Bill conveniently turns up in France with a Battle of the Bulge wound, and we learn that quite soon now he will be back home, embracing either Art or Kay—maybe both, but certainly not Mama.

Gore Vidal is one of the most skilful story-tellers in the league of young writers today, a fact attested by his three previous books. The author's weary cynicism is sometimes fascinating, but in his new book it is a definite distraction, and even his special gift as a raconteur fails to make anything extraordinarily important out of this one long, uninhibited family free-for-all. But *The Season of Comfort*, although not a book to be inadvertently left about the house for the kiddies, is a thoroughly readable book.

—RICHARD CHEATHAM

### **THREE BOOKS ON T. S. ELIOT**

When the Swedish Academy announced last November that T. S. Eliot had been awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature "for his remarkable pioneering work in modern poetry," it was acknowledging—neither too early nor too late—the existence of a poet of international reputation and influence. The award is only the culmination of a long development. Donald Gallup's valuable bibliography of Eliot lists over a hundred separate publications of translations of Eliot's poems in eighteen languages. Three recent books illustrate the extent and force of his influence.

The first of these is Leonard Unger's collection of thirty-one articles by as many writers, *T. S. Eliot: A Selected Critique* (Rinehart and Co., 1948). His purpose is to demonstrate the variety of criticism of Eliot's writings during

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the last thirty years. This volume contains Cleanth Brooks's fine analysis of *The Waste Land* and excellent studies by Matthiessen, Sweeney, Praz, Leavis, Martz, and Unger himself. The other essays are slighter or less praise-worthy. The defects of such a collection are obvious: one might quarrel with the inclusion or exclusion of certain essays; and many of the essays, written at various times since 1919, would benefit by revision of some sort. The book presents, however, four hundred and fifty pages of helpful and stimulating comment.

The second of these books, Balachandra Rajan's similar but smaller group of essays, *T. S. Eliot: A Study of His Writings by Several Hands* (Funk and Wagnalls Company, 1948), also reprints Brook's study, but the two have no other essay in common, and several in Rajan's book are printed for the first time. In contrast to Unger, Rajan emphasizes Eliot's poetry, with special attention to the *Four Quartets*. His collection well supplements Unger's.

On September 26, 1948, Eliot reached the age of sixty. Addressing a gathering in his honor, Professor Denis Saurat said that since the death of Paul Valéry, Eliot is "the world's most famous poet." At that time a book in his honor was published, containing forty-seven essays and poems by men of many nationalities, *T. S. Eliot: A Symposium* (compiled by Richard March and Tambimutta; Editions Poetry). Though the book presents a formidable array of talent, it falls short of the promise of its contributors' names. Besides some pleasant personal reminiscences of Eliot, this book is chiefly striking for what it shows of the intense effect of Eliot's poetry on many diverse minds.

Eliot's wide influence and international reputation at this time must be particularly gratifying to him, for he has always affirmed the unity of literature and the value of one's knowing other literatures than one's own. As a critic he has upheld the idea of the inclusively European tradition in literature; he has lived to see his poetry become a worthy part of that tradition.

—LYMAN COTTEN

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# The Carolina Quarterly



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June, 1949

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## Editorial

The recent attack by the *Saturday Review of Literature* on the "Bogus Best Sellers" not only created an embarrassing crisis among book publishers, booksellers, and newspapers, but also focused the spotlight on the type of books the American reading public prefers. With a noticeable blush the majority of book purchasers realized that they were not reading the same books that the critics were labelling as good literature, that they had been the victims of the "build-up"—victims of that other world enigma of advertising, planted reviews, business contacts, and blasé conversational praise that Paul Ader has recorded so realistically in "Interview at the Ritz" for this issue of the *Carolina Quarterly*.

Furthermore, from the nominations for the Pulitzer Prize it appears that the average buyer was so myopic that he was unable to see beyond the most prominent advertisements; for, almost without exception, the books receiving the highest number of votes were never among the ten best sellers at any time. The winner of the award, James Gould Cozzens' *Guard of Honor*, was relatively unknown among the general reading public. Carl Sandburg's huge and frightfully difficult *Remembrance Rock*, close behind Cozzens' book for the annual award, was purchased by only the most courageous and faithful Sandburg devotees. The same situation was also true of William Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust* which never received the acclaim from the buying public that it did from the critics, while Truman Capote's brilliant first novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, created a sensation only among the sophisticated cocktail set who were interested more in the decadent pose of the youthful author than in his product.

What, then, does all of this disparate opinion amount to? Does it mean that the average American is unable to distinguish between hack-work and genuine talent? Or is the fault that of the reviewers and critics?

Adequate and ultimate answers to these questions will probably never be agreed upon; however, the recent focus upon these two vastly different schools of opinion should stimulate the book-buying public into being more cautious in its selection of reading material. Perhaps with a little added consideration that segment of American life which is responsible for the success of a book financially will rebuke the inferior material and give due recognition to the works by those authors who are rightfully deserving of the monetary as well as the critical acclaim.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL, one of the nation's outstanding teachers of creative writing, is himself a well known novelist and biographer. His latest work, "The Woman Who Rang the Bell," a biography of Cornelia Phillips Spencer, is reviewed in this issue. At present he is working on a biography of Thomas Jefferson which is to be published soon. In his article Mr. Russell, drawing upon his years of experience of writing and teaching, sets forth what he considers to be the basic qualities of good composition.

## TOWARDS FORM IN WRITING

By PHILLIPS RUSSELL

### I

THE consensus of the numerous representatives of publishing houses who come through Chapel Hill every spring and fall is something like this:

"Some of the best material that comes to our desks is from the South. But it is hopeless because it lacks form. Southern writers would do well to learn how to give their ideas more effective shape."

In general it might be said that good writing demands three things: good content, good form, and good expression. Judging by the unsolicited scripts that come to any author of even a small reputation with a request for an opinion, I think that Southern writers, especially when they are still in the apprentice stage, are likely to show a great concern for expression (or style), sometimes to the neglect of the other two requirements. *How* the story is told has its importance, but first comes the answer to the main question, *what*.

The fiction editor of a leading woman's magazine paying high prices for its material informed us lately that the great bulk of scripts that reach her desk are sketches, often well written, whereas her quest is for stories that have substance, development, and completion.

Good ideas are relatively common. Anyone who has lived even a short life owns abundant material. But this material lacks shape that gives it point and meaning. The whole story of the quest for and the necessity of form is told at the opening of the book of Genesis. There the writer of the greatest story conceivable (the cre-

ation of the universe) says in the beginning there was only a nebulous and amorphous mass of matter. It was without form, hence void. In the face of this doughlike mass, the Deity was dissatisfied. He could not rest until he had taken hold of this material and given it shape and meaning. The task was not performed in an instant, but required seven days of the exertion of omnipotent power applied in stages. The first chapter of Genesis is, in fact, a condensed statement of the working of what we call the creative instinct, which remains dissatisfied with raw and vague material, and must work until the formless is given form.

In an effort to impart better form to writing a number of organized efforts called Writers' Conferences have sprung up in various parts of the land. One of the oldest is the one at Bread Loaf mountain operated by Middlebury College, Vermont. Another is the Western one at Boulder, Colorado. There are others similarly conducted. All have a resident staff and visiting speakers consisting of novelists, poets, biographers, editors, publishers, and literary agents.

In the development of such conferences the South, the very part of the land which needs them most, lags. Some years ago there was a promising effort of the kind fathered by the University of Virginia; and in the summer of 1935 another was launched at Blue Ridge, near Asheville, by the University of North Carolina. The attendance was keen, the physical situation ideal; yet for lack of adequate financing the Blue Ridge conference was not repeated.

But there was another weakness: a fair number of the scripts examined and discussed were adequate, but too many, however worthy in matter, were thin or formless. It was plain that many of the writers submitting scripts were under the impression that fine-writing led to first-class writing, or were inadequately prepared by their schooling to give effective shape to their thoughts.

## II

It is evident that much of the teaching of "English" in our secondary and preparatory schools lays emphasis on English literature rather than American composition. And this teaching of English literature only too often stresses the history of periods rather than the vitality of the whole living stream. In consequence we find our young men and women coming up from the high schools for admission to the colleges with a fair grounding in the English poets and dramatists but with no firm knowledge of how to write a good clear American sentence, or how to give form as well as substance to a written paper.

The colleges and universities have tried valiantly to work improvement in the stream of poor and inadequate writing emanating



from the elementary and secondary schools. They have organized clinics and assembled conventions of teachers; they have lectured and propagandized; they have labored hard to lift the quality of "freshman English." Yet those pupils laboring hopelessly in the bogs of inferior composition still arise in floods to stand every autumn on the steps of institutions that have neither the means nor the personnel to give them training in composition that they should have received in their younger and more formative years.

Teachers in the North Carolina schools lay the blame on the regimentation from Raleigh. Another factor is their own overwork at poor pay. Somehow, despite our occasional hymns of praise to the profession we have not yet really learned to respect the necessity and function of teaching. When we go into a shoe store we do not expect to get a \$12.00 pair of shoes for \$1.98; but we do expect some miracle to take place in our schools.

Literary scouts with whom I have discussed these conditions agree that the South is by nature a source of extraordinarily rich material. Its traditional agriculture, its rising industrialization, its clash of race and classes, its inherent drama and color, even its proneness to violence, all offer opportunities to the seer, story teller, and dramatist. Yet this rich material is not yet—except in the works of a few gifted individuals—recognized and given adequate expression because of a lack of organization and structure. Form is what results when the unnecessary and superfluous are pruned away. Form does not just happen, except by accident; it must be imposed. It does for writing what architecture does for building. It imparts design and opens the path to a visible goal.

### III

Among the most respected writers born or educated in the dramatic land below the Potomac only a few can be said to have distinction in form. Consider the most gifted novelist produced in North Carolina; Thomas Wolfe had eloquence, glow, range, and power, but his sense of form was so poor that his best work might never have seen publication had he not been lucky enough to fall into the hands of a singularly patient and sagacious editor, Maxwell E. Perkins of Scribners. Perkins was at one time my editor as well as Wolfe's and more than once I have heard him relate how he sat up at home and of nights with Wolfe's scripts, pruning, cutting, shearing, and shortening them, so that something shapely to be contained within the covers of a book might emerge from the torrents that came from Wolfe's pen. Wolfe himself used to say he could write 14,000 words a day, but he knew no stopping place until exhaustion halted him.

On the other hand, William Faulkner of Mississippi occasionally reveals great beauty of form, and it is not strange that he is acquiring a name in France, where there has long been paid a great heed to form in written composition, which is well taught in the French schools. Ellen Glasgow of Virginia also shows a disciplined sense of form in her finély wrought novels, and so do the earlier story writers of Louisiana—Kate Chopin and George W. Cable.

Form is not the first necessity in composition. It does not take the place of what the Greeks called the *Logos*, or idea. But it is the thing that gives the idea shape and makes it effective.



## Mortal Heart

Chameleon in its dark  
Tempered with ice and fire  
This rose with trophies hung  
On thorns of dead desire

Wanes like a lesser moon  
Swaying the tide it draws  
And like a mourning dove  
Broods on its private wars

In orbit grooved and worn  
Like suns that shine for death  
In that predestined curve  
Which overtakes the breath.

ERIC WILSON BARKER



# 7 HEY WEPT FOR BABYLON

By  
JOHN  
FOSTER  
WEST

**D**R. VELA knelt in the shade of a palm and filled his canteen cup from the shallow oasis. The acrid water was warm, almost hot, and smelled of decayed vegetation, but he let a few swallows seep down his parched throat.

Finishing, he rocked back on his heels and turned to leave—halted, gazing upward into the impassive, amber face towering above the young archæologist's own tallness. He stood erect.

"Balo, what do you mean, creeping up on me?"

"Bala no creep." He hesitated, "Young Docteer only tired."

Dr. Vela turned and glanced toward the tents, pitched at the other end of the island of palms, toward the several camels browsing there. "Why aren't you with the camels?"

"Camels fine till Balo get drink." He made no move toward the water but stood staring at Dr. Vela, broad face inscrutable.

"Well—Go on! drink!" He moved to pass Balo.

"Balo drink soon. Docteer Vela hate old Dócteer Parr—yes?" His voice was a purr in the desert stillness.

Dr. Vela turned swiftly, alert. "What do you mean, hate?" he almost whispered. "I don't know the word, hate."

"Docteer Parr get honor, money for journey here—no?" He hesitated. "Docteer Vela young.

Need chance. Docteer Parr here against young misteer's will."

"How do you know all this?" Dr. Vela felt a lurch of fear.

"Balo listen; watch. Big Signor Dahn all right—no?"

"Yes. Signor Dahr is an anthropologist; and I don't love Dr. Parr, but— How does all this concern you, Balo?"

"I know. Young Docteer Vela have much money back there maybe?" He waved an arm toward the reaching desert.

"I have some. Why?"

"Old river over sand hill there, deep." He raised huge hands. "Docteer Vela pay Balo much."

The very thought was almost alien to him. "You infernal dog, get out of here. Get—"

Two strides and Balo stood over him. "You no mention words. No."

Dr. Vela glanced furtively away, toward the empty camp, toward the city mound where the crew worked, now hidden from sight by a taller dune. He looked back at Balo. "No. No, I won't—say anything."

"Docteer Vela think on Balo's words." The huge camel-boy turned and moved swiftly back toward camp.

The scientist turned away and passed from the sparse grove of palms and out into the brilliant sunshine that scorched the white sands over which he moved.

Dr. Vela shifted his pensive gaze from the far horizon to the torpid water of the river skirting the base of the dune on which he sat. The movement of the water along its meandering course through this region of scorched sandhills seemed as imperceptible to him as the slow, imponderable stream of time, which never seems to move until—suddenly one day or one century, the very ages and all they hold are lost forever beneath its flood.

He raised a bronze forearm before his eyes and flexed his fingers. To the young archæologist the tawny flesh of its untiring youth seemed objective to his own being and out of place here in this ageless desert, barren and old—so old, so very old the white, crystal sands seemed to be a blanket of powdered hoarfrost stretching away beneath the timeless sun.

Up here Dr. Vela could hear the singsong chant, the occasional suppressed laughter from the diggers off in the dunes behind him. Now and then he heard the clang of metal, as one implement wielded by a meticulous digger accidentally struck another. Without turning his head he knew the familiar scene back there where their crew sank the oblong sounding pit deep into the bowels of that section of the ancient city mound, the expedition's sixth pit in the three months of almost unfruitful excavation.

Signor Dahn would be directing every movement, every maneuver of the imported, yellow laborers with a tact born from years of experience among them, his very hugeness the only up-braiding necessary. At the same time the anthropologist in him would be alerted for the slightest trace of human remains. And Dr. Parr, egotistical, stubborn, would be leaning breathlessly over the workers, intently scanning every basket of sand for some artifact, some clue to the culture, the identity of the archaic metropolis that stood here over a millennium before.

Dr. Parr! At memory of him his fingers flexed into claws.

"Dr. Vela!"

The young man started, turned to see the old man struggling up the side of the dune. "You found something?" He made no move to assist the other up the final embankment.

"No, nothing but a few more chips similar to the *Londo* pottery we found yesterday. We have reached eighteen feet; perhaps today, perhaps tomorrow—" He sank down beside Dr. Vela and gazed thoughtfully at the stagnant river.

"Perhaps tomorrow," the young scientist returned bitterly. "This monotony, this sun, this desert." He wiped perspiration from his forehead and neck.

"Patience, you must learn patience," the old man soothed, stroking his white beard. "Look at me—"

"Look at you! I suppose you still think you will find remains of Babylon below this mound? Have a thought! I'm sure Babylon was not here. Besides, I'm convinced Babel was the city, Babylonia the country in which it stood; but it was not here."

"Young man, you forget I am Dr. Parr; my name in archae—"

"How could I forget it, sir? For three miserable months you have impressed that fact—" He shut up, slapped angrily at a persistent sandfly.

"Well then, Dr. Vela, consider the *Tsan* tablet, found on the very spot where the first sounding pit was sunk. Don't forget that among the few cuneiform words not obliterated was *Babylon*."

"Tablets containing the word have been found all over the Great Continent, remember? That fact still does not refute my hypothesis that Babel was the city where the tower, the ziggurat, was—Babylon the nation." He suppressed his scorn.

"No," the old man retorted. "My argument is as groundless as your other theory that a later-age city called, perhaps *Londo*, existed here. We find a piece of pottery containing the word *Londo* in later-age writing, and you contend that an ancient city by that name, perhaps a Metal Age city, stood here." He glowered at his young companion. "The *Londo* writing was developed centuries after the cuneiform of Babylon."

"Wait until the pit reaches twenty-five feet, you'll see," Dr. Vela retorted. "Besides, the city that stood here was surely large enough to extend from our mound to the river, or it has changed its course during the ages. Perhaps not *Londo* but the great Iron Age metropolis of—"

"Impossible! Unthinkable!" Dr. Parr exploded. "How could an Iron Age city have existed here and disappear without leaving a trace of metal? Yet we have found none; no rust, no deterioration—"

"Docteurs," a youthful voice called from the wadi skirting the base of the dune behind them.

Both men turned abruptly to observe the sallow youth who clambered swiftly up the sandy slope.

"What is it, Ling?" Dr. Vela demanded.

"Signor Dahn," he gasped; "he say come. He say, maybe he find one something, two something much important, yes."

"An artifact!" old Dr. Parr exclaimed. He scrambled to his feet and darted down the sandy slope.

Dr. Vela got deliberately to his feet. He might have been excited last week, even yesterday perhaps, but not today. And too, this alien feeling of antiquity and death boded on his spirits like a brooding thing from the past. Anyway, Dr. Parr would reap all the glory, the profit.

## II

He turned once more and glanced at the river. It was difficult to realize that in ages gone ships and barges plied its industrious flow. It was hard to comprehend that once, long ago, these scorched dunes were ripe with rolling acres of green verdure; hard to picture lovers, young and eager in their new affection, walking beneath shade trees along shores of the stream, and eating fruit from overhead branches and vines. It must have been a millennium ago, maybe two. Now, not even their dust could be typed. The weird mirages playing over the shimmering sands perhaps remembered their ghosts, but the very earth that mothered them had long since buried their dust beneath dead sands. Dr. Vela shivered suddenly beneath the blazing sun.

And suddenly he was back in his own world—his own world and his own time. He was here in this cursed desert now, but out there beyond those sands were green hills and blue waters, cities and people, and—a woman. There his fellowman waited to acclaim or condemn. The ages were dead beyond hope; he lived now and was young. He had not been assigned to this expedition, until the last minute—He kicked angrily at a hillock of sand and turned away from the river.

Dr. Parr and Signor Dahn were bending over a small object lying on a piece of cloth on the sand. They were talking, gesticulating ex-

citedly. Several yellow laborers, nearby, leaned on their hoes half asleep.

"You found something significant?" Dr. Vela asked.

"Why yes," Signor Dahn boomed, straightening his huge body. "An artifact, a segment of clay tablet containing cuneiform writing."

"Can you translate it?" He directed his question at Dr. Parr.

The old man glanced up, apparently surprised at the more compatible tone of his companion. "It's so effaced I can hardly discern the cuneiform; however, I can translate a part of it."

"What does it concern?" Dr. Vela dropped to one knee beside the old man. The clay segment was powdery with antiquity and discolored by a strange sootiness, as though it had been seared by an intense flame.

"It tells of a fierce deluge destroying a city called *Erdu*; it tells of a character named *Ziusuddu*." He looked at Dr. Vela.

"Sumerian mythology—*Ziusuddu* and the great flood," Dr. Vela stammered. "*Utnapishtim* in Babylonian mythology; perhaps Noah, in Hebrew."

"Yes, Sumerian mythology, or early Babylonian." Dr. Parr's voice quivered with excitement. "Maybe the city of Babylon did not stand here after all. Perhaps *Erdu* did. See? It mentions *Erdu*. Could this be the city mound of *Erdu*?"

"Never *Erdu*," Dr. Vela interrupted. "This mound is far too great to bury a city so small. *Erdu* was not in this area. It was further east; so was Babel in Babylon. Notice the seared appearance of the tablets, as though scorched by extreme heat."

"If you could only remember your place, young man!" the old man retorted. The white beard quivered in rage.

"My place! At least I don't jump to every conclusion that enters a deteriorated brain. I'm young enough to think."

"Gentlemen, you have argued continuously," Signor Dahn interrupted. "The suspense, the monotony! Control yourselves, please, or I'll be inclined to join you."

"What—what was the other—Did you find something else? Ling mentioned two somethings." Dr. Vela's tones were more suppressed.

"Oh, yes, metal; a small metal plaque," Dr. Parr answered. "Bring it here, Ling."

The youth hurried forward and extended the plate; Dr. Parr took it. It was about ten inches by six and very thin. Its surface was eroded and pitted, but it still possessed a silvery sheen beneath the same seared blackness that had discolored the clay tablet.

"It's some sort of a plaque apparently containing a poem written by the donor and given to the people of the city that stood here," Dr. Parr explained. "Perhaps this was not *Erdu*; at least this tablet is



etched in the same type of writing as that appearing on the *Londo* pottery."

"Could you translate it verbatim, please; or permit me to?" Dr. Vela's anger was succumbing to his interest.

Dr. Parr scanned the plate. "An introduction here near the top says: GIVEN IN PROFOUND GRATITUDE TO THE CITIZENS OF LON. . . meaning *Londo*, undoubtedly. A few words seem to be literally burned away at that point." He squinted. "There is more to the introduction: two lines in parenthesis."

"What are they?" Dr. Vela leaned closer, hardly breathing.

Dr. Parr glanced at the young archæologist, returned his gaze to the plaque. "They are:

*(Greatly they weep for Babylon  
Greatly they weep)"*

The old scientist looked up suddenly. "Then if this was a city called *Londo*, it must have been contemporary with Babylon. It certainly—"

"Doesn't the remaining paragraph in the introduction modify those two lines in parenthesis?" Dr. Vela asked.

"Why—why, yes; they seem to. They say:

*. . . from a clay tablet found in ancient . . . the last two lines  
of a Babylonian version of the destruction of the Tower of Babel . . .  
Tablet now kept . . . Museum.*

At least I translate the last word to mean museum."

"Then it's surely a translation," Signor Dahn remarked. "The two lines in parenthesis, I mean. Maybe from cuneiform into this."

"Evidently." Young Vela's voice was sober, thoughtful.

"As I said, the main body seems to be a poem of sorts," Dr. Parr continued. "But only segments of the last few lines are intelligible." He translated slowly:

*"There were two cities seared by angry man  
Wielding eternal flames . . .  
Five thousand years . . . these Oriental streets. . .  
The force that tumbled Babylon, a breeze. . .  
None walk to grieve these cities . . . death.  
Ah, Babylon, be patient in thy sleep:  
Weep no more, Babel's towers. . . ."*

The three stood silent, gazing at the metal sheet.

"How can it be explained?" Dr. Vela said slowly. "Perhaps this was the sight of an ancient museum where the yet more ancient clay tablet was kept. One thing is evident to me, at least they used the word *Babylon* interchangeably for the word *Babel*; meaning the tower destroyed by an angry god."

"I remember that story," Signor Dahn's voice was almost quiet. "They were punished for their evil, weren't they?"

"Yes. Yes, for their evil," Dr. Vela answered. "Some were left to weep, though."

"Perhaps this *was* the site of a museum." Dr. Parr addressed Dr. Vela. "Maybe Babel *was* a city in the country of Babylon. We have forgotten so much, so very much. Babylon was surely further east, as you suggested."

"It is hard to understand how all the metal in a great city like this could dissolve and be dissipated into thin air, all but this strange alloy plaque." Dr. Vela gazed pensively at the metal sheet. "Then this poem must have been composed shortly after the destruction of those two Oriental cities, when the Great-bombs were first used."



"Docteer Vela think on Balo's words."

"Agreed," the old man answered slowly. "The museum was probably not located in *Londo*, but as you first suggested, in the great Steel Age city of *London*. The word *Londo* on the pottery we found yesterday had the final letter *n* seared away. This desert peninsula was once the island of Britain, as you have been contending all along; remember, London too was obliterated in the great War of Destruction—how long, how very long ago!"

"What tremendous explosives they must have known to destroy metal so completely!" Dr. Vela gazed at the shimmering horizon. "What inventiveness!"

"What a paper I can write for the Council!" Dr. Parr mused.

"'Wielding eternal flames,' the poem said. What did it mean?—Yes, we have forgotten many things."

"Many things, much for our own good," the old man repeated softly.

"Yes, we have forgotten many things," Dr. Vela echoed. "We shall never know the kind of people they were—they really were."

He was back in his own time again, and beyond the burning sands where his fellowman waited. He could see the tops of the oasis palms beyond the next dune. He wondered how much Balo would demand.

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JOHN FOSTER WEST at present is studying for an M.A. degree at the University of North Carolina and is collecting material for a second novel. He has had a number of short stories and poems published, and his first novel was runner-up in the Dodd-Mead intercollegiate contest last year.

Ballad of London Town

Circa 2,000

By SANDY McEACHERN

The bones stand bright against the hill;
The trees look down, look down;
No more moves man in his proud will
Where once was London town.

Here clings no trace of ancient woe:
Both land and air are still.
No longer gleams the sullen glow
Of isotopic ill.

The coney creep about their paths,
The gulls swing down from high,
The sparrows take their early baths,
And linnets sing from nigh.

The fox that leaves his morning den
Now takes no thought of man,
But plots in solitude again
His own too-crafty plan.

The bones stand bright from every kill:
The soaring bird looks down
To see who next will gain the skill
To win a Heavenly crown.



DR. WALLACE E. CALDWELL, author of such histories as "Ancient World," "Hellenic Conception of Peace," and "World History," is a graduate of Cornell and Columbia. A Professor of Ancient History at the University since 1922, Dr. Caldwell here establishes his concept of what the student should derive from a college education.

Why A Liberal Education?

By WALLACE E. CALDWELL

I

THE contest between education as a preparation for life and education as training to make a living began with the ancient Greeks. The sophists claimed that by their teaching they made their students better in character and that at the same time they provided them with all the practical knowledge useful for the statesman. These wise Hellenes were training the youth for success in public life. Plato began the argument by attacking bitterly the practical elements in the sophistic schools. The most recent phase of this contest came when the latest "service" course was presented to one of our University boards for approval.

Certain of our schools and departments are avowedly devoted to training. Our schools of education, commerce, agriculture, engineering, law, medicine, and theology, *et. al.* have each a definite service to perform. The students in these schools expect to be trained to make a living. They along with training schools of lower grade, like the ancient sophists, perform a valuable and needed service to our country.

The question arises at once, however, are they, even for their own students, the complete answer. Should the youth be prepared for living as well as trained to make a living? Here the cultural subjects in elementary and secondary schools and the liberal arts curriculum in the college enter the picture.

Many object to these subjects in the lower schools on the ground of their uselessness. Still more complain of the liberal arts program. I have heard many fathers say: "My son (or my daughter) has spent years in college and cannot make a living." My answer is simple. "You have no right to expect it. The task of the college is to educate them for living. It is not a training school

for a career, except incidentally as the student may elect service courses in addition to the regular program." If this statement is correct, can the cultural subjects on the lower levels and the liberal arts curriculum on the higher be justified?

In my answer to this question I am no doubt rationalizing myself and justifying my own position since my subject, ancient history, can certainly make no claim to utility except to those who expect to teach it. Nevertheless my answer is strongly in the affirmative.

Liberal education is designed to produce three qualities: first, the ability to read, to study, to think, and to evaluate; second, a broad foundation of general knowledge of the sciences, natural and physical, the social sciences, and the humanities; third, those elements of culture which properly distinguish an educated man or woman.

The first of these qualities is best attained through such disciplinary courses as mathematics, the languages, and the elementary sciences though all courses should add to it if properly taught. The acquisition of facts, their classification, arrangement and interpretation in all courses are a necessary part of it. Certainly without facts no one can think clearly. To this, I should like to add the training of the memory and the appreciation of great literature by memorization and recital. A good memory is a great asset. As age comes on, in addition, I find one of the greatest pleasures is running over again and again those selections which I learned as a youth.

The second is provided by the general program usually required during the first two years of college and by the supplementary courses taken in the last two years. They contribute greatly of course to the third which perhaps should not be too clearly distinguished from the second. The third is, however, greatly enhanced by an intensive study of one field of human knowledge. This classification must be immediately qualified. Any course in any subject if properly taught, if the facts therein are properly related to the whole field of human knowledge and to human life can provide all three qualities. To put it in modern educational parlance, every course should be an orientation course.

II

Culture, a much abused word, is difficult to define. I like to define it as the ability to appreciate both the simpler and the finer things of life, to have a true appreciation of the brotherhood of man, to be able to understand the point of view of another even when he differs with you and allow him the same freedom which you claim for yourself, to have a true interest in all human affairs,

in short to have a breadth of view and a true tolerance that takes in all mankind.

Some acquire this without formal education by living in sympathy with their fellow-men; some by travel and contact with the different conditions of life and ideas of the people of other regions and lands and the sight of beauty-spots of nature, historic places and great works of art. All of this takes time, and travel for many is impossible. Education at its best provides this for the youth in shorter form by bringing the student into mental contact with the peoples of many lands and many times and with the wonders of the world, natural and man-made, by travel in time rather than space. The sciences contribute to it by revealing the intricacies of nature as well as the vast expanse of the universe. The social sciences add their portion as they reveal men's attempts to solve their problems of government, of business, and of social relationships. The humanities—literature, fine arts, and philosophy make a special claim on the attention as they reveal the thoughts and works of the great writers, artists, and thinkers of the past, those who have wrought greatly in the broad aspects of the life of man.

History, my own subject, bridging the two categories of the social sciences and the humanities, may be used to illustrate my meaning. History is the laboratory of the social sciences. Here we can study the past attempts of men to solve their problems, their successes and their failures, and gain perhaps some insight which will help us to avoid mistakes and to overcome our own difficulties. Even though we cannot list the causes which have produced our dilemmas, the study of the past, the most ancient past as well as the most recent, will help us to understand the conditions which made possible the present. It will give us a sense of the historic process and relieve us perhaps of the youthful urge to make too great haste in righting historic wrongs. Through history we may live vicariously in all ages. We may become acquainted with the men and women of distant lands and ages, experience with them their joys and sorrows, their triumphs and defeats, their slow, laborious climbs, disastrous falls and happy arrivals. We may come to appreciate the true stature of those who have produced for us in our own land what we proudly term "the American way of life." We become ourselves a part of the historic process, find our place and learn something of the value the little contribution which we ourselves may make that the world may be a better place because we have lived in it.

We are the heirs of all the ages and it is only through education that we may claim our inheritance.

Our country has need of men and women so educated if the American way of life is to be preserved, not just a select few, but all to the extent of their intellectual ability. To deny true education to any because of their economic or social status is a denial of democracy. We require a citizenry competent to think, to study and appraise men and issues, with the courage to vote and stand by their convictions, and at the same time to listen to the opinions and respect the rights of those who differ from them. The world of business, of technology, and of the professions has need of men and women similarly trained if it is to contain a people capable of living what Plato called the good life, to be approached, he said, by the three-fold path of beauty, proportion, and truth. Too early or too great concentration on training courses is a denial of education. Most of the leaders in our great training schools recognize this. Most professional schools require a liberal arts education as a prerequisite to entrance. Liberal subjects are found in our schools of commerce and in our engineering curricula. Mr. Churchill, in his Boston speech, congratulated the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on having provided a Dean of Humanities in that great institution. A person properly educated and then given an intensive course of training will, in my opinion, in the long run far surpass the one who has been merely trained, no matter how long he has spent on that training.

III

The student who is given the opportunity of acquiring education and fails to take full advantage of it to the best of his (or her) ability is denying his birthright. The election of courses because they are easy or popular, the practice of doing just the required work and no more, of being satisfied with just a "C" or even a passing grade, along with over-indulgence in the social aspects of college life are common specimens of contributory negligence.

In the selection of his courses the student should pay attention not only to the content and its interest and value to him, but also to the teacher. In every faculty there are men who from a richness of wisdom, of experience, and of personality have something special to contribute. The old saying that education consists of "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other," still holds true. It is well also, if possible, for him to select men whose views differ that he may learn from them to think for himself and to realize that no man has a monopoly of the truth.

Above all he should beware of the current fallacy that only contemporary problems should be studied, that by concentration

on them he may learn to understand the world he is to live in. This is a fallacy because it ignores the fact that our current problems have historic backgrounds and that without a knowledge of these the problems themselves cannot be understood. Again, the problems of today which he is studying will not be precisely those which he will face in later life. The burning issues which agitated us all in my own college days in the first decade of the century have all been transformed or have disappeared. The father who recently said to the dean of a woman's college that he wanted his daughter to study nothing that happened before 1900 had no comprehension of the purpose or values of education. I do not mean to deny the value of the study of current problems but rather to insist that such study would be barren without the broad platform of knowledge on which such studies should be based.

I cannot close a discussion of education without a tribute to its spiritual values. The study of science from the electron in the atom to the vast expanse of the universe in astronomy, from the primitive cell in biology to the intricate complexities of the human body reveal the power and wisdom of the Great Artificer of the universe. The study of man in all his relationships, so infinitely varied that in all the countless throngs that have lived, no two have been found completely identical, adds to our sense of wonder. Without the fatherhood of God there can be no true brotherhood of man. History, literature, and philosophy, all tell the story of the insistent effort of men to search for God and to solve the riddle of human existence. The greatest words, and deeds, and works reveal those moments of inspiration when men have somehow caught glimpses of the Eternal. The truly educated man, proud though he may be of his achievements, will bow his head in humility before Him, who is the prime mover and cause of all.



Pensivity

By MARVIN HOLLIDAY

I wandered carefree through the field and wood
And acted like a vagabond today:—
Ignored the things of Nature on my way;
And blind to all forgot that Earth is good.
Yet deeper in the forest lone I stood;
And watched the light and shadows inter-play,
Till slow beguiled by Nature's bright array,
She proffered me a common brotherhood.
At once responding with alerted nerve,
I roused each human sense while standing there:—
And yet composed despite my hallowed verve,
I deemed myself absurd beyond compare,
Because I'd looked on this and failed to swerve
To praise, or turn from orison to prayer.



Homage

By MARVIN HOLLIDAY

I bind myself as vassal to the wind;
And yield my homage like a weather-vane;
I turn to North, to South and North again,
To West, to East and then a calm attend.
I watch the distant trees that nod and bend;
And join them, acquiescing in the rain:
Thus yielding all to Nature's mild chicane,
Then from my vantage point the scene transcend.
I hold it true, "If Nature be obeyed,"
As teachers must, "that she can then be ruled,"
Becoming thus to men a serving maid.
She's not beguiled, Nature can't be fooled:
To rule, the price of homage must be paid:
Matriculate, attend, or go unschooled!



Sweet Amanda

By ROBERT HAYNIE

I

FROM her window she watched the doctor leave. She saw her next to youngest son Jesse out there talking to him, talking about her, that she was going to die, that was it, that was the talk out there beside his car. Well, she didn't like these fancy doctors nowadays. All dressed up, riding around the country in automobiles. Hardly paid to call one anymore, but Jesse would do it, down there at Jennings' store. If they come out one time, they always felt obliged to be coming two or three times more, just to see how you were getting on! That's what they said, but oh, my, they charged you for it!

She heard the back door slam.

"Jesse," she called. "Oh, Jesse." There was a moment of complete silence in the house, as if he were out there, listening to her call, and not wanting to come.

She lifted her silky-grey head upward like a bird, the flabby, wrinkled brown skin of her neck falling downward into folds as she uttered a series of low, mournful cries. That'd fetch him!

The door was thrust open and the gaunt figure of her son, Jesse

Alexander Penland, stood there in the light. He was a tall man, taller than her husband John had been, taller than Amanda herself, and she had been a woman of considerable height, before she had decided she was going to die. She'd shrunk some since then. How long had it been? She couldn't recollect.

She sat silent a moment as she always did when they waited upon her. She studied the silhouette he threw across the floor, and then she sighed low and leaned back and looked up at him. He favors Abraham Lincoln, she thought. Named him Jesse from the Bible and Alexander from Alexander the Great, but he's always looked like Lincoln, not like me, don't care what John said.

"Mother, you all right?"

"Who is it?" she exclaimed, squinting her eyes among the shadows on the opposite side of the room. "That you, Walton?"

"No, Mother, it's Jesse."

"Jesse," she repeated, softening the word. "You're a good boy, Jesse, looking after me like you do." Then, sharply, "Where's Leila?"

"Down the road to Cousin Vaudie's."

"Oughtn't she be home, to fix your supper?"

"They were going to a church meeting, Mother."

"How about the little feller? Got him with her, has she?"

"Little feller, Mother? You mean Davie?"

"Davie, yes, he's a good little boy."

"Davie's not a little boy any longer, Mother. He's almost a grown man." He got up impatiently, and she stared dumbly at him and then she looked down into her lap meekly and soon she began to rock back and forth, back and forth. She pulled her black shawl tightly about her.

"Cold in here, ain't it, Jesse?"

"I'll stir up the fire," he said, and he went to do it.

As quickly as his back was turned, she was up like a flash, and when he came again to her side, she was standing beside the window, peering out. They both stood there a moment watching Leila walking down the highway with Davie.

"Mighty late for church meeting," said Amanda, and she brought herself up from the stoop at the glass. When she did so, she was almost as tall as her son. She observed his shoulders for a moment, and then she dropped her own, going back once more to attention-drawing helplessness.

"Where's my chair? I can't see a thing, Where am I? That you there, Walton?"

Her son Jesse heard her but he did not answer. He shook his head slowly and breathed low but clearly. "Oh, God, oh my God!"

She ignored him. "Walton," she held out her hand imploringly.

"Walton, son, you will get my chair for me. . . ?"

He walked over and pulled the rocker toward her, took her arm and roughly forced her down into it.

"I'm just a helpless old woman," she said. "Better off dead, I reckon. So much trouble to everybody."

Jesse started to leave the room, but she reached out quickly and caught at his coat sleeve.

"Son, what'd the doctor say? Cost you plenty, I reckon."

"He said you ought to sit outside more. Get more fresh air and sunshine. Says you ought to walk out in the yard more. Said if you did, you'd be all right. Nothing wrong with you 'cept what's in your mind."

"Did, did he? Well, now, I don't know, I don't know. Hate to be such a burden."

"You're no burden, Mother. How many times I have to tell you?"

"Yes," she said, shaking her head from side to side, and beginning to rock slowly again. "Yes, I'm a burden to Leila. Leila has to wait on me."

"Now, Mother, you know Leila don't mind caring for you. She hasn't said nothing, has she?"

Amanda stopped rocking. She studied the floor for a bit, and then spoke slowly, carefully.

"Well, now, I don't recollect she's said anything direct, but I know I'm a burden to her, Walton, I know."

"Stop calling me Walton!"

"I reckon Leila's not a great hand for cooking," she went on, meaningly.

"Leila's a good cook, Mother. Now what do you mean by that? Ain't she been fixing you what the doctor said?"

"Doctor said? What did he say? You never told me, son, what he said. Not long for the world, am I? Just an old, old woman, a burden on everybody. No use to anybody no more, the Lord forgot me. . . left me here to worry Leila. . ."

Her voice trailed off into a soliloquy addressed chiefly to herself, but presently she began to rock again and when Jesse left the room she had started to sing softly in a strange, high voice an old, old hymn from her childhood days.

II

In the kitchen of the small, unpainted frame house Leila Penland glanced over at her husband who sat watching her as she fixed a bouquet of daisies in an old jelly-jar. She placed the flowers in the center of the kitchen table.

"Maybe Mother would like them in her room," said Jesse.

"Her?" Leila laughed. "No she wouldn't. Not her."

"How do you know she wouldn't like 'em?"

"How do I know? I've waited on her long enough to know what she likes or don't like. And let me tell you it's not much she likes!"

"Well, I know she's half-crazy and a lot of trouble, but by God she's my own mother! I have to look after her, don't I? She thinks she's a burden on you. Can't you try to be a little nicer to her?"

Leila turned about and pulled up a chair and folded her hands upon the table. She wanted to be calm about this, but it was a problem. She was unhappy here in this awful little house. Only because of Amanda. If she would only hurry up and die they could go back to their own nice house in town and live like city people once again. One thing she was thankful for—she would never have to have Amanda there again, her husband had agreed to that.

"It's just that I think some of the others ought to help out, too. It isn't fair for you to support her alone. She's always calling for Walton. Why can't he come and stay with her for a while? He and that woman he has."

"Leila!"

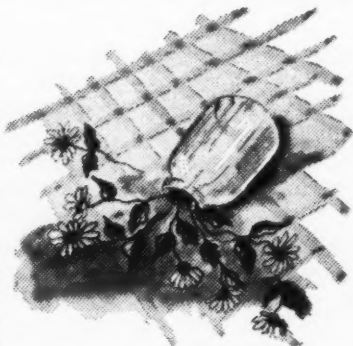
"Well, she keeps house for him. You said that. Vaudie says she comes from over Cat Creek. Now maybe *her* cooking would please your ma."

"I think you hate my mother."

"Don't I have reason to? Now just don't I? Just how much comfort did she give me when I married you? She made my honeymoon miserable, when you took me to her house. She made fun of me. She laughed at my cooking, just like she complains about it now. She tried to make out like I didn't know how to do anything good enough. Sure, I was green. We don't live at home like mountain women like her! And just remember the way she treated her own husband! Your father! He hated her!"

Jesse brought his fist down upon the table in a mighty smash. The jelly-jar of flowers spilled over and the water ran over the sides and down onto the floor. From the bedroom came sounds of stirring around, and Amanda could be heard calling, "Leila, oh, Leila!"

Leila sat very still, withdrawing her hands from the table and folding them again in her lap. She gazed steadily at her husband and repeated her words.



"Hated her! He told me so! She was mean, always—mean to him, mean to you even. Look at you—you support her, give her this place, feed her. Break up your own family for her, and she doesn't even thank you for it. She thanks Walton! Walton's the fair-haired child! She thinks you're Walton half the time. She's crazy! She's absolutely crazy!"

She pushed herself away from the table and got up. "I just can't stand it any more. I'm just about crazy myself, being with her."

She began to feel hot tears rising, and she did not want to weep here before him, so she turned and walked from the room and out across the back yard and up by the pasture gate, where she leaned up against an apple tree and looked across the fields at the grove of pine trees where the family cemetery lay. First to herself and then aloud, she said: "Oh, God, let her die! Let her die! Let her go up there and rot in the ground with all the rest of the Penlands!"

III

Amanda lay still in her bed and listened. She strained her ears until finally the only sound she could hear was the chirping of crickets through a crack in the window-pane. She wondered why Leila couldn't have had that window fixed. And her fire was out!

She pulled herself out from under the bedthings. Being fully clothed made this difficult, yet she managed to get into her shoes and stand upright, her long legs spread apart for balance until she could get a breath and go across to the wardrobe.

"Coat," she said, and she popped herself into it. She pursed her lips. "No, jacket first." And then she had some trouble getting out of the coat, but at last she made it and then one by one she bundled herself into all of the clothing items on her hall-rack. Finally she placed on her head the hat of black velvet, and tied its ribbon underneath her chin. There! Now she was ready to go.

She unbolted the catch on the back hall door and stepped outside. She felt better than common tonight. She walked out across the barnyard and suddenly she was startled. Somebody must be shining a searchlight, it was so bright all around! There was light all over everything! They had found her! They were waiting there behind their bright lights, waiting to grab her again and make her go back into her room. Leila was out there in the barn, waiting for her, with a "nice dish of oatmeal," Leila with her prissy words and flowers, Leila holding her hands around Jesse. She knew about Leila! She knew! She'd tell Jesse. She could tell him now about Leila! She whirled about and began to run. Where was he?

"Jesse," she whispered. "Where are you, son?"

The tinkle of a cow-bell was her only reply, and she could make out Old Bossy moving about over there in the pasture just like

afternoon. Why, was it afternoon? Could she have got the time all mixed up, waiting there in her room? She might have gone asleep and woke up here in plain daylight. Then there came a sound of a rooster crowing in the henhouse. Yes, it was daylight, because she knew the chickens never crowed unless it was an awful bright moonlight night. . .

She balanced herself and twisted her neck around to look up at the sky. A million or more stars looked back at her, and a full, yellow moon told her to go ahead, Mandy, run along quickly.

She felt a smile creep across her face and she laughed gaily as she tottered over to the barn door. Just as a final reassurance she called in a low whisper, "Jesse?" No answer. "Leila?" Again the tinkle of the cowbell from the meadow. She started to move away, and then something drew her back, and a third time she bobbed her head into the barn door. "Walton?" she called, straining her eyes to see through the darkness. "Walton, you in there?"

She withdrew her neck a little sadly, for Walton was her baby, and she had been right happy the year before he was born. She bumped into something hanging on a nail by the door and it was a kerosene lantern.

She'd take the lantern with her. She didn't need it now, with the moon so bright, but up over the ridge now, the moon might change.

She crossed over the knoll where the black walnut tree had been, and she stopped there to catch her breath. They had to sell the trees to get the money to bury John. Not content to give her misery all his living days. Not enough to force her to bear all those children. She hated him! She hated all the men she'd ever known, except her baby Walton. Walton was not like the rest. Walton was fair and had curly, yellow hair. Where was Walton? They told her he lived over beyond Cat Creek now, at Henrytown. Why, bad people lived there! Dirty, nasty people who made bootleg whisky, and cursed and fought every Saturday night of the world and cut up each other with razors. There were even some niggers lived over Henrytown, she'd heard.

And she'd heard something else. Leila had said it. Leila! Leila would say it about Walton now, wouldn't she though? Said—Amanda heard her plain as anything—through the fireplace, because if you stuck your head in far enough, when the fire was out, you could hear every word said in the room next to it. Leila said Walton lived over past Henrytown, and that a black nigger woman from Cat Creek lived with him. With her baby Walton! But now wouldn't Leila be the one to tell such a black lie!

She might have thought she'd fooled Jesse, but she didn't fool old Mandy Penland! She'd seen 'em. Her and Walton. Leila, so

pretty and so white and so refined, not two full weeks after she was married, letting Walton kiss her in the barn. It didn't mean what Leila probably thought, for her Walton was different from most boys. He never took up seriously with women. Not like Jesse—not like skinny, boney Jesse—he was like his pa, just like him—his spitting image, they used to say. She hated them. People had looked at Walton, and then looked at John, and even at Mandy, but they never agreed as to just which one he did look like. Some did say he favored his Cousin Eugene Atkins. Now that was silly, because the only thing they both had alike was yellow hair. Where was Cousin Eugene now?

Amanda looked about her. She must be on her way. She could move like lightning when she wished! She was strong and swift and she had been a real woman in her day—before she had known she was going to die. Now why had they made her wait so long? Was it to let old John up there rot away before they put her in beside him? Better his worms than him.

She crossed a small stream bordering the side yard, and now she was on the side road leading up toward the old lumber camp and beyond that, to the mountains. Was this the road to Overlook Meadow? Overlook Meadow!

She stood poised for a moment there, directly in the center of the road on the rise of the curve, and the wind from the west came blowing up around her ankles, tossing her skirt high into the current. Her legs held her steady, but the wind increased, and threw her off balance, and she tottered first on one foot, then on the other, until she began to run, the wind almost picking her feet up, one after the other, carrying her along swiftly up the road. Her feet were hardly touching the gravel as it pushed her onward, and she could not stop herself. Then the wind ceased abruptly, and Amanda wavered a moment, lunged forward again, and then fell headlong into a thicket of blackberry bushes bordering the road.

The briars snatched at her face, her hands, and she threw her arm above her face as she struggled to rise. Her heavy clothing protected her, but when she finally freed herself, she was weak and shaking and she began to moan with the pain. She crawled over into the grass and she felt a powerful wish to wail and cry, but she could not manage other than moans. She placed a finger to her eyes, but they were dry. She could not cry! It might be the work of the Almighty God!

She looked about her. "God?" she called.

The wind aroused itself, and began to stir around a bit, whistling sharply through the grass at Amanda's feet. It slapped at her bonnet, and she pulled the ribbons tighter. When she started to get up, again

a gust of wind swept her back, and she wavered, but got her balance, and crossed the road to the bank on the other side. She got into the drainage ditch and felt her way along.

She had only to go near one other place, the Redman farm. There, to her surprise, she saw lights in the black windows. Those wild Redman young 'uns. She'd just bet the whole lot of 'em was drunk! Probably gambling too. And Jesse let his boy Davie run around with such white trash. Poor little Davie. He didn't know his mother—well, Mandy knew. Davie's own Uncle Walton! *One thing she could not stand was unfaithfulness.* Look how she had stuck to John Penland for all the hell he'd brought her. Did she ever look at another man? Lord knows Cousin Eugene Atkins had tried to get close to her all the time. She couldn't quite remember what Cousin Eugene Atkins looked like, but one thing was certain, he was nothing like Walton. Now if her baby looked like anybody, it looked like her—when she was a girl, before having all those children for skinny old John Penland! She'd never of thought he could bring in more than one or two, to look at him. No, it was her: she was the one God made fertile.

IV

The light at the Redman place went out. Amanda was frightened, and hoped they would not come out and find her. No, she'd get up the bank—just a little farther now was the trail. She threw out her long arms into the branches which choked the ditch, and she pulled herself along by them, feeling about with her feet for a break in the slope. It was darker along here, and she could not see. Why hadn't she brought the lantern? Why. . . she had brought it. Now where was it? Back at the walnut tree? Yes—that would be the place. Old John was there and he had taken the lantern.

Well, she'd get along without it. She'd find the path soon. Presently she half fell, half threw herself into a gap in the red bank, a gully washed out by rains, and she clambered up, grasping the young scrub pines until she pulled herself to the top. Before her stretched the path.

The earth was sandy atop the ridge and the trail was smooth and clear for Amanda as she moved along. The moon appeared ahead of her at a turn in the path, lighting her way, beckoning her on.

"Come along, Amanda," said a voice. Was it the Man In The Moon?

"I'm coming," she said, and she lifted up her sagging shoulders. She was happy. She had not known a night like this since the spring evening at Overlook Meadow. That was the night she was given her Walton. She knew once it had happened. She always knew about her children. It helped out, too, because she could always keep John away, once she knew. He wouldn't dare touch her once she told him.

He was afraid of losing any of his babies, and she despised him for his ignorance, although she was glad it kept him away from her.

There was an opening in the forest. It looked like—no, now it couldn't be—Overlook Meadow? Amanda snorted at her own mistake. "Overlook Meadow is atop the mountain," she said, lowering her voice as she spoke, and glancing about her.

"There's no one here, Amanda. Sit and rest," said the Man In The Moon.

"Yes," she said simply, and she sat down upon a large flat rock. It was much the same as this, that night, she remembered. The thought of it brought to her mind the lookout place at the Meadow, where you could feel stars falling down close to your shoulders and the moon made dark-haired maidens turn to gold when they danced in the spell of the night. Amanda had danced, swept away with the magic of the mountain top, only a step away from Heaven itself, but where the ways of the church meeting folks in the valley were forgot and foolish, for on Overlook it was almost like another world, a place of glitter and gold. Her baby Walton with his yellow locks was her proof of the magic come true. He looked like her—that night!

Had there been music? Yes—she could hear the fiddler even now, far in the distance—for she had danced barefoot, round and round. . .

"You, Mandy?" said the Man In The Moon. "You were a farm woman with six children. A woman that plowed and hoed corn, chopped wood and killed rattlesnakes. You? A woman who always spurned the love of her own husband, frowned on lovemaking as you did? What happened to you up there on Overlook that night and made you dance and sing and taste of love."

"Who is it?" called out Amanda. "Who's there, whispering to me?" She lowered her voice that only she might hear. "Could it be Walton?" She stood up and called softly into the shadows, "Walton. . . Walton. . . this is Mama calling, baby."

She was mocked and hurt by the silence which followed. She sat again upon her rock, and she began to hum a song she used to sing Walton to sleep by. It was an old song she had heard her grandmother sing, a tune they said had crossed the seas from foreign lands, so full of beauty she had never allowed herself to sing it to the other children; only Walton seemed worthy of hearing it.

She leaned her head against a tree, and swaying in the breeze, it lolled her into a spell which carried her out over the years and back to her childhood. She hadn't recalled that tune for many a day; what else might be coming back now? She smiled as an image of a man with whiskers appeared—her father—and there was a woman come up, sat beside him—and suddenly her heart began to rock as if trying to take the woman from the picture. Was it her

mother? She had not visioned that face since the day she had escaped to be married. Yes, even going away with John Penland had been an escape then. What was it that she hated so fierce about her mother?

"Shame, Amanda?" It was the Man In The Moon, whispering into her ear.

"Yes," she cried aloud and she awoke and she remembered. In the barn loft—she and a boy. He had told her they would play in the hay, and they did that, and then she'd tumbled over from a beam and her dress fell over her head and she hadn't anything on underneath. The boy had asked her to let him look better, and she had, and her mother had come into the barn and seen them there, her with her dress raised and him just standing there looking. Her mother screamed at them and had beat the living daylights out of her. "It's a sin, what you've done! A sin!" And she'd never forgotten. She remembered even with John that first night as man and wife, when she could still hear her mother crying into her ear, "A sin, a sin, a sin!"

"And all the children?" asked the Man In The Moon.

"I didn't want those children," said Amanda. "It was my duty as a wife. That's what my father taught me. My duty."

"And what of Overlook Meadow?" reminded the Man In The Moon. "What about the seventh child? Duty?"

"Duty?" asked Amanda. "Duty? Is this God I'm talking to?"

"You're only talking to yourself, Amanda," said the Man In The Moon, passing behind a cloud. "Well, reckon I'll be going along over to Overlook Meadow, where the witches dance. *Did you dance with a witch-boy, Amanda? Did you make love with a witch-boy that night in the moonlight?*"

V

Amanda rose. She planted her feet widely apart and straightened herself. She opened her coat, and she untied her bonnet and dropped it behind her. She moved toward the other end of the path, calling and reaching out her hand before her.

"God? Walton? Jesse? Leila?"

She moved on, calling their names, running about the circle of light, both her arms outstretched, grasping for the things which were not there.

"John?"

She threw up her hands to the sky and she cried aloud. There was no reply except the whispering of the wind through the pine branches, and Amanda strained her ear to understand the murmuring. Was it saying to her, go on, go on, Amanda, only a short way now. . . ?

She felt unable to breathe. She was choked by the strange night which had swallowed her up, and she gasped as she staggered for-

ward, finally pulling away her coat, and throwing it aside, and then she began to run! Amanda Penland, nearly seventy-five, running like a girl again.

She was numb to feeling. The wind swept in front of her, blowing her dress behind, and she saw the thickets whip out and lash her, but she felt nothing, and she ran on, on, until at last she crumpled against the creaky old gate which marked the entrance to the Penland graveyard.

No need for a gate. No fence, was there? No need for a gate when there was nothing to close in. There were no people here, only spirits, only ghosts—perhaps a few molding remains deep down there in the metal caskets of the more prosperous kin, like the Rays, the Atkins, and the Wilsons. Wouldn't be a whole sight left of the poor Penlands, in their wooden coffins.



Amanda approached the long line of graves which could be no other family than hers, for the sunken ground pits were all long and lean, as Amanda's husband and her four deceased offspring were all long and lean, and despite their difference in ages, all were alike now in death. Didn't John have a set pattern for all his coffins?

And there was the marker. One for the whole lot, and a big one, too, but it cost enough. All that was left over from the coffin and

burying money went on the tombstone.

She looked down at the vacant space beside her husband's. There were some violets planted there, and they looked right pretty. Be a shame to mess up the place.

The wind sighed and whispered a few more times about her, cajoling her here, walking among her dead and buried, and then abruptly it stopped and there was only the sound of the night insects, but Amanda did not hear them. Amanda was walking among ghostly spirits, and she was listening to their voices now. Calling to her, were saying, "Come now, Amanda, and join us. . . rest, Amanda, rest, at last. . ."

And she darted, she turned, she ran now among the markers, she traced the names with her fingers, she found old friends, old enemies there, but suddenly among their calling she heard a voice bitterly remembered, a voice distant at first and then increasingly close and

now into her ear: "Amanda, Amanda, my Mandy, my sweet Mandy."

"No," she cried. "No! Stay away. Don't come near me!"

"Mandy! Do you hear me, Mandy? Do you hear? I'm your husband! Your husband!"

The words echoed again and again into her ears till she felt her drums must burst, and as she fled among the tombstones, she darted wildly to one side and then the other: how to get out, to get away from him, she must get away, escape! Why didn't they come to help her! Leila! Why didn't Leila come! Leila wanted her to die! She hated her, hated her, hated her! Why did Leila want her to die! Why?

Amanda fell upon a grave, her hand overturning a tin can filled with wild flowers, the water running toward her, rusty. It was Leila coming toward her. Leila was Evil. Leila had tried to get her baby Walton. Get her Walton when she was married to skinny ole boney Jesse. Well, she tried, but she didn't get far. Amanda had seen to that. No woman ever got him. No woman ever would. Don't believe that talk about that nigger at Cat Creek. Lies. Leila's lies, now that she finally come back here. Well, Walton had shown her. He'd gone away. Lives over to Henrytown. Probably hunts and traps. He's a man. My curly headed baby wouldn't lay with no nigger! He was tricky, too. Told them he didn't want to be around a sick woman. He lied, so as to show old Leila he wasn't even going to spit her name. He didn't want to leave me. He told me he would miss me so, when he left. He told them that other out in the front room, and I heard through the chimney, but I understood he didn't mean it.

Oh, Leila, you can't have him ever. He's gone now. Nobody will ever get my baby. Maybe he does live with that nigger. Ole Leila, you won't find out. No never. Nobody would ever know what my boy done. He will be smart, like Amanda. Amanda, she has a secret. She has one, too, Walton, lovely baby.

"God? You there, God?"

Amanda lifted her head and this time there was an answer. It was a soft flutter upon the leaves of the shrubs which grew among the pines, and the pit-pat increased slowly and then quickly until the rain began to come down through the trees, washing clean Amanda's old face.

"God! God is here! God heard me! Have you come for me, Lor.?"

To herself: did he hear, did he hear, did he hear? I'm a sinner, sinner, sinner, me and my baby Walton. Walton, my baby? That you, Walton? No, not Walton—it's Jesse! Go away! Want my baby! Leila? Go away, lowland lily! Leave us be!

By now the rain had developed into a torrent, and the woolen clothes of Amanda were water-drenched and plastered to her skin. She was half-crawling, half-rolling among the graves, grasping the

stones, overturning the wooden markers, the glass jars filled with long dead flowers, until at last she stopped beside a grave at the far end of a row.

She cast both her arms about the stone, and pulled her sopping body, ancient, withered, scant left but skin and bone, upon the mound, more recent than the others, perhaps, as some of the earth was still heaped above the ground. It was covered with a snaky-like green vine, and when the last spurt of energy left in the body of old Amanda pushed her upon it, she sank deep into the leaves, and they enveloped her into the bosom of the grave.

She gave one last sigh, and she heaved her head upward once more toward the heavens, and opened her eyes and cried, "God? Are you there?"

And God answered, "Yes, Amanda, I am here."

And in the morning they found her there, lying across the grave of Cousin Eugene Atkins, her body half-washed into the mound by the storm of the night before.



ROBERT HAYNIE, who hails from Asheville, has been studying recently in the writing workshops at Columbia University. Mr. Haynie is a graduate of Biltmore College, and has studied with the Playmakers at Chapel Hill. "Sweet Amanda" marks his first appearance in print.

Birth or Death

By Albert Paris Leary

(... this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.)
T. S. Eliot, *Journey of the Magi*

Twenty-five days after Decembers blunder
into the calendar, dragging behind
neon crosses and reams of wrapping paper,
each window's lit with angel buttressed taper
and men decide they simply must be kind,
must give away some of their Phyrrie plunder
because an elf still shouts

'On, on, Donder. . .'

Fruitcake crusted mouths are raised in song;
collection plates are filled with dollar bills.
Was it for this that Caspar traveled so—
a potted poinsettia, an eggnog glow?—
And did his camel plod the foreign hills
to dull its thirst at springs which flowed too long?
So surely Caspar saw the Flicker wrong. . .

On Saint Stephen's Day

By Albert Paris Leary

Twenty-six days after Novembers end:
do we remember him whose head was torn,
whose Grecian smile was twisted by a stone?
(Perhaps he felt his life was not his own
that day which proved that life was to be borne)
Stephanos, boy, man, Darling of the Trend.
He found that flesh can tear and bodies bend
but souls, though wrapped in myrtle or in hay,
will stiffen even as the body shatters,
rise Phoenixlike to kiss the cherubim.
He *knew* that rocks and stones were meant for him—
so thus he died that day—not that it matters;
any man might easily fear to betray,
more destined to destroy than to convey.



THE SOUTHERN WRITER

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: Portrayer of Frustration

By ROBERT WALKER

I

My first meeting with Tennessee Williams came at the beginning of the summer of 1945. I was in Mexico City studying the native language, and the meeting took place at a cocktail party given in my honor. I remember little about the party other than the unexpected meeting with Mr. Williams. At this time *Glass Menagerie* had been playing to capacity houses in New York since March, and Tennessee Williams was on the tongues of most all theatre-minded people.

Williams was the last to arrive at the party and among the first to leave. My first sight of him led me to assume that he was both egotistical and pompous. Perhaps it was his appearance that suggested this air. His low height, less than five feet six, extra poundage and a new grown mustache gave him an air of plump complacency. That evening he sat in a corner by himself, his eyes remote and somnolent, and I concluded that he was bored to death. For there is little in his commonplace exterior to suggest the sensitive and poetic soul within.

ROBERT WALKER, a Texan by birth, attended the University of Texas and S.M.U. He first met Tennessee Williams in Mexico while studying Spanish and Mexican culture, an acquaintance with Mr. Williams that has extended over a period of four years during which time "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Summer and Smoke" were in the process of being written. At the present time Mr. Walker is taking special courses at the University and his future plans include a year in New Mexico writing and reading.

His conversation showed no acquaintance with his ability to create brilliant dialogue which is so apparent in all his plays. So, during the some four hours that the party continued I could not help but recall the known facts and high spots in his life and career.

Tennessee Williams was born in Columbus, Mississippi in 1914. He was reared by his mother's family due to the fact that his father was a traveling salesman. His grand-father being an Episcopalian minister meant that he was brought up in the strictest puritanical sense. At the age of 13 he moved with his mother to St. Louis where the family was forced to live in the crowded tenement section of the city. Williams attended the public schools in St. Louis and upon his graduation entered the University of Missouri. Here he passed all his classes with the exception of R.O.T.C. This fact caused him to write a curtain-raiser against militarism for the St. Louis Mummers. The following year his father took him out of school and got a job for Tennessee in his organization. Tennessee worked days and stayed up nights writing in his room, a combination which brought on a mental and physical collapse. When the doctor suggested he get away for awhile he went to visit his aunt in Tennessee.

When he recovered he entered the University of Iowa and worked his way through school waiting on tables. His mother added what little she could to his support by skimping on the household budget. Here he pledged Alpha Tau Omega and because of his rich southern accent his brothers started calling him Tennessee. The nickname has never left him, even though he was christened Thomas Lanier Williams. After receiving a degree from the University of Iowa, he attended the University of Washington for awhile before setting out on a writing career.

He traveled extensively, working his way wherever he went over the country. Odd jobs such as waiting on tables, bellhopping, ushering, operating an elevator, and reciting of verse in a Greenwich Village night club were his means of livelihood as he spent time in New Orleans, Taos, California, and New York.

In 1939 he won a Group Theatre prize for four one-act plays entitled *American Blues*. The money earned from this piece of writing made it somewhat easier to travel more, which he did. In early 1940 he went to New York to attend the New School of Social Research. At this time the school was conducting an advanced seminar in play-writing, and it was in the New School seminar that he wrote the first draft of his first full length play, *Battle of Angels*. When it was read by one of his teachers he was told that it was the best new script the professor had read in many years. Not long after that the Theatre Guild showed interest in his work and bought his *Battle of Angels*.

Battle of Angels opened in Boston on December 30, 1940. It was directed by Margaret Webster and starred Miriam Hopkins. Actually what Williams had written was a "moral and tragic romance between a roving poet and a Southern woman married to a hopeless invalid." So immediately the play was banned by the Boston Watch and Ward Society.

The play was unsuccessful, but in many ways it was a sensational flop. From the moment the play got under way something was wrong. At first the audience was shocked into utter silence, which gave way to boos and hisses, ending in the banging of seats. The story goes that one man, when reaching the exit, shook his fist at the stage. The play closed the opening night and plans for its New York opening were cancelled. A revision of the script was made by Williams some months later, but the Theatre Guild could never decide to produce it again.

Even though his play was unsuccessful the critics found something in Williams that offered promise. So, shortly after this incident Tennessee was awarded two Rockefeller Fellowships to enable him to continue his writing. About this time he tried writing script in Hollywood for MGM. He wrote one script for Lana Turner which was not accepted. It was entitled the *Plastic Brassiere*, and it contained the germinal theme of *Glass Menagerie*. After that he was asked to do a script for Margaret O'Brien, and when he told the studio his opinion of child actors he was dismissed. However, until his contract expired, he stayed at a beach house at Santa Monica. It was here that he began his first draft of the *Glass Menagerie*.

II

When Tennessee Williams finished the *Glass Menagerie* he sent it to his good friend, Miss Audrey Wood, in New York, with his apologies. To most of his friends he referred to it as " 'nother one of those old commercial plays of mine." Upon reading the script Miss Wood was struck with its tenderness and kept it in her office for three weeks trying to think of some producer who would give the play its proper interpretation. Finally the script was loaned to Eddie Dowling for reading and he bought it overnight.

Glass Menagerie was produced at the Civic Theatre in Chicago, Illinois on December 26, 1944 and opened in New York at the Playhouse Theatre on March 31, 1945. This play marked Williams' first real success. On the night it opened in New York the audience was so responsive that the author was called to the stage to make a speech. It was the first time in many years that an author had been demanded by the audience.

Nearly all the critics agreed that Williams wrote about his characters warmly, but with a probing sympathy. "Although it follows trails blazed by Thornton Wilder and William Saroyan," said John Mason Brown, "it manages to walk down them with a gait of its own."

Two weeks after its opening, the play won the New York Drama Critics Award as the best American play of the season; and for the first time in the award's ten-year history, all the critics agreed on the play on the first ballot. They chose the play for its "sensitive understanding of four troubled human beings."

Glass Menagerie is a "memory play"—a study in hope and frustration. Being a "memory play," it can be presented with unusual freedom of convention. Some details are omitted, while others are exaggerated, according to the emotional value. Since it is a play of recollection it requires a dim and poetic set with restrained music to play up certain emotional releases.

The story which is told through the recollection of the son, Tom, deals with a crippled sister, Laura, who lives in a dream world with her glass animal collection. The mother, a former Southern Belle who married the wrong man, is constantly worried about her daughter's fate and the necessity of having "gentlemen callers" if the girl is to be taken care of after her death. The inter-relationship between four people—mother, crippled daughter, son, and "gentleman caller"—presents itself through the illusion of things remembered.

To my notion it has one of the most interesting openings of any play I can recall. It begins with Tom giving a brief summary of the play. In his soliloquy some of the most poetic prose appears. For example: "Yes, I have tricks in my pocket, I have things up my sleeve. But I am the opposite of a stage magician. He gives you illusion that has the appearance of truth. I give you truth in the pleasant disguise of illusion." A similar poetic quality is retained throughout the play.

Williams paints in the *Glass Menagerie* some of the best portraits of frustration ever to appear in any drama: the mother, who is vain, pitiful, and a victim of circumstances; the son, a youth already resigned to frustration; the daughter, unable to live in a realistic world, seeks refuge in a dream world of glass animals. The "gentleman caller" is perhaps the most realistic character in the play, being an emissary from a world of reality from which the rest are somewhat set apart.

The role of Amanda, the mother, was interpreted by Laurette Taylor, and this performance marked her return to the stage after many years. Rosamond Gilder stated that she gave "an electric performance," and that Mr. Williams had provided her with a script

"that she turned to pure gold." Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon and Anthony Ross made up the remaining cast. It is difficult to analyze the appeal *Glass Menagerie* had on the theatre-going public. However, it ran for 563 performances in New York.

Some weeks after the opening of the play someone mentioned to Tennessee Williams the disparate reception the *Battle of Angels* received in comparison with the *Glass Menagerie*. He replied: "You can't mix sex and religion. . . but you can always write safely of mothers."

Tennessee's second Broadway production appeared on September 26, 1945 at the Boothe Theatre. It suffered in comparison with his first. This is probably unjust since his second play is actually his first. It was produced in Cleveland and Pasadena before *Glass Menagerie* reached Broadway.

You Touched Me was written in collaboration with Donald Windham and was suggested by a short story of the same title by D. H. Lawrence. The story deals with "Life and Growth amid all this mass of destruction and disintegration" as indicated by a quotation from D. H. Lawrence on the program. Actually it is far more than that; it is a portrait of the loneliness and tragic separateness of people. The play was ably acted by Edmund Gwenn, Marianne Stewart and Montgomery Clift. Even though the play had moments of tenderness and intensity it added little to Williams' reputation.

III

My second meeting with Tennessee Williams came in the spring of 1946. I had just moved to New Orleans and was living in the French Quarter. One spring day I ran into Tennessee on the corner of St. Peter and Royal Streets. We paused long enough to renew our acquaintance and exchange addresses and invitations to drop in for a visit. At this time Tennessee was living on St. Peter Street in the Vieux Carre and working on a new play to be called *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Actually there exists a streetcar by that name that runs through the French Quarter. Its destination is the Desire section of the city.

During the following year I chanced to see Williams on several occasions. They were always hurried and little was ever mentioned of his new play. In the spring of 1947 he sublet his apartment and left New Orleans for New York to make arrangements for a winter production of *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

It was first presented at the Barrymore Theatre in New York on December 3, 1947. The play was under the excellent direction of Elia Kazan with scenery and lighting by Jo Mielziner and acted by Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and others.

In *Streetcar*, Williams' characters are not basically good, or noble. They are mean and small, above all frustrated. The central figure in the play is Blanche du Bois. She is a school teacher turned whore, whose mind at the end of the play collapses. Again, as in the *Glass Menagerie*, we find a female trying to hang on to some kind of shabby gentility. The play opens with Blanche's arrival at the home of her sister to seek refuge. In the beginning we know nothing of the past of this character; but as the play unfolds we become aware of the dreadful truth about the heroine, of her sordid life of men and alcohol. "I doubt if any woman in any American play," remarks John Mason Brown, "has been drawn more unsparingly than is Blanche du Bois."

Almost all the critics agreed that *A Streetcar Named Desire* was a better, deeper, richer play than his memorable *Glass Menagerie*. I saw *A Streetcar Named Desire* during its first month's run. From the opening scene to the last I had a feeling of being in New Orleans—it captured the atmosphere, lust and mood of the city. Though *Glass Menagerie* was a superb drama, I consider *Streetcar* as one of the greatest pieces of writing to come out of the South. It ranks in the upper bracket with the work of such notable Southern writers as Carson McCullers, William Faulkner, and Erskine Caldwell. Tennessee's next Broadway production, *Summer and Smoke*, made its debut at the Music Box on October 6, 1948, after having its first production by Margo Jones at her theatre in Dallas, Texas. Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews had the leading roles; incidental music was written by Paul Bowles; and again the setting was done by Joe Mielziner.

Actually *Summer and Smoke* was written about the same time as *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Yet it has few of the qualifications of being a great play as was *Streetcar*. In the former drama Williams seems to be torn between a theme and a character, which disturbs the play's dramatic clarity. "It remains, nevertheless, a play whose very faults are interesting," remarked Harold Clurman in the *New Republic*. *Summer and Smoke* is an allegory of good and evil—it is the old story of good and evil in battle with each other.

The play deals with a daughter, Alma Winemiller, whose father is a Mississippi minister and whose mother is insane. Alma is a spiritually energetic girl who is in love with her neighbor and life-long sweetheart, John Buchanan. Attracted by her idealism, John can express his tenderness to her only in a harsh sexual aspect. This tears the two characters between the spirit and the flesh. It is only when John's father is killed in an accident that he is brought back to the straight and narrow path. Then, however, he does not turn his favor to Alma, but to one of her music students, a buxom little female of a coarser background. The transition comes when John

acquires his inhibitions and she loses hers. In the final act we find Alma celebrating the announcement of his engagement to somebody else by slipping off with an unidentified man whose appearance to the audience is unmistakable.

To show the battle between the soul and body taking place within John's character, Mr. Williams relies on a statue of a praying angel which is lighted from time to time in the center of the stage to indicate the soul. A huge anatomical chart hung in the doctor's office is also lighted to indicate the body. Such pageantry is hard for a grown-up to take seriously at times.

"The lack of complexity is one of the theatre's conventions, born no doubt of need as conventions usually are," says John Mason Brown. Nevertheless, it is one of the theatre's losses since even the greatest of dramatists have not been able to triumph over it. O'Neill tried it in *Strange Interlude* and *Days Without End* as well as in *The Great God Brown*, and none of these attempts were totally successful. The characters fail to come through as individuals and remain as symbols.

There are a number of resemblances between the three major plays that have established Williams as perhaps the most interesting of all modern dramatists: all three plays deal with the conflict of a decadent South with a realistic present; all three plays are mainly about women; and there is a similarity of frustration in all three plays that makes one feel that they form a kind of trilogy.

IV

Thus far we have approached Williams only through his full length plays. Actually Williams was formed in his short plays as a painter of a segment of the American scene, a portrayer of desire and frustration, and a poet of understanding. It is a curious fact about American playwriting that, like Irwin Shaw, Clifford Odets, Paul Green, and Eugene O'Neill, Williams should first unfold his talents in the one-act form.

The one-act plays which first drew attention to Williams prefigure his later works both stylistically and thematically. The first one-act play of Williams' to be published was "Moony's Kids Don't Cry." Here is presented a factory worker, a carefree youth who does not hesitate to buy his one-month old baby a ten-dollar hobby-horse when he still owes money to the maternity hospital. Moony is a prototype of the young heroes of *Battle of Angels* and *Glass Menagerie*.

"27 Wagonsful of Cotton" gives us a foretaste of the rowdy humor that proved so much trouble in *Battle of Angels* and later established a fateful environment for the heroine in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. The pungent naturalism of William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell

is very obvious in this play about a cotton-gin owner who loses his wife to the man whose cotton-gin he burns down in order to have his business.

"Purification", a tragedy of incest and honor, shows Williams' poetic power and theatrical imagination, and "The Long Goodbye" looks forward to the *Glass Menagerie* with its technique of retrospective presentation.

In "Hello, from Bertha," pity glows with almost unbearable intensity in the red-light district atmosphere, in which a harlot who is ailing loses her mind. Again pity assumes a quiet persuasiveness in "Lord Byron's Love Letter," in which two women's poverty is revealed by their efforts to live on donations from Mardi Gras tourists to whom they show a letter from Byron. Williams is very effective in his treatment of battered characters who try to keep shreds of their former respectability in a changing world. He realizes that self-delusion is the last refuge of the defeated, and he studies its manifestations in the "Portrait of a Madonna" with such clinical precision that if the play were less beautifully written it would be appalling. It shows a heroine who imagines she is being violated by an invisible former admirer, and who plays the Southern Belle of her girlhood by mixing charming conversation with imaginary beaux. She is almost as memorable a character as Blanche du Bois is in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Williams would like to give these unfortunates the shelter of illusion; and it gives him much pain to know that the world is less tender.

Mrs. Hardwick-Moore of "The Lady of Larkspur Lotion" is the butt of her landlady, who pokes fun at the woman's social pretension and at her invention of a rubber plantation located in Brazil. The woman's source of income is from this plantation and is incomprehensively delayed. Only a writer, who is a fellow boarder, understands the impoverished condition of the woman; and he realizes that "there are no lies but the lies that are stuffed in the mouth by the hard-knuckled hand of need." He indulges in her reckless fabrication when she states that the location of her plantation is a short distance from the Mediterranean, but near enough to the Channel to see the white cliffs of Dover on a clear morning.

Some of Williams' best writing appears in his one-act plays. To read "27 Wagonsfull of Cotton" is an experience everyone should enjoy.

Besides the plays, Williams has also written several short stories. The first writing to bear the name of Tennessee Williams was a short story published in 1939 in *Story Magazine*. In 1948 New Directions published a limited edition of his prose entitled *One Arm and Other Stories*.

Obviously Mr. Williams is a good student of Freud. His char-

acters could easily be subjects of Freudian theories. In trying to determine what there is about a Williams play that has such appeal to the theatre-going public I have come to the conclusion that much of it is due to the complexity of the plot and the characters. Williams portrays his characters at such degrees of frustration and on such levels that it is easy for the audience to see how they could have been a victim of a similar circumstance. Perhaps the most intelligent stand Tennessee Williams has taken in writing his plays is that he does not offer any solution to his confused and lonely people. When you leave the theatre you take them away with you, and they remain with you until you dismiss them with some solution which your own understanding has given you. Symbolism in writing is a quality of extreme importance and Williams has not overlooked this fact.

Williams hopes that *Summer and Smoke* will be his last play to deal with Southern Womanhood, at least for awhile. One month after the opening of *Summer and Smoke* he left for Europe where he hopes to go back to work on a play, *Ten Blocks on the Camino Real*, which is set in Mexico, and another play set in the Italian Renaissance called *Cockcrow*. The latter is to deal with the difficulty of a resolving logic and if this play materializes it may reveal a new Williams—a Williams who writes of abstract materials.



DESIRE SANS HOPE GONE STALE

crisp with acid tingle
scent of leaves mingle
in smouldering decay.

the urge to pause is great,
to linger and lay late
but mouse-like slips away.

JOHN BROCK

DR. I. G. GREER and NORMAN CORDON are two of the most diligent workers for the study and preservation of authentic folk music in the South. Dr. Greer, famous for his tours of singing and collecting folk songs, is now Executive Vice President of the University Business Foundation and President of the N. C. Good Health Association. Mr. Cordon, who has returned to the University after a successful career with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, is devoting himself to his new position with the University Extension Division.

Southern Folk Music

By I. G. GREER AND NORMAN CORDON

- Cordon:* Well, Dr. Greer, you are a dignified and well known fellow and to a lot of people you are known as Dr. Greer, but because of your genial personality which I have had the privilege of being associated with for several years you are like to me. Now that I have returned to North Carolina and find what a tremendous background in folk music there is, I want to get a little knowledge for my own satisfaction. I have been occupied for the last several years pursuing a musical career, but I find myself very deficient in the knowledge of things that really concern North Carolina's musical background.
- Greer:* I shall of course be glad to give you something of the background of the ballad and folk song as I knew it in the hills where I grew up. I grew up on a little mountain farm in Watauga County that joined the Tennessee line. It proved to be, as I found in later years, one of the richest fields of folklore in all North America. When I was 15 or 16 years old, I could sing fifteen or twenty ballads and folk songs from memory which I had learned from my father and mother and neighbors. I little dreamed as I heard them sing that they were interpreting the great English classics and the folk music that has proven to be the most beautiful literature and music known to English tongue.
- Cordon:* I certainly realize the truth of your last statement, and I am most anxious to learn more and more of the folk music that we have had since we were first a colony.

- Greer:* As I have learned since my boyhood days, the background of this early music is divided into two well defined groups. First, the white spiritual of the church music such as "Lone Pilgrim," "Wayworn Traveler," "I Wonder as I Wander." Second, the ballad—both the traditional English ballad and the American ballad.
- Cordon:* I understand what the white spiritual is, but explain to me exactly what a ballad is.
- Greer:* Very well. A ballad is a story set to music. It is not a ballad unless it tells a story—it is not a ballad unless you sing it. Some of the outstanding ballads have come down to us from England such as the well known "Barbara Allen" which is perhaps the best known ballad in all literature. Because of this fact, there are many many versions of this famous old ballad. The ballad is impersonal. You are telling the story of someone else. As Cecil Sharpe of England who made a wonderful collection of ballads and folk songs in this country said, the ballad is the most universal literature known. It is at home with the plowman in the field, the spinner at the wheel, the scholar at the Library.
- Cordon:* Isn't Cecil Sharpe the great English musicologist who came to this country after 1915 to get the true version of the old Elizabethan love songs and ballads which he had found corrupted in England?
- Greer:* Yes, Sharpe found, as well as other students of ballads, that the English ballad had been preserved in its original form more accurately as it had been pocketed in the rural sections of America than it had in England. In the search for ballads we found more of the English ballads have been rediscovered in America than can be found in England. Many of these ballads have an interesting historical background. For example, there is a tradition that in the famous ballad "Golden Willow Tree" the ship referred to was built by Sir Walter Raleigh in his preparation to meet the Netherlands in war and that this ballad was brought here by the first colonists to land on American shores at Roanoke Island.
- Cordon:* Am I right in believing that the first formal music—meaning that it was written on paper—was sung on these shores in the form of hymns of the Church of England, ballads and sea shanties and work songs?
- Greer:* Yes, you have sufficient grounds for making this statement because it was the first colony that was established in America. However, such ballads as "House Carpenter," "Lord Lovell," "Wife of Urshers Well," and "Fair Ellen"

were sung by the early settlers among the southern Appalachians and even in New England.

Cordon: Now, Ike, I want to find a distinction so that I may be clear in my own mind between ballads and folk songs. Just what is the difference?

Greer: Very well. As I have said, the ballad is impersonal. You are simply telling the story or experience of someone else; the folk song is personal, subjective. In the folk song you are telling your own experience—such as "I've got a gal in the Sourwood Mountains. She is so good and kind. She has broke the heart of many a poor fellow, but she ain't broke this one of mine." or "Common Bill"—"I am in love with the fellow, the fellow you have seen who is neither white nor yellow but is altogether green." Have I made myself clear?

Cordon: You certainly have, and I am grateful for such a clear and concise example in explanation of our great heritage in the broad field of folk music. It might be news to you that most all of the great European opera composers lean heavily upon the folk music of their nation. The greatest example is Moussorgski's tremendous use of Russian folk music in his immortal national folk opera *Boris Godounov*. I call this a folk opera advisably because the central figure of *Boris* is only incidental to the story. The real story is about the Russian people of that period. I do hope with all my heart that we will have an American Moussorgski who will incorporate into a great work such as *Boris* the folklore of America.

Greer: Norman, I almost envy you in your knowledge of the great classics, and I agree with you and have hoped for many years that someone with the knowledge that you possess would make it possible for us to dramatize somewhere, probably in the native hills of North Carolina, this great background of the early life of our people and let more learn to appreciate the most beautiful literature and music of all time.

Cordon: Well, Ike, I hope that we will both live to see that come to pass. In the meantime, we do have these wonderful revivals of interest in our musical background expressed in these annual folk festivals that are taking place from one end of the state to the other and when the second annual Carolina Folk Festival takes place in the Kenan Stadium the nights of June 9th, 10th and 11th, I will be there right with you and the many, many other North Carolinians enjoying the music of our origins.

PAUL ADER is able to present an authentic picture of the publishing world through his own experiences. Having published two novels, he is now working on a third one set in North Carolina. A native of Asheville, Mr. Ader is at present studying toward an M. A. in English at Chapel Hill.

A Sketch

Interview at the Ritz

By PAUL ADER

I

THE YOUNG man hurried up Madison Avenue, crossed 46th Street and entered the Ritz-Carlton. He stopped a moment before going down to the bar where he was to meet the interviewer from the *New York Post*. He wanted to catch his breath and to reassure himself that he was indeed in New York, that the war (and London) was something behind him, and that the American publication of his first novel was not a dream but a reality.

On his way down to the panelled room, the Ritz Bar, he kept wondering if the man from the *Post* would recognize him from the description he'd given over the telephone—blond, slender, and wearing the summer uniform of an Air Force officer. He discovered at once, coming into the bar, that he was the only person there with a uniform. A waiter approached him.

"Mr. Alton?"

"Yes," David said, rather surprised.

"Mr. Boutell is waiting," the waiter replied. He led the way to a table on the far side of the bar, where David caught sight of a quiet-looking, assured young man in a soft gray-flannel suit.

"You're Alton?" the *Post* man said, rising and extending a firm hand.

"Yes, sir," David smiled. "You're Mr. Boutell."

"Clip," the other returned. "What'll you have?"

David shrugged. Boutell pointed to his glass, looked at the waiter and said, "Two more." Then he turned with a frank smile toward the young writer.

"I believe I have an angle," he said. "Check me on this: you wrote this first book of yours while you were hidden away at an airfield in England. Then you went down to London and made the rounds of the publishers. Essex Street, Great Russell Street, Bedford Square. Right so far?"

David nodded, his appreciation growing at once. Boutell seemed to be acquainted with his history already.

"By the way," Boutell interrupted himself, "did you meet a man I know in London? Hamish Hamilton down on Great Russell Street?"

David smiled. "Yes, I had several talks with him."

"Excellent chap," Boutell replied. "He's the British representative for Harpers, you know. But let's get back to you. This novel, now. You knocked it out in ten weeks while you were up in the Midlands. What was the name of the field?"

"Harrington," David said. "It's near Northampton."

"I've got it," Boutell said. He sipped his drink and took no notes. He did all his interviews by memory. His clear brown eyes observed David's face and took in all that went on around him. "There's Archie," he said, once more interrupting himself. "Archie, come over here!" he called.

David looked up to meet the eyes of a tallish, well-dressed man whose hair was beginning to gray. He moved with ease and gave the impression that he would never be at a loss for a word or a gesture at the needed moment.

"Archie, this is Dave Alton, the novelist," Boutell said. "He's just back from London. Dave, Archie Ogden." He lifted his hand to summon the waiter.

"How do you do, sir?" David said, shaking hands.

Archie sat down. "I'm going to London myself next month."

"That's right," Boutell said, "Archie's the new English representative of Twentieth-Century Fox."

David glanced at the man once more, with a new interest. He had heard some talk from his agent about movie rights to his own book. But there was nothing definite as yet.

Archie leaned toward the younger man. "You might give me a few tips," he said, "about the best hotels, clubs, night life—"

David shook his head. "Out of my territory, I'm afraid."

Clip took over the conversation. "Dave's first book came out in London," he said. "I was just telling him we might have an angle there: he's one of a very few American authors who have received British recognition before they were published in America."

"Sounds great," Archie said. He took his drink, turned it up, and rose. "I have to meet my wife," he smiled. "Shopping before sailing, you know." Before David or Boutell could reply, he was gone.

"Excellent fellow," Boutell said. "But let's get back to this book of yours. It's due here in the fall."

"October," David said.



"Good," Boutell nodded. "That is, it's good for sales. You catch the Christmas rush. But bad for reviews. Too many books come out on the fall lists, and the papers are flooded." He glanced up. "There's Ed Seaver," he said.

Seaver caught sight of Boutell and moved toward the table.

"Publicity director of the Book-of-the-Month," he said

quietly to David, before Seaver arrived. "Ed, Dave Alton."

Edwin Seaver was short, dark-headed, intense. He was about to sit down after he had nodded toward David. "Have you seen Vivian?"

"No," Clip said. "Is she due here?"

"Any minute," Edwin returned. He glanced around the room, then sat down. The waiter, alert now, came up once more.

"There she is," Clip said, looking toward the door. A slim, dark-eyed girl smiled and nodded. Seaver went over to escort her to the table. While he was away, Clip leaned forward and spoke to David. "You've heard of *Four Jills in a Jeep*?"

"Yes," David said quickly. "Carole Landis did that one."

Clip Boutell smiled. "Edwin Seaver did it," he said.

David stared at the man across from him. He had heard of ghost writers, but he had never actually seen one.

II

Edwin came back to the table with the girl.

"You know Clip," he said, "and this is Dave Alton. I believe Dave's one of our most recent novelists." He smiled slightly. "Vivian Wolfert."

She shook hands with David and sat down. In David's mind the name 'Wolfert' was familiar.

"Any connection with Ira Wolfert who wrote *Tucker's People*?"

"Sister," Clip said. "Vivian and Ed work for BOMC."

"That reminds me," Vivian cut in, "I'm having a small party at my place tonight. I want you all to come."

"Oh, sorry," Clip said. "I'm due out on the Island tonight."

"Jim Ullman will be there. How about you, Dave? And Frances Gaither, and Dick Wright."

David looked at her. "You mean James Ramsay Ullman who wrote *The White Tower*?"

Vivian nodded. "Jim's a darling little man," she said.

"And Frances Gaither," David went on—

"Who wrote *The Red Cock Crows*," Clip put in.

Edwin lifted his eyes toward the ceiling. "And Richard Wright who wrote *Black Boy*."

"What is this, a game?" Vivian said. She leaned forward, and spoke to David. "I like you. Don't miss the party. Clip will tell you where to come. It's in the Village."

"Just take a taxi and ask for 95 Christopher Street," Clip said wearily. "And ask at the desk for the most beautiful brunette on the sixth floor—"

"Clip!" she said.

He smiled. "I'm full of the devil this afternoon—"

Edwin Seaver cut in. "We're running a notice in the magazine about that Devil anthology you and Sterling edited—"

Vivian got up. "Got to run," she said. "We need a supply of branch water for the party tonight. Be sure to come," she added, her dark eyes focusing on David.

"Thank you," he said, "I will—"

She was off, and a moment later Seaver got to his feet. "By the way," he said before he left, "you ought to know W. G. Rogers over at Associated Press. And Harrington down at U. P. Also, Hutchens at the *Times*. Van Gelder may be too busy; but John'll see you."

"Not till Thursday," Clip said. "My column comes out then."

"All right," David said. He felt a little overwhelmed by the manner in which events were building up. He didn't know anything about Rogers or Harrington or Hutchens. But they must be big people in the book world.

"And one more person," Seaver added. "Irita Van Doren over at the *Herald-Tribune*. You'll find her very helpful. Sympathetic, that is—"

David thanked him and watched him turn away.

"Edwin knows the ropes," Clip said. "But about your book now—"

David's mind was in a whirl, however, and he barely caught the words of the other. He leaned forward and interrupted him.

"Just a moment," he said to Clip, "let me get one thing straight. I thought when you wrote a book, you simply wrote it and let it go out to the public—"

Clip smiled. "My dear chap," he said indulgently, "I know you're new at this, so take it from me: there are three thousand novels



published in this town every year. Remember that, every year! And one or two hundred will stick out head and shoulders above the rest. Why?"

David shrugged.

"Partly because they have some good writing in them, I'll admit. But mostly because they are pushed."

"Advertising?"

Clip lifted his hands. "That helps. Ten or twenty thousand dollars gets a book off to a nice start. But you don't see all the things that go on underneath. Columnists, feature-writers, reviewers, photographers, book supplement writers, book-club publicity directors. Good Lord, it's a complicated business—"

"I'm beginning to find that out," David smiled.

III

"Now I work with a fine chap down on the Post," Clip said. "His name is Sterling North. Sterling has a radio program, you know. And if you could get on that, it would do wonders for you. All right, there's Mary Margaret MacBride, although from what I gather your first book isn't one for the young housewife set."

"Not precisely," David admitted.

"Well, there are angles," Clip continued. "If Prescott over on the *Times* likes your novel, he'll ask you out to lunch. Naturally you go. Tonight you'll meet half a dozen people in the book business. There's a man from World who comes with Dick Wright. World does a big reprint business, you know—"

The Ritz Bar was becoming crowded as the time crept toward five o'clock. David was only dimly aware of the haze of smoke, the clink of glasses, and the buzz of conversation, broken not infrequently by a burst of feminine laughter.

"I tell you, it's fascinating, once you get started," Clip assured him.

But once you got started, could you ever stop? David asked himself. He seemed to remember reading in one of the novels of Thomas Wolfe about the young writer named George Webber who had found himself in the post-publication whirl.

"I'll start you off this time with a small bang," Clip said. "And tonight at the party, keep your eyes and your ears open. Rogers may be there. He's a friend of Vivian's. And you'll probably run into a couple of young copy-writers from Franklin Spier advertising agency. It might be well to get to know them, because one of them might have to do the copy for your book. Your publisher is one of Spier's clients."

David nodded vaguely.

"And talk to other writers. Dick is a very personable chap. He loves to talk literature. Especially Theodore Dreiser. Do you know Dreiser?"

"I've read some of him."

"Well, you have an opening. Talk to people. You'd be surprised at what might develop. This Frances Gaither, for example. She hasn't written a novel in years, but she's liable to come up with a best-seller that will shake the town. Besides, she's an intelligent woman—"

"I think I follow you," David said. He was surprised already at what had happened: Clip Boutell, a stranger, was giving him the key to success in the literary world. And what a strange world it appeared to be!

"Ullman will repay a little effort, too," Clip said. "You know he's a Broadway producer, as well as a writer. Also a mountain climber."

"So I've heard," David replied.

"All right, give him a few minutes of your time, and you'll discover that he can be an interesting person, although he looks like an introspective college professor or a small town Presbyterian minister."

David straightened in his seat. "I'll give it a try," he said.

Clip smiled as he rose. "You're at the foot of the mountain now," he said, "but you could go far. I thought your novel was a thoroughly professional job—"

David stared at him. "You've read it?"

"Oh yes, in the galleys. And I called up Andy Loveman over at BOMC. I told her about it. I mentioned it to Virginia Kirkus last night."

Clip put out his hand. "Goodbye," he said, "and best of luck. I think I have enough for a good story on Thursday."

David, still a little bewildered, thanked Clip, who seemed now to be a friend. What else could he say? He left the Ritz, feeling very small and very grateful.



DR. J. B. RHINE, head of the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University, has been conducting experiments for the past fifteen years in *Extra-Sensory Perception* in an effort to determine whether the human being has senses other than the five normally attributed to him. These experiments in the fields of clairvoyance and mental telepathy have commanded wide-spread attention and have resulted in a whole new field of psychological studies. Among Dr. Rhine's many books on the subject are "*Extra-Sensory Perception*," "*New Frontiers of the Mind*," and the "*Reach of the Mind*."

The Relation Between Psychology and Religion

By J. B. RHINE

I

THE relation we see between psychology and religion depends, of course, upon what those two terms mean to us. Looking at the two fields in one way, there can be nothing but conflict between them. From another, there is a most important and wholly constructive relation between the two.

I can most clearly bring the problem into focus by going back thirty years to the time when I first became personally concerned with the relation between psychology and religion. At that time I was enrolled in my first psychology course in a denominational college which I had entered with the intention of going into the ministry. By the time I had finished the course I had no religion left worth preaching to anyone. In this first encounter with psychology I had become convinced that man is a purely physical being, that the control center of human personality is in the brain, and that the soul theory upon which my religion had been built had no scientific foundation whatsoever. And without some kind of soul principle or spiritual factor in human nature, it seemed to me that there was no religion possible.

My course in psychology had shown me how mental life had, through the ages, evolved along with the nervous system. Personality had been found to be dependent upon the organic processes of heredity, the physiology of the blood stream, the influence of the ductless glands, and other biophysical functions of the material organism. Gradually I became convinced that there was no room left for the exercise of any true freedom of the will. Obviously there was no use preaching to people who had no real moral freedom—whose

will was completely determined by the physical functions operating in their bodies.

What was there to do about this conflict? In my disturbance of mind I consulted various religious counsellors on the college campus. But they only repeated the familiar arguments for the soul as based upon church authority and philosophical speculation. In my science courses I had already become attracted to the scientific way of thinking, and when I demanded some reliable verification for the religious doctrines in question, no one could give me any. In turn I went to my psychology professor, who was very sympathetic with the religious viewpoint, but he candidly admitted that psychology, though it was literally "the science of the soul," actually had no evidence of a soul—that is, of a nonphysical mind. The word "soul" had long since been dropped from psychology lectures, and was no longer even mentioned in the textbooks in use. So far, then, as my mind was a battleground between psychology-as-science and religion-as-a-faith, the latter had lost the battle.

This purely personal experience has been cited because, as I have found out through the succeeding years, the experience is a fairly typical one. It is true, some students are hardly conscious of the transition as they are going through it; their religion often drops out of the picture without a definite decision ever being made. Moreover, it is not only in psychology classrooms that this disastrous effect upon religious belief is to be found. The consequence of scientific training in general is to reduce one's faith in the religion of his precollegiate days, although undoubtedly the biological and psychological sciences do offer the greatest counter-influence to such belief. But so far as I can judge, it is the same today as it was thirty or even sixty years ago. The same type of disillusionment is still going on.

If we are inclined to wonder why something has not been done about this clash between religion and science in the student's life, let us look for a moment at a still more curious situation in our modern university life. For example, let us follow two young men who come to college, one going into the ministry and the other into medicine. The ministerial student in the course of his seven years' training gets little or no science in all that period. Therefore he comes out at the end, if he is not too critically inclined, holding fast to his childhood views of the spiritual nature of man. The medical student, on the other hand, has his course work almost entirely in the sciences, and he finishes his training with a thoroughgoing physicalistic view of the human individual. He has found no place for the soul theory in the sciences he has studied, and unless he is very, very uncritical he has dropped his religious beliefs somewhere away back along the line.

Is it not astonishing indeed that two such schools can exist side by side on the same university campus, both represented by highly trained, scholarly faculties, each one thinking the other completely misguided in its view of the nature of man? They cannot both be right. There must certainly be error of a most serious character in the viewpoints taught by one of those two faculties concerning the make-up of a human being. One would suppose that there is enough practical realism in our educational world to force these two learned bodies to come to grips with the issue upon which they so profoundly differ, instead of allowing the practice to go on as if it were a matter of no importance which view is right.

II

I am sure no one, however, will regard this conflict between the teachings of two such schools as merely an idle, academic dispute. If religion is at all important, if it has ever been or ever can be important, then this issue is of the greatest consequence. For quite obviously it is only a matter of time with the continued spread of the sciences in our education before the faith of mankind among all those who are capable of education will have been effectively undermined.

But it is by no means only to religion that this issue is of major consequence. The entire institutional life of our present-day society is involved. Our culture with all its social organization has grown up around the view of man which has been traditional in the religions—namely, the view that man consists of a non-physical mind or soul, and a physical body which the mind controls. It is this psychocentric, or mind-centered, view of man that has become basic to the common-sense of the race.

In fact, if this question of the soul theory were to be decided in the negative, we would eventually have to adopt a whole new cultural pattern in line with a mechanistic psychology—one such as behaviorism, which completely ignores the mind. As it is now, when we convert our students in college to the view that man has no extraphysical or spiritual component in his make-up, we are simply educating them away from the very conception of human life under which they must work and live. We are, therefore, either grossly misleading them or else our culture itself rests on a thoroughly false foundation.

It matters a great deal, then, which view of the nature of man is true. It matters too much to allow this open contradiction between the schools to continue, with the student having to grope his way through the conflict between science and religion as best he can. But it also matters too much to the general social consequences for the world, with its crying need of a better basis for human under-

standing. To appreciate this point, we need only remember, first, that we treat people according to what we think they are, and, second, that the great social movements toward peace and good will among men have sprung from conceptions of man as a spiritual being. On the other hand, the same physical sciences which have given us our mechanistic concept of man have also brought the world to its present state of potential self-destruction. Therefore we simply dare not longer neglect the great question of the nature of man himself. For, as we know, self-knowledge is necessary for intelligent self-control.

But where shall we turn for a solution? What can we do to bring this question about man to an incontestable answer? Again I go back to the personal story because it brings the whole complicated problem into better focus. Let us return, then, to the stage at which I found myself as a result of my brief study of psychology when I turned away, both in thought and vocation, from religion to one of the sciences.

What happened to me then is in line with what has often occurred to others in a similar state of perplexity. Throughout the ages men have from time to time been jarred into taking a new outlook by encountering some unexplainable demonstration that in earlier times was called a "miracle." In my own case there was nothing that I regarded as miraculous or supernatural in the older sense, but I did find things I could not explain, and things which, as reported, no physical hypothesis could explain. I learned, for example, of cases of thought transference occurring from one person to another, sometimes over great distances, conveying information under conditions that afforded no recognizable explanation. There were instances, too, in which a person was awakened in the night by a vivid dream of some tragic situation of which he could not possibly have been informed by any known means—a situation which, however, was actually found to exist. There were experiences, moreover, that even involved the future, the occurrence of things that had not yet happened when the knowledge of the event was conveyed in the form of a dream or a vision or intuitive impression.

Such spontaneous "psychic" experiences, as they are called in common terms, are so well known to everyone that no illustrations are needed. When such cases are reported by strangers, it is usually easier to be skeptical than to believe. But when one's most respected and trusted friends undergo such experiences, one is forced to pay attention. If, in addition, he has been compelled to give up his earlier belief in something beyond the physical in man, these experiences challenge his newly acquired mechanistic view of the individual. For how can such phenomena be explained by physical principles? How can the sleeping mind survey the distant scene or contact the mind

of a friend half-way around the earth, as if there were no separation? How, indeed, can the organic brain react to an event that has not yet occurred?

III

Today instead of bowing before the unexplainable, we begin to experiment with it. If such spontaneous experiences do actually occur, we ought to be able to devise experiments in which we can induce the phenomena to take place under controlled conditions.

Why not have two people in the laboratory deliberately attempt to transfer thought from one to the other, under conditions that would allow none of the senses to operate? Let one of them think of a number, a letter, or other symbol, and let the other attempt to identify which symbol it is. The score of the hits made would show the amount of success. This is the principle of the telepathy test.

Or, again, if a person can spontaneously view a distant scene by clairvoyance and identify events occurring there, why not have such individuals experimentally attempt to identify concealed objects, such as symbols on cards placed beyond the range of the senses? A record of the subject's responses compared at the end of the experiment with the order of the cards would register the amount of clairvoyant ability which a given person displays.

When we began such experiments in the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University, many years ago, we first standardized the test procedure by introducing a special deck of twenty-five cards—five each with five simple geometric designs (star, cross, square, circle, and wavy lines). For the simple clairvoyance test the subjects would be asked to identify the cards as they were removed one at a time from the deck. These cards might be concealed in opaque envelopes or behind screens, or located in another room. At any rate, the senses were completely barred from contact with the symbols on the cards.

For the telepathy test no cards were used, but the same *symbols* were. The subject who was doing the sending would choose the order of symbols by a random procedure and would not put down the symbol of which he was thinking until *after* the other person, the receiver, had signaled that he had recorded his response. Thus at the time the trial was made there was *no objective record* of the symbol of which the sender was thinking. This was our way of ruling out clairvoyance at that time. Likewise in the *clairvoyance* tests no one knew the order of the deck of cards, and *telepathy* was ruled out. We had, then, these two types of tests, telepathy and clairvoyance. The two capacities together were covered by the term "extrasensory perception," or "ESP."

ESP tests with the average group of student subjects gave results averaging better than chance. Most of the successes were, however, contributed by rare individuals, not more than one in ten of those tested. Those abler subjects would score fairly consistently high, ranging sometimes all the way up to twenty-five consecutive hits, though more commonly averaging between six and eleven hits per twenty-five. In our first three years' work we found eight of those major subjects, several of them occasionally making phenomenally high scores of from fifteen to twenty-five. There was no question whatever that the results were beyond explanation by chance. Furthermore, the better experimental conditions were such as to exclude all sensory cues. We concluded, therefore, that the ESP abilities which the spontaneous "psychic" occurrence had suggested were amply confirmed and established by experiment.

But the experimental work with which I have been connected was by no means the only research of its kind, or even the first. Back in the seventies and eighties of the last century when the influence of mechanistic biology was cutting the ground from under the religious faith of the times, for the first time in scientific history a few thinking men began to take notes of unusual psychical phenomena. A number of these men in different countries founded societies for psychical research (such as the American Society in New York) for the purpose of studying such unusual phenomena as telepathy and clairvoyance which seemed to defy physical explanation. These societies sponsored experimental work, especially on the problem of telepathy, and eventually a certain amount of active interest was aroused within the universities. By the second and third decades of the present century there were a small number of psychology laboratories in which experimental work in ESP was carried on. The Universities of Gronigen and Bonn in Europe and Stanford and Harvard in America contributed the first positive evidence of ESP from psychology laboratories. And a few very eminent psychologists, too, such as William James, William McDougall, Sigmund Freud, and C. G. Jung, expressed themselves favorably on the case for telepathy.

In 1930 we began systematic studies of ESP at Duke; and following our first report in 1934, a number of other experimenters here and abroad, in the universities and outside, took up the research, mostly with the Duke methods.

It is best, I think, to look at the progress made on the inquiry into the nature of man as merely a "token" achievement, so far as religion is concerned. In the sense that we have found evidence of nonphysical properties of the mind, we have sustained the soul theory of man by experimental research. As defined by minimum requirements, the soul theory has been confirmed.

IV

The question of the survival of death is as yet simply one of the great research problems for psychology. Some scientific work on this problem has already been done, but not enough to allow any conclusions to be drawn as yet. In fact it is becoming increasingly clear that a scientific decision comparable to that now reached on ESP is not even within sight from our present position. But the experimental work done has at least cleared up one fact—namely, that in the light of ESP research some form of survival is a theoretical possibility. If that research had yielded *nothing*, if the ESP tests had produced only *chance* data, it would be much more difficult indeed to entertain the concept of a spiritual world or surviving personalities.

In a similar speculative way we can now at least rationally conceive of the existence of a universal spirit equivalent to the modern conception of God. It can be thought of as the supreme integration of all those transcendent forces of the universe which we now recognize in the extraphysical part of man himself. Again I am talking only of possibilities. But speaking in the same free manner about implications of the ESP researches, we can now furnish more ready explanations for effects attributed to prayer; such application has already been made in at least two recent books on prayer by authors much better prepared than I to discuss the subject—Gerald Heard and Dr. Laubach. Aldous Huxley, too, in his book, *The Perennial Philosophy*, has in a similar way integrated the research findings in ESP with the more familiar concepts of religion in a most constructive fashion.

But we must now come back to our scientific viewpoint after this speculative excursion. For if the researches in ESP have helped us to verify one fundamental hypothesis of religion, we must remember that it is only because of the method that we used. They are a product of scientific method, the only way men have yet found for making sure about the facts of nature and distinguishing what is reliable from what is not. It is of course a universal method, and there is no reason whatever for thinking it any less applicable to the problems of religion than it is to those of medicine or engineering or any other field of human action. Nor do we wish to have in religion any less reliable standards of evidence. Rather, I think most people will agree that there is greater need for certainty where the problems are more important to the general welfare of humanity—as those of religion undoubtedly are.

Religion, like medicine, is a great field of application and practice devoted to human welfare. Many of the great religious teachers of ancient times were both healers and spiritual leaders. But if we compare the subsequent development of these two functions throughout the intervening ages, we are shocked by the contrast between

the eager, exploratory attitude of the healer today with the past-worshipping conservatism and orthodoxy of most of the spiritual leaders. But if we can now secure for the primary human needs involving religion comparable scientific attention to that demanded for the practice of healing, there is every reason to believe that we shall find ahead of us as great a future of psychological discovery in the realm of the mind as biology has contributed to the understanding of medical matters. We cannot, of course, expect to see far ahead in any detail but as we look upon older fields of inquiry. If older views have had to be given up in the light of new facts, the losses have been more than compensated for by the rich rewards of discovery.

If psychological research, such as I have mentioned, can be introduced, encouraged, and supported in a whole-hearted manner in dealing with the great issues of the nature of man and his powers and potentialities, the strife between science and religion will cease. We shall have instead scholarly men of all types joining forces and eagerly seeking, discovering, and interpreting evidence of the psychical universe to which man in part belongs, a universe that logically must be there behind the manifestations of mental powers which we have already encountered, if these are to be explained and made reasonable. What the knowledge of this universe can bring us for human guidance, for better social relations, and for a universal feeling of fraternal regard among men is doubtless as far beyond our imagination to conceive as modern physical science would have been unimaginable to Aristotle.

"Philosophy will clip an angel's wings," is the way Keats pictured the old destructive relationship between science and religion. (By "philosophy" he of course meant "science.") We recognize now that it depends upon the philosophy and the angel. If the wings are purely imaginary, yes. Science will clip them. And if we have only a narrow scientific objective, again yes. Or, rather, science will ignore the angels "unawares." But the religious man who is eager to discover and draw upon the fullest range of spiritual realities in the universe will devoutly welcome every aid that the best devices of inquiry can furnish him.

The beginning already made by the sample of experiments I have mentioned will, I hope, offer encouragement to those who would otherwise have hesitated to see in the problems of religion the great field of opportunity for the psychological explorer of the future that it truly is. And psychology, no less than religion, will grow and profit by the relationship.

SOMETIME in the night winter broke its leash and left a spore of frost all across the city. In the cold dawn that followed, Black Luke got out of his bed and kindled a fire. He shivered a little and looked toward the cot where his brother lay.

"You sleep all right, Little Joe?" he asked.

The black boy on the cot raised his kinky head which seemed much too large for the thin, shrunken body. "Pretty good," he answered, "exceptin' I was cold. Seems like I never gets warm anymore."

"It's the sickness, Little Joe," said Luke. "You got heaps of cover." He took a step to the cot. "As mammy used to say it's a wonder it don't mash you." Then he laughed as he counted the coverlets, a thin blanket, a faded quilt and a discarded overcoat.

"Wish't we had an Indian blanket like that 'un we had in Gawgia," said Little Joe. "It was warm," he added, "and when I got to hurting

I'd make out like I was playing with the little Indians. Some of them was riding horses and when I'd play with them seem like the hurting would get better."

"Doggone! How you remember everything, Little Joe!" Luke exclaimed. "I don't reckon I'd ever thought of that Indian blanket again. Mammy bought it from a peddler, didn't she?"

"Yes," said Little Joe. "It was yaller like the sun and the little Indian houses looked like corn shocks."

"They shore did," Luke agreed.

"Reckon we could get another'n like it, Luke?" asked Little Joe.

"We mout," said Luke in a tone that indicated he did not believe his own prediction.

A minute later he went to the door and brought in the quart of milk which the welfare department sent each day. "Doggone if winter

Little Joe and the Indian Blanket

By HEATH THOMAS



ain't jest about here," he said with a cheerfulness he did not feel. "There's ice in the milk."

Luke was afraid of this northern winter and its iron-like snows. For a month now he had seen signs of its coming. Yesterday he had wandered over to a street where there were many great houses in which white people lived. There were trees growing there and their leaves were red and dying. A lost wind, hunting its way from the stone canyons, had stirred the branches and some of the leaves had swirled to the ground.

"Don't forget about that Indian blanket, Luke," said Little Joe.

"I won't forget it, Little Joe," said Luke.

Later he walked three miles across a segment of the great city to the building that housed the welfare department. As he waited in the outer office, there was an ache inside him as he thought of what the doctor had said about Little Joe.

"Bringing the boy north was a mistake," the northern man of science had said. "The southern doctor was right. There is but little that can be done for your brother. You should carry him back home."

"We jest been rambling since mammy died," Luke had said.

The doctor's sharp grey eyes looked keenly at Luke. "Do you have money or a job?" he asked.

"Ain't got no money," Luke had answered, "and I staying home from my job to wait on Little Joe."

"I'll ask the welfare department to assist you," said the doctor.

Luke had thanked him and left. Then that night he had managed to relate an enthusiastic and untruthful account of the doctor's verdict. "They're helping us, Little Joe," he concluded. "The welfare folks gonna give us groceries and pay the rent so I can stay home till you get well."

Then Luke heard his name called and he was ushered into the inner office of the welfare department. The lady at the desk said Miss Brandon who had handled Little Joe's case was away on vacation. She offered to help.

"I jest want," said Luke, "to get an Indian blanket for Little Joe's bed."

The lady seemed somewhat shaken by Luke's request. "And why an Indian blanket?" she asked.

"Little Joe thinks it'll keep him warm," said Luke. "He had an Indian blanket in Gawgia," he added lamely. "Seems like it purely done him good to see the little Indians playing on it."

"Well!" exclaimed the case worker as if she couldn't believe her own ears. "Well!" she said again in a voice that invited the other staff workers to look at Luke who stood and twisted his hat between his hands.

Then she gave Luke the business. "If," she told him, "the patient actually needs cover, make an inventory of the bed clothing at your home and fill out this form. Then bring it back here and we will make a purchase order to Kelson's Home Stores. We have a contract with them to furnish us with a plain, serviceable blanket. However," she finished, "if the need is not urgent we'll ask you to wait a few weeks. The Lions club is sponsoring a bedclothes collection for our department."

Luke buttoned his thin coat, unbuttoned it and buttoned it again. Then he thanked her and walked out into the brassy-colored day. Town sparrows fussed on the lawn and a cat sunned himself on a wall, but Luke turned up his collar. It seemed colder than it was an hour ago.

II

After midnight the north wind awoke and got out of its bed and cried in the streets. It rattled a garbage can on the outside stairway and swapped blows with the wash that hung on the clothes lines back of the tenement. It fumbled at the window and woke up Luke who heard Little Joe stirring on the cot.

"You want something, Little Joe?" he asked.

"Could you maybe build a fire and talk to me?"

After the fire was lit Little Joe said, "Seems like I'm afraid of the cold, Luke; it gets in my bones. Awhile ago when I was asleep I dreamed about the Indian blanket. If I jest had that old blanket to keep me warm I might get well."

"Might get well!" Luke exclaimed. "Course you gonna get well. Didn't I tell you what the doctor say?"

Little Joe pulled the covers tighter about his thin shoulders. "Unh-hunh, but tell me again, Luke."

Time and medicine, declared Luke, would make Little Joe well again. After he was healed the two of them would ramble up and down the earth together. They would go east and west and north and south until they tired of travel. Then they would build a cabin in a sunny, mellow land.

"And while we's rambling, Luke," said Little Joe, "can't we go where the little Indians stay? I'd fairly love to ride horses with the little Indians."

Yes, said Luke, they would go where the Indians stayed. They would see the little brown boys and wigwams and horses, not on a blanket, but on a sunlit plain.

Little Joe went back to sleep, but Luke stayed awake the rest of the night. At daybreak when he heard sounds in the adjoining apartment he went down the hall and knocked timidly at the door.

Mrs. Graham cracked the door and showed her round, black face. Luke told her awkwardly about Little Joe's yearning for the Indian

blanket. "Seems like I ought to get it for him if I can," he said.

Then she told Luke that she knew a man who sold blankets and spreads and curtains on the installment plan. Later when the stores had opened she would phone the salesman and ask that he call on Luke. Maybe he would have an Indian blanket.

It was afternoon when the blanket salesman called. Luke answered his knock, stepped into the hall and closed the door. If he could not buy the Indian blanket he did not want Little Joe to know he had tried and failed.

The salesman said he represented the Grice Mercantile Company. "You the guy that wanted to buy a blanket?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Luke, "an Indian blanket. It's for my brother who's sick."

"We only have a few of that design," said the salesman. "The factory that makes them is on strike," he added, as if that fact should enhance its value.

"Fourteen-ninety-five, with ten percent off for cash. You wanna pay cash?"

"No," said Luke, "I want to buy it on time."

"Where you work?"

"I had to quit my job to stay home with Little Joe," Luke explained. "But the welfare helping us and I sweep out Mr. Mitchell's store every day. He pays me three dollars a week."

The salesman frowned. "The company don't like to sell guys who are on the welfare."

"They pay the rent and give us our groceries. I think there'd be enough left from the three dollars to pay the burial policies and keep up the payments on the blanket."

"You'd have to pay a dollar-and-a-quarter a week," declared the salesman.

"The policies ain't but seventy cents a week," said Luke. "I could meet it."

When the salesman signified that the promise was acceptable, Luke made a cross on a piece of paper and gave the salesman one dollar and a quarter. The salesman then went outside to his car and brought back the blanket.

Luke looked inside the paper bag to make sure that the blanket had Indians and horses on it. Then he tucked it under his arm and tiptoed into the apartment.

III

It troubled Luke that Little Joe's reason seemed somewhat upset by the Indian blanket. "Did mammy sont it?" asked the sick boy who apparently had forgotten the fenced-in graveyard on a Georgia hill.

No, said Luke; a nice man who would let them pay for it, a little each week, had brought it to them.

"Mammy must a-found it in the wishing book and sont the man to brung it," said Little Joe.

Luke said no more. And as the days passed Little Joe declared that his body had found warmth beneath the Indian blanket. "It's like the sun shining on me, Luke," he said.

The blanket did indeed induce rest, for as the long winter nights came down Little Joe slept more each day. And in his intervals of wakening he commanded the horses to stop and go and would say a feeble 'hi-yi' to the brown little Indians on the yellow plain.

Little Joe had not awakened for two days when Mr. Mitchell told Luke that he must terminate his employment. The little merchant looked troubled as he said: "It's that you ain't got no union card, Luke. Yesterday the agent for the janitors' union come in like this: pop! And he slam the door. He asked what the hell I mean working a scab when I sell my goods to union men. He said fire you or he tell all his men at the next union meeting."

Luke swallowed. "That's shore upsetting," he said. "I been buying so much coal for fires I already behind two payments on the Indian blanket."

Mr. Mitchell would not look at Luke. He picked up a dusting cloth and busied himself behind the counter.

The next day the welfare doctor called, felt Little Joe's pulse and shook his head. "He'll not rally again," he said.

"You mean he won't wake up no more?" asked Luke.

"Not likely; coma has set in, I think."

An hour later Luke didn't even argue with the collector who demanded the blanket or the delinquent payments. Little Joe could never know that the Indian blanket had been returned to the merchant, so Luke took it off the bed and gave it to the white man.

That night when Mrs. Graham came in from work she brought Luke a bowl of hot soup. After he had eaten it she insisted that he go for a walk while she relieved him of his lonely vigil. "Man, you can't stay here all the time," she scolded. "Go on! Git!"

When Luke returned he heard Little Joe's high, excited voice, even before he opened the door. "Where my Indian blanket? Where Luke?"

Some spark within Little Joe had flamed into life again. "I want my blanket," he said in a scared voice. "If I don't get my blanket I'll freeze to death. I'm cold; my laigs and arms are cold as ice. Every night the little Indians been wroppin' they blankets round me."

Suddenly the door opened and Luke faced Mrs. Graham. "Where in creation is that Indian blanket, Luke?" she asked.

Luke swallowed twice, "I sont it to the cleaners."

"Lawd Gawd! They closed now! I'll git lots of cover from my room."

She was back in a minute with a turn of quilts and blankets. But all the ministrations of Mrs. Graham and Luke could not drive the cold from Little Joe's thin body, nor the fear from his now too-bright eyes.

Then as the night lengthened the knowledge deepened within Mrs. Graham and Luke that Little Joe had at last engaged in the grim fight which every man makes before he relinquishes his precarious hold on the earth.

Little Joe did apparently sustain some comfort from the voluminous covers Mrs. Graham placed on the bed, for after a while the excitement left his voice and he reached out and grasped her hand.

Before he slept, Little Joe had a final word for his brother. "It's all right about the Indian blanket, Luke; I couldn't a-kept it long no-how."

Then the night went on its strange journey to the west and the fish-belly dawn came in its stead. After the feeble sun was up Mrs. Graham said she would go to the office of the burial association and make "the final arrangements."

After she had been gone for a little while a knock came at the door. Luke looked with puzzlement at his visitors.

"We are from the Lions club," said the lady brightly. "One of the case workers told us there was a little boy here who wants an Indian blanket. We have brought him one. It was given us by the Grice Mercantile Company."

Luke closed the door behind him, causing the white man to take a step backwards. "He don't need no blanket no more," said Luke. "Maybe some other little boy would want it."

The white man and the white woman waited for some further explanation. Then as Luke stood there, his massive frame filling the doorway, his visitors looked at each other. They looked back at Luke when they started down the stairway at the end of the hall.

Luke opened the door and went back into the apartment. He stood before the fire and held out his hands to its warmth. He was glad his visitors were gone—and glad he was alone in this silent room. Until Mrs. Graham returned he could think of Little Joe, somewhere alone on his strange journey, and of the Indian blanket and the cold of winter.

HEATH THOMAS, a native North Carolinian, has had fiction published in *Story* and *Esquire* magazines. He is currently employed with *The Salisbury Evening Post* as a news and feature writer.

Reviews of Books

THE WOMAN WHO RANG THE BELL

—By Phillips Russell. University of North Carolina Press, 1949. 287 pp. \$5.00.

Phillips Russell has chosen for the subject of his latest book a woman who has long deserved the consideration of a thorough biographical study. Cornelia Phillips Spencer was one of North Carolina's outstanding ante-bellum figures, and her name has not been forgotten at the University to which she gave long service. A friend of the state's important leaders, a gracious lady who thought clearly through the chaos of the Reconstruction, an author, a teacher, an accomplisher, Mrs. Spencer is not a woman to be overlooked in the history of the South. She was a force on which the village of Chapel Hill depended for its advice, support, and action, and its University was one of the great projects of her life. It was she who was responsible for the first movement toward coeducation in North Carolina's higher schools, she who made freshman caps and wrote commencement odes, and it was she who rang the bell in the old South Building in 1875, when she learned that the University would again enroll students—for the first time in the four years since the trustees had ordered its doors closed.

The triumph of the University over the period of depression that followed the War Between the States was also a personal victory for Cornelia. Daughter of James and sister of Charles Phillips, both professors of mathematics, she was a part of the University from her childhood, and she fought, through columns in North Carolina papers and through many letters to her friends of influence, to keep alive interest in higher learning.

There is more than the political side of her nature shown in this book, however; Cornelia as a woman emerges,

and her moods and reflections reveal her to be even more a remarkable person than her public actions indicate. Her story, happily, is told largely in her own apt words, for she wrote clever, observant letters to her friends, and especially to her daughter June, which have been carefully preserved because of their competence and charm; she also recorded her impressions frankly in the journals which she kept faithfully during most of her life. From these sources the picture of Cornelia Spencer is quietly unveiled; it is well composed and colored, for she painted her own portrait over the years with the same skill with which she drew literary sketches of the people about her.

She possessed an acute and searching mind that reached out for knowledge. Her parents were responsible for her early education—her general background and her mastery of the classics—but on these foundations she herself built an institution. She found good books a source of delight until the end of her life, she was well acquainted with current affairs, she could read Latin and French easily, she knew the names of all the flowers and trees around her village, and she had definite opinions on almost every topic. These opinions she was able to write down in her journals and letters with amazing piquancy, and, as she grew older, her observations of events and personalities became more and more exact—possibly sharpened by the increasing deafness which was gradually shutting her off from the world of familiar sounds.

This handicap, along with early widowhood, postwar poverty, the narrow confines of her little town were some of the barriers she overcame in an era when women struggled for recognition,

and it is with the realization of this, that many tributes have been paid to Mrs. Spencer.

The Woman Who Rang the Bell must stand among these, and it is paid by a very suitable person. Phillips Russell is the grand nephew of Cornelia Phillips Spencer and he has been, for many years, a well known figure at the University which meant so much to her. He has elected, wisely, to organize many pieces of her own writing to tell this story and he has filled in spaces between the fragments with well chosen letters from her friends and with his own prose which is written in a style harmonious with her own. There are many excellent photographs to illustrate this book, as well as notes and excerpts from Cornelia Spencer's journals, collected in a separate section. One only regrets that her essays are not included in the text, instead of being hidden at the back of the book; they seem worthy of a more advantageous place. But Mr. Russell has presented Mrs. Spencer in a comprehensive fashion, given a picture of the early University, brought in many notable Chapel Hill figures, and shown the immediate and after effects of nineteenth century wartime in Orange County.—Priscilla Moore

A TREE OF NIGHT AND OTHER STORIES

By Truman Capote. Random House. 1949. 209 pp. \$2.75.

Last winter Truman Capote brought out a slender little volume which he introduced as *Other Voices, Other Rooms*. The novel, his first, gracefully avoided the atrocities of the best-seller and became quietly notorious, while the young author, wearing a waistcoat and resting on a Victorian sofa, peered from the jacket of the book with pained hopelessness.

But that was a year ago. Now, on the back of *A Tree of Night*, Mr. Capote is—with the help of Cecil Beaton—propped up against a trellis of roses, and he seems to be in better health. The new book, a collection of his short

stories, proves, however, that his appetite for the grotesque has neither been satisfied nor arrested: "A headless figure in a monklike robe reclined complacently on top a tacky vaudeville trunk; in one hand she held a fuming blue candle, in the other a miniature gold cage, and her severed head lay bleeding at her feet: it was the girl's, this head, but here her hair was long, very long, and a snowball kitten with crystal spitfire eyes playfully pawed, as it would a spool of yarn, the sprawling ends."

Of the eight stories in this book, two—"Miriam" and "Shut A Final Door"—have won O. Henry awards. "Miriam" is all about an ageless female albino who drives a defenseless widow berserk, and "Shut A Final Door" serves up a half-boiled schizophrenic. It is quite evident that Mr. Capote is not altogether unlike one of his characters who "wondered why it was that eccentricity always excited in him such curious admiration," for most of his creations bear the mark of, to say the least, unusualness. Even his comic relief is rather removed from the ordinary: for instance, "Olivia-Ann" is an elderly Alabama lady—a "natural-born half-wit" with a mustache—who "squats around most of the time whittling on a stick with her fourteen-inch hog knife" while her trunk and two suitcases full of Gary Cooper's photographs sit in the attic. The author writes, too, quite often of children, but, alas, even they have not been spared his weird injection needle, and certainly Mr. Longfellow never heard such pattering of little feet during his quiet hour.

Truman Capote, though, carves his words very precisely, and always there seems to be logical beauty in their physical relationship. The youthful author, who is not yet twenty-five years old, recently said that Freudian symbolism leaves him cold, and that when and if he employs such devices, it is with ignorance of anything more profound than the simple art of illustration.

Like Eudora Welty, Capote is a Southerner who draws indefatigably on home ground for his material; in fact, in his

novel and in each of his short stories, there is at least one person who is cloaked in the decadent charm of old New Orleans. But curiously enough, one feels that these people might have lived almost anywhere and still met similar fates. Such an approach is simple and sophisticated and above all, it is not provincial.

This fresh batch of Truman Capote's compote is as savory as the last, and both the author and the fruit have mellowed a bit since the first mixture was stirred up.

—Richard Cheatham

THE BEST OF TIMES

By Ludwig Bemelmans. Simon & Schuster, 1949. 188 pp. \$3.95.

The Best of Times is, in the final analysis, a travel book; but, by the same token, the Mona Lisa is an oil painting, the Venus de Milo a marble statue, and the Parthenon an ancient building. But just as these marvels are the ultimate of their respective creators, so then is his new book the finest thing Ludwig Bemelmans has ever done. So far as Bemelmans' readers are concerned, that is the equivalent of saying it is the best of contemporary literature. If we face the facts, however, we must realize that there are among the unfortunates of this world some to whom his name is unknown. We envy these people if for no other reason than that they have before them the thrill of discovering this writer for themselves.

After spending a rebellious youth in the Tyrol and Bavaria, Ludwig Bemelmans, the son of an Austrian innkeeper, was sent to this country in 1914. He worked for three years in the old Hotel Astor, which came to be known as the "Hotel Splendide" of his autobiographical books; and then he enlisted in the American army, beautifully describing his experiences in *My War With the United States*. Since that time, he has done everything from operating his own restaurant to designing settings for a Broadway play. He has written children's books as well as novels. But mostly he

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According to the title page, *The Best Of Times* is an account of Europe revisited. As such, it is the most delightful substitute for a passport that we know of. Europe today is, of course, to say the least, quite unlike the pre-war Europe about which Bemelmans wrote so well. But even though the book is not an entirely happy one, there are some lively essays among the grave ones. Paris is much the same, and we were delighted to renew our acquaintance with Georges, Bemelmans' underworld friend who thrived on the Germans and later opened up his own bordello. Switzerland remains the most economically sound country in Europe; the bureaucrats still hold sway in occupied Austria; there is yet something of decency left in Germany; and Venice, as ever, "strikes us dumb with amazement." The somber tone is there to be sure, but we don't believe this book will change your mind about European travel. On the contrary, if one is financially able, he is likely to rush quickly to the proper authorities for purposes of booking immediate overseas passage.

Bemelmans' inimitable style has not changed since he last published. There is that same simplicity and clarity which has endeared him to so many readers. If, at times, he chooses to express himself somewhat erratically, then we simply accredit that to the eccentricity of genius. His publishers have best described Bemelmans by labeling him "that rare thing in letters, a European who listens and sees with the American mind." If you cannot buy or rent this book, then steal it.

—William Arnold Miller, Jr.

POINT OF NO RETURN

By John P. Marquand. Little Brown & Company. 1949. 559 pp. \$3.50.

John P. Marquand's latest, and in a sense his best, book is a humorously intelligent cut into Manhattan suburbia, which Marquand divides into "upper-

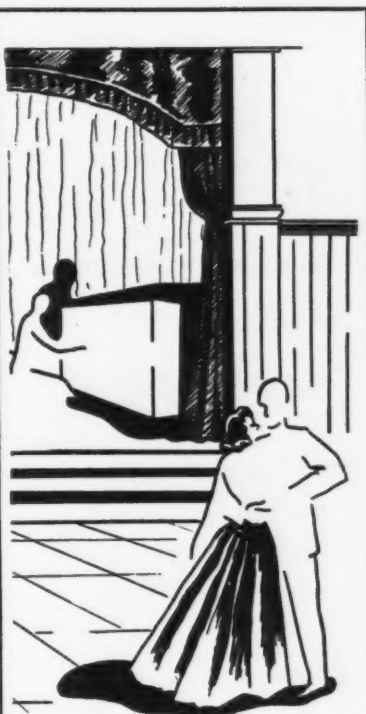
upper" and "middle-upper" and "lower-upper." The story, told in the same manner that won the author the Pulitzer Prize in 1938 for *The Late George Apley*, centers on Charles Gray, native of Clyde, Massachusetts.

On one particular morning in 1947 Charles was worried as he caught the 8:30 to New York. Roger Blakesley, the other assistant vice-president of the conservative Stuyvesant Bank, had rushed by to tell him that he was sitting with Tony Burton into the city. Tony was president of the bank and the bank needed a new vice-president. The rat race, of knowing how far to go with Tony, how long to laugh with him, and how to measure each speech, had been going on for weeks and Charles was getting tired. So was his wife Nancy.

The Grays lived with their two children in Sycamore Park, Conn. They owned a thirty thousand dollar house, a 1940 Buick, belonged to the second-best country club, and were quite ambitious to push on.

That day at the bank, Tony sent Charles away on a two-day trip to investigate the financial status of a firm in Clyde, Charles' home town. At the same time the president invited Charles to dinner the night he returned. The night of the dinner, Charles knew, would decide his fate at the bank. If the new positions were given to Robert then Charles would be forced to resign and he was much too old to start out anew.

The return trip to a home town Charley hadn't seen in twenty years provides Marquand with an excellent device for presenting the life story of Charles Gray—a boy from the "lower-upper" who loved and married in the "upper-upper," went to Dartmouth instead of Harvard, who lived on Spruce street and not on Johnson, who believed in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" but found that a good many slaps go along with it, and who at forty-three years of age realizes that, unconsciously, he has always been trying to "beat the system"—the social system of New England that focuses on background and the more social system which drives him



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In this novel Marquand creates the most interesting and entertaining characters to come from him since the days of *George Apley*. Charley's father, the unconventional New Englander with an Edwardian love for lavish living and wild promises, is the sharpest of many outstanding and clearly-drawn characters.

Throughout the story there is always Marquand's satiric humor poking fun at New England mannerisms and outdated institutions, and his dialogue is good-naturedly Back Bay. The laughs are here, too, although always in the subtle Marquand manner, and the author manages to laugh no less at others than at himself.

The serious tone, the point of no return, remains implicit, even when Mr. Charles Gray realizes what his new position will mean when it is given to him: larger automobiles and houses, better clubs and schools, and "upper-upper" at last.

—Robert Phillips

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON: THE NEW CRICHTON

Edited by Samuel Stevens Hood. The Beechhurst Press. 1949. 252 pp. \$5.00

Archibald Henderson: The New Crichton is a collection of more than thirty essays by a group of distinguished men and women who have gathered together to pay Dr. Henderson tribute in commemoration of his fifty years on the staff of the University of North Carolina. The material of the book is divided roughly into those essays which are concerned with Dr. Henderson as a private individual and are interesting mainly for what they tell us about the personal qualities of an unusual man, and those which are concerned with Dr. Henderson as a public figure and attempt to evaluate his activities in many fields. Among the former one finds such sketches as Betty Smith's "Gracious Neighbor," "Citizen and Man" by Robert

W. Madry, and "Friend and Companion" by Louis Graves, all of which, as their titles indicate, are personal appreciations. These sketches are warmly and pleasantly done and contribute to our conception of the humanity of the man, but the real substance of the book lies in the other type of essay which focuses on Henderson's work and attempts to place its importance and estimate its influence.

In the opinion of this reviewer, one of the best of the second group of essays is Dr. George R. Coffman's "Archibald Henderson and Literary History" which has allowed itself more scope than most of the contributions in the book and which emphasizes Henderson's great achievement as a biographer of Shaw who went much further than a portrait of his subject to write a social and economic history of the period as well. It would be difficult to disagree with Dr. Coffman when he says at the close of his essay: "When one views in retrospect *Bernard Shaw: Playboy and Prophet*, he may well ask whether Dr. Archibald Henderson, mathematician and author, will not be remembered first and last as the interpreter of Shaw. Certainly Shaw's debt to him is a major one. Posterity may not accept his critical estimate of Shaw as a literary figure and his personal estimate of him as an individual. But it will accept as a permanent contribution to literary history the synthesis which gives this work objective validity and comprehensive unity. This biography is one of the essential books for any interpreter of English political and economic history for the period from 1880 to the present."

While agreeing that Dr. Henderson's reputation rests most securely upon his Shaw biographies, one should not overlook his work as an historian of the South. It is the purpose of R. S. Cotterill's "A Mathematician in History," another outstanding article in the collection, to illustrate just how important Henderson's researches in Southern history have been. Cotterill points out that before Henderson very little had been done

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Point Of No Return

BY JOHN MARQUAND

The Woman Who Rang The Bell

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with Southern history and that he "discovered the South in the same sense that Frederick J. Turner discovered the West." Certainly all would agree that Dr. Henderson has been one of the important pioneers in this field.

Other essays in the book which are worthy of note are Gerald W. Johnson's "A Cosmopolitan Villager," Walter Pritchard Eaton's "The Best Way of Biography," and Samuel Selden's "Man of the Theatre." In surveying the book as a whole, one finds it remarkable that so many different people could have found so many different ways to praise one man. That they could do so is a tribute to the vitality and versatility of his personality.

—Charles Eaton

SIXTEEN SELF SKETCHES

By Bernard Shaw. Dodd, Mead & Company. 1949. 207 pp. \$3.50.

Bernard Shaw has been often and persistently besought to write his own life. But down to the publication of this strange and uneven book he has resisted all blandishments. One so-called portrait, a gossip sort of chronicle, is a veiled autobiography—large blocks of it being obviously written by Shaw. The author, to save the trouble of reading Shaw's huge *Collected Works*, lifted scores of quotations bodily from standard works, these passages being the most memorable and quotable of Shaw's sayings, culled from the whole range of Shaw's writings with the most meticulous care by the author of these standard works. A distinguished critic of the drama has recently remarked: "This seemed to me a pretty low example of British self-superiority." The "original" contribution of this portraitist, incidentally, is singularly vapid, trivial, and naive.

Several of the sketches, included in this volume, have appeared elsewhere, notably in a book entitled *Shaw Gives Himself Away* and one other was supplied verbatim to the author of *Bernard Shaw: Playboy And Prophet...* who used it in quotes in that work. The first self-sketch Shaw ever published,

entitled "In The Days of My Youth" (M.A.P., September 17, 1898) and included in the book under review, opens as follows: "All autobiographies are lies: I mean deliberate lies. No man is bad enough to tell the truth about himself during his lifetime, involving, as it must, the truth about his family and his friends and colleagues. And no man is good enough to tell the truth to posterity in a document which he suppresses until there is nobody left alive to contradict him."

Shaw has outlived all the members of his immediate family, father, mother, and sisters; and indeed almost all of his close associates. So we may infer that he no longer regards all autobiographies as lies as these snippets have now been written for posterity. In "My Apology for this Book," he says that ninety-nine point five percent of him is just like every one else. The problem then is to pick out and describe that point-five percent which constitutes Shaw's own individuality.

Shaw refuses the fence. He affirms that he is not at all interesting biographically, not having killed anybody. "Things have not happened to me: on the contrary it is I who have happened to them; and all my happenings have taken the form of books and plays." On Shaw's showing, then, we shall never understand him or grasp the significance of that point five percent which is hidden behind the opaque curtain of Shaw's self-imposed silence. But would we know Shaw any better if Shaw planked down the missing point-five percent? Perhaps not. Shaw's explanation might be a carefully calculated piece of mischievous, fantastic fooling!

—Archibald Henderson

RECOMMENDED READING:

The Brave Bulls by Tom Lea
Their Finest Hour by Winston Churchill
The Double Axe by Robinson Jeffers
Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller
Selected Essays of T. S. Eliot



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